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Lady Anne Barnard at the  
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LADY  
ANNE BARNARD

AT THE  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

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LADY ANNE LINDSAY  
about 1782



LADY  
ANNE BARNARD

AT THE  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

1797-1802

by

DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE



ILLUSTRATED

BY A SERIES OF SKETCHES MADE BY

LADY ANNE BARNARD



OXFORD  
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TO

DAVID ALEXANDER LINDSAY

EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES

GRATEFULLY



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## I

At rare intervals there comes into the world a mortal around whose cradle the good fairies cluster with gifts in their hands. Such a child was Anne Lindsay, the eldest in the large family given to Scotland by James Earl of Balcarres and his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, and the most richly dowered, though to her sisters were given beauty and charm, and to her brothers valour and great abilities.

Born at Balcarres in 1750, Lady Anne with her two sisters and eight brothers passed their childhood there, reared by a mother whose rule was upright and capable but severe—so severe that her little sister Margaret on one occasion described their life as ‘horrious’, and the whole family decided to run away, carrying the baby who was too young to proceed far on his own legs. They were detected and reported by the shepherd, old Robin Gray—whose name Lady Anne was later on to immortalize, in no grudging spirit—and their punishment was a salutary one. In after years this same mother, softened by the passage of time, was to spend the evening of her life with the children she had brought up with such great severity, beloved and honoured by them. Whatever one may think of her system, the results were uncommonly good.

After Lady Anne grew up the life at Balcarres was varied by an occasional visit to Edinburgh, where she met Hume, Dr. Johnson, Lord Monboddoo, and every one of interest who came to the North. She is best known as the author of *Auld Robin Gray*, which was written at this time, but her brilliant pen was employed for the latter part of her life upon a Journal and Memoirs of much historical value; these documents were left to

her nephew, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and, as they are prefaced by an interdict against publication, it is unlikely that the world will ever see them in their entirety. To the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres I owe the privilege of studying them, and of taking from them such extracts as shed a light upon her marriage with Andrew Barnard and their subsequent sojourn at the Cape of Good Hope, besides permission to publish her vivid and illuminating letters to Lord Macartney.

Her father died in 1768 and a few years later she came to London, where she and her widowed sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, lived together, first in Manchester Square and afterwards at the house bought by Lady Anne in Berkeley Square. The two beautiful sisters were soon the centre of a brilliant circle of friends and acquaintances. One of her acquaintances was Nathaniel Parker Forth, who 'confessed' to Lady Anne that he was 'Junius'. Pamela<sup>1</sup> she met at a party shortly after Monsieur le Duc had been guillotined—she was wearing a black dress with large scarlet spots, at which Lady Anne shuddered. 'Ce sont les gouttes de sang de la Révolution,' said Pamela gaily. Friends of another type were the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and we find her before their marriage exhausting herself in sensible advice, which of course was never taken, although upon one occasion she went abroad with Mrs. Fitzherbert<sup>2</sup> in the hope that absence from the Prince might be efficacious in breaking off the projected

<sup>1</sup> Pamela, who married Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the rebel, in 1792, and who was commonly supposed to be the daughter of the Duc d'Orléans.

<sup>2</sup> Maria Anne Fitzherbert was a daughter of Walter Smythe of Brambridge. She was born in 1756 and married in 1775 Edward Weld of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, who died the same year; in 1778 she married Thomas Fitzherbert of Swynnerton, who died in 1781. She met the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) in 1785; he fell in love with her, and it is now believed that she was married to him in her own drawing-room by a clergyman of the Church of England. She herself was a Roman Catholic, but always considered her marriage to

marriage. No grudge was borne by the Prince against 'Sister Anne', as he called her to the end of his life, and after the marriage and through the troubled days of his later official marriage both sought her out for their confidences and her sympathy.

One of her warmest friends was Lord Mansfield, and amongst the constant visitors were Pitt, Sir Horace Mann<sup>1</sup>, William Windham, Burke, Henry Dundas, the Marquess of Abercorn, and 'Old Q.', the Duke of Queensberry, whose carriage was at one time to be found waiting every day at their door from eight o'clock till twelve. The magnet on this occasion, however, was a guest, who in her turn was the victim of a hopeless passion for the Prince of Wales. Amongst all these people and their varied interests Lady Anne moved with a cheerful serenity, which was only shaken by her unaccountable predilection for Windham, the man of 'whims and fancies', unstable as water in his love for her, unable to make up his mind as to marriage and equally unable to escape the fascination of her charm. 'Bird-lime' he impolitely called her on one occasion—and the simile was a good one, for he found difficulty in tearing himself away from her neighbourhood, though often behaving rudely and unkindly when there.

'Weathercock Windham', as he was called from the inconsistency of his conduct in public life on more than one occasion, was a man of varying moods, vacillating and hypochondriacal, if his diary published in 1866 is to be believed; but he was tall, graceful and well built, a man of fashion, a Greek and Latin scholar, fluent in French and Italian, and his character was a high one. It is possible to understand the attraction which, for a time, he exercised over the far nobler mind of Lady

the Prince as valid, although the rite had not been celebrated by her own church.

<sup>1</sup> The second baronet, Sir Horatio Mann (d. 1814), called Sir Horace to distinguish him from his uncle, the first baronet.

Anne, for at first she was as blind to all defects as ever Titania was.

The love affair oscillated between the attraction which his charm had for her, when he used it, and her natural good sense, which saw him as he was when she permitted herself to open her eyes; she was like some one under a spell, or, as she wrote afterwards, 'in a magic circle' out of which she could not escape for several years.

While this most unsatisfactory affair was standing still, instead of proceeding, a young man called Andrew Barnard called with an introduction to Lady Anne, from his father, the Bishop of Limerick, an old friend of the sisters. At this time Lady Anne was thirty-eight and Barnard only twenty-six, but he called again and again and finally to her utter surprise asked her to marry him. With her head and heart full of Windham, she had never suspected his devotion, and at first thought the proposal was a joke in very bad taste. Convinced at last of his sincerity she, with a gleam of humour, offered to be an aunt to him—a variation from the usual offer of being a sister—but, when he left, her tears suddenly fell at the comparison 'in every quality of heart' between him and the feeble-minded and hesitating Windham. There is a sequel to this proposal in a letter from the Bishop, apologizing for his son's audacity.

Soon after this episode she bought the house in Berkeley Square, for the reason that it commanded a 'squinting view' of Windham's house, and that she could see him going in and out of his door. She paid £2,600 for the privilege, and her purchase shows that she was still held by the glamour of the magic circle.

At about this time Henry Dundas showed symptoms of developing from a friend into a suitor. He explained to her that he was not free to propose, as he had promised his daughters that he would not marry again until they were 'settled', but as all were married but one he felt that he might venture to hint his intentions. Lady

Anne, much astonished at the development, said that she could not discuss an offer which he was not free to make, and there the matter ended for the moment, though her sister, Lady Margaret, begged her to look kindly on him and put away all thoughts of Windham. 'Dundas is a noble Jupiter,' she said, 'and, though ancient, in perfect preservation.'

Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, son of Robert Dundas of Arniston, had divorced his first wife, Elizabeth Rennie of Melville Castle, who had left him with one son and three daughters. In every respect he was the opposite of Windham, being without any literary tastes or much refinement of speech—his accent was good broad Scots, and his manners lacking in grace—but he was frank and straightforward and a forcible speaker; in accordance with the habits of his day he was given to conviviality, a quality which eventually led to his sentimental undoing. Lady Anne found no allurements in his semi-proposal, and shortly after this episode went over to Paris where her old friends Lord and Lady Glenbervie<sup>1</sup> were at the time—the fact that Windham also was in Paris proving more of an attraction than the noble but ancient Jupiter. In her diary there is an interesting note of her having seen in a French church 'a most lovely young woman on the arm of an old man'. She met them again at her hotel in Paris, and found that they were Sir William and Lady Hamilton. She saw the latter pose in her famous attitudes, and was much struck with what she describes as her 'luminous loveliness'. Soon afterwards, however, meeting them again at the house of Lord Gower, the English Ambassador, she was disgusted with her 'absurd singing and buffoonery'.

<sup>1</sup> Sylvester Douglas, created Baron Glenbervie in 1800. Born 1773, died 1823. He was a Lord of the Treasury in 1797, and resigned office upon being appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, upon the recall of Sir George Yonge, but owing to the restoration of the Cape to the Dutch by the Treaty of Amiens he did not take up the appointment. His wife was a daughter of Lord North.



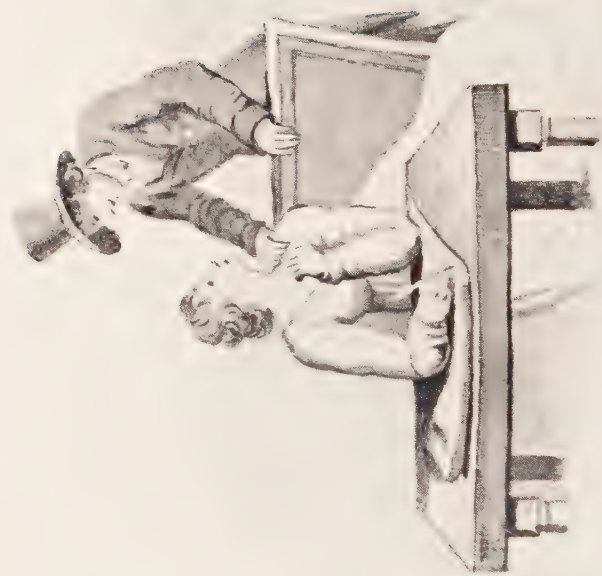
In Paris Windham came upon the scene again. He called upon her and ‘sitting down on the half of his chair’—I think that the woman who could remark on that had one foot at least out of the magic circle—talked sentimentally of his gratitude for her affection. She had told him of the interview with Dundas, and he begged her not to lose sight of the ‘superior prospect of happiness’, and was afraid that when last they met he had given way to his heart too much, and so forth, in his best weathercock vein. At last a realization of his vacillating character seems to have come to her, judging from the entry in her Journal, but he sat on for four hours, and afterwards complained that she was ‘bird-lime’ in the attraction she had for him. A curious creature, blown about like a thistledown by every wind. A few days later his vagrant fancy was caught by Lady Hamilton, but she ‘cured him by her Bravuras’, writes Lady Anne; then by the Comtesse de Sousa, who said confidentially to Lady Anne—‘Il faut s’amuser, but to be made unhappy by any man c’est trop ridicule,’ and she summed up Windham as ‘un vrai Apollon, mais son âme est tellement irrésolue, que quand il va faire une visite, il doute, et dans le moment même il est entraîné par un ami à une troisième place, où il n’avait pas d’abord la moindre intention d’aller’. Our Lady Anne, who was gifted with a divine sense of humour which carried her through many troubles, breaks off here to record an episode of which she had heard from Sally Crauford, an old friend. Sally Crauford’s brother, known as ‘the Fish’, had proposed some time earlier to Lady Abercorn, who said that she was quite sorry for him, he had suffered so much at her refusal.

‘God bless her simple heart,’ said Sally, a woman of much vigour of character, ‘if she had accepted, the Fish would have told her he had too high a value for her happiness to take her at her word.’ ‘I thought’, adds Lady Anne with half-comic ruefulness, ‘I could have



MOONLIGHT

Andrew Barnard and Lady Anne (*p. 13*)



LADY ANNE BEGINS HER DIARY

'Barnard asks what I am about'

brought forward another fish to swim off as a pair with him.'

Not that there had been anything comic in her attachment to Windham—unworthy of her as he was he had drawn her as with a magnet. But at last his discourtesy passed all bounds, and she dismissed him with grief and indignation. Her good friend Lord Glenbervie advised her to leave Paris, to put aside all thought of Windham and marry Dundas. He said—'Who marries the person beloved? None—but we marry virtues, qualities, affections, ties, duties—there are sources of interest in the state beyond description.'

On thinking over this conversation, she wrote to her sister, Margaret—'Our excellent Glenbervie has untied the bandage from my eyes with all the sincerity of a friend.' With an aching heart but with firm determination she said good-bye cheerfully to Windham—and it was characteristic of him that he then implored her to remain in Paris; but her fine dignity and good sense had been touched by Glenbervie, and she tore herself 'from out of his magic circle' and left Paris in October 1791.

On returning to London she renewed her friendship with Andrew Barnard, and at the same time began to turn over in her mind the proposal of Henry Dundas, who was unquestionably devoted to her—'my bonnie bonnie laumb' as he called her. But before she had come to any decision a surprising event occurred. Dundas, who was at that moment in Scotland, met at a ball Lady Jane Hope, daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, one of the richest and most powerful men in Scotland. She was eight or ten years younger than Lady Anne, 'rather elegant and a gentle, sad greyness pervaded her form, her dress, her manners', says the latter; she is described elsewhere as 'respectably dull'. But at the ball in question, Dundas, dazzled by the prospect of an alliance with wealth and power, proposed to Lady

Jane and was accepted. But so little impression did the affair make on his mind that when he awoke the next morning he had forgotten what had happened, and it was only revealed to him when two of Lady Jane's brothers waited upon him and cordially welcomed him into the family.

Poor Lady Jane—and perhaps poor Dundas!

Lady Anne was astonished, but her heart had not been touched, and as for Dundas—he was found to have made a memorandum of the date of his wedding-day for fear of forgetting it.

Her sister, Lady Hardwicke, wrote to her soon afterwards urging the cause of Andrew Barnard. 'I have seen goodness and steadiness in none of your lovers but in Barnard. I protest I do not think you have ever considered that matter fairly. . . . Barnard loves you. . . . He knows his own mind.'

Her old friend the Bishop of Limerick was now in London, and Lady Anne felt a twinge of vexation at 'the slight manner' in which he regarded his son's sorrow at her refusal. It was not long before the affair came to a climax. One day Andrew Barnard called and begged to see her. He told her that he was very sad, that his prospects were miserable, his debts amounting to £2,000 (though these were honourably incurred in helping others), and that, to crown all, his father had had a conversation with a wealthy widow who had offered to share her riches with Andrew if he would consent to marry her.

Lady Anne was thunder-struck. She knew the woman as 'honourable but ill-humoured', and tears fell from her eyes at the miserable prospect for 'this sweet and deserving young man'. At the sight of her tears he dropped on his knees before her.

'If', he said, 'there is a chance for me still, I throw aside everything for it. If none, I care not what becomes of me and will join the first regiment that is going abroad or will marry Mrs. —, as you will direct.'





VERTICAL SHADOWS

Miss Barnard and General Hartley in the tropics



ANDREW BARNARD SHOOTING DOLPHINS

She looked upon him kneeling there, 'his gentle nature broken down by sorrow,' and in the pause that followed her heart spoke for him.

'Do not go abroad,' she said, 'do not marry Mrs. ——. I will stand the world's smile, and if I can make you happier than you are, I will try to do so.'

'If!' he said. Tears suppressed words and rendered them unnecessary.

She 'felt in port—secure from agony, secure from shipwreck, where no variations of misery could shiver my sails'.

To Windham she wrote:

'Little reason as I have to suppose that any event of my life can now interest you for a moment, yet I am unwilling you should hear from common report of a circumstance which has settled itself from causes very different from those which may at first be supposed to have governed me. In consenting as I have yesterday done to become the wife of Mr. Barnard, I am taking a step which the world will probably think absurd, as he is very considerably younger than myself.

'I am departing from tastes which have been to me a second nature, and from systems of thinking which have hitherto governed me; but I am also sheltering myself in a port secure from misery, where no varying kindness or coolness of yours will reach me to elate or depress me. I am rewarding an honest ingenuous heart which has faithfully loved me near four years, proposed to share his fortunes with me while mine were precarious, persevered under discouragement, made friends to his cause of every member of my family by his worth and principle, and has talked over the prospect of happiness we might have before us in a manner so fair and reasonable, that I have ventured to put my confidence in him, and trust in God! I shall shortly be able to pay him from affection what I now pay him from gratitude, and new duties will obliterate past chagrins.' . . .

The Bishop of Limerick was astonished ; he broke the news to the widow, who took it gallantly. Lady Anne told Barnard that her own life had been stored with flattery, feeling, fancy, hope, and disappointment.

‘Of the last,’ he said, ‘I believe we have all had our share, but now let us think only on the sweet task of making each other forget the past for the present.’

Lady Anne’s family was delighted, with characteristic unworldliness. Her mother wrote : ‘The character of Mr. Barnard is a treasure that will last both in this world and in that which is to come. He has but one fault, viz. being too young, but one cannot get everything.’ Lady Anne was forty-two, Barnard thirty, but when they visited her mother a few months after the marriage she said that, to look at them, you would have supposed them to be of the same age. Her charm was not for a day but for all time. She wrote to the Prince of Wales, who called at once to congratulate his Sister Anne. The Bishop took over his son’s debts and made up his income to £800 ; Lady Anne brought an equivalent in possession and more in expectation, Barnard insisting that her money should be settled on herself. So, with the blessing and good wishes of all their friends, they were married at St. George’s, Hanover Square, on the 31st October 1793.

They went to Dublin to visit old Mrs. Barnard, with whom Lady Anne fell in love, while her love for her husband grew steadily. ‘A life of sweet and silent gratitude began between us,’ she writes. ‘Barnard was gay as a lark. I was courted and respected.’ A year later they returned to England and settled down in Berkeley Square with her sister Margaret, who reported that she had been on a visit to ‘the grey Lady Jane Dundas in the country ; all was flat, cold, civil, unlike the hearty days when Dundas was a bachelor’.

Their return to London was saddened by the death of her brother Colin. Some time after, their thoughts

were turned into an unexpected channel by a visit from Dundas, then Secretary for the Colonies; Andrew Barnard was not at home, but he left a message with Lady Anne.

‘Tell your husband,’ said he, ‘Lady Anne—my dear Daulie—tell your husband that if he should like to be Colonial Secretary to the Cape of Good Hope, lately captured by our arms, with a salary of £3,000 per annum—£3,500 in lieu of all emoluments—that he has the power of accompanying his friend Lord Macartney<sup>1</sup> there, who will sail as Governor in a few months. You will not let him go,’ he added laughing, ‘but I will return the day after to-morrow to receive his reply.’

Lady Anne met her husband with the news on his return. He could not conceal his joy at the offer, but, with the unselfishness that marked him, wished to refuse it, fearing the life of exile and inconvenience for her. She would not listen to this and persuaded him to send an acceptance.

‘I was not prepared for this,’ Dundas said, amazed at her decision, ‘but this is what a wife ought to do.’ Lady Anne permitted herself to wonder whether he doubted if his ‘grey meteor’ would have done as much for him.

It was agreed that Lady Margaret Fordyce was too delicate to go with them, and this separation was the only flaw in Lady Anne’s happiness. She writes of ‘her blessed lot in marriage’, and to Windham she sent a farewell letter, in which she says ‘Mr. Barnard continues to be all that my heart could desire. What I am you have made me, what I now enjoy I owe to you, for did not the weight of your chain restore me at last to liberty

<sup>1</sup> George, Earl of Macartney, born in Ireland 1737, died 1806. He was a great diplomatist, and was appointed Envoy-Extraordinary to St. Petersburg in 1764, Governor of Madras in 1781, Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary in China in 1792, and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope in 1796. He resigned the latter office in November 1798 on account of ill health. He married in 1768 Lady Jane Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Bute.

and peace by giving the decision to Barnard? It is you who send me to Africa.'

There is nothing to suggest that she ever regretted her decision to cross the seas—indeed, in her memoir she writes: 'It was in Africa that I spent the happiest days of my life.'

With the Barnards went 'a sweet pretty cousin', a niece of the Bishop, called by Lady Anne 'the fair ivory maid'—and as she was also an Anne Barnard<sup>1</sup> there must have been some confusion until she changed her name, as she did before long. They also took, at Lady Anne's request, a little relative of Barnard, called Hervey, a boy of six or seven years of age, endowed with a fierce temper which later on made him a source of great anxiety to them.

The Barnards were to sail in the East Indiaman *Sir Edward Hughes*, and Lord Macartney in the man-of-war *Trusty*, of the same convoy. It was difficult to get trustworthy information as to what was necessary to take with them. A Cape-Dutch lady, Mrs. Campbell, who was to sail with her husband in their ship, advised her to take nothing, as furniture, servants, all were to be had at the Cape, of the best. Others said that 'no furniture was to be had for love or money, except from private houses, but that the Dutch would sell the noses off their faces if they could get good prices for them'. Judging that the truth might lie somewhere between these two extremes, the Barnards took wines, beer, a post-chaise and curricule, good side-saddles, the liveries they were then using, sauces, sweetmeats, stationery, bales of Scotch carpeting, green baize, and printed calico, a jack-spit, a large stock of Staffordshire ware (the same as Lord Macartney's, so that they might come to his

<sup>1</sup> In Lady Anne's letters to Lord Melville, published in 1901, this cousin is spoken of as Jane. Lady Anne often used pseudonyms in writing. Barrow was called Fowler, for instance, and Maxwell was Franklin in her diary.



aid on great occasions), glass, cutlery, silver, lamps, and Lady Anne added 'a collection of all the *old* crimson damask window-curtains I could get in London, which I was told would be *young* beauties at the Cape'. There were also boxes of plants, including a 'port vine', forest trees, two horses, and a number of dogs.

They set sail from Portsmouth on the 23rd February 1797, but the *Trusty* sprang a leak soon afterwards and the ships had to put into Plymouth for repairs. There were sixteen passengers on board the *Sir Edward Hughes*, apart from servants, and they all sat at the captain's table which must literally have groaned under the ample fare with which it was laden, to judge from the following menu given by Lady Anne.

	Pease Soup.	
	Roast Leg of Mutton.	
Hogs' puddings.	Two fowls.	Pork Pye.
Stewed Cabbage.	Two hams.	Potatoes.
Mutton Pyes.	Two ducks.	Mutton chops.
	Corned Round of Beef.	
	Removed by an enormous	
	Plumb Pudding.	
Porter, Spruce Beer, Port Wine, Sherry, Gin, Rum, etc.		

Amongst their fellow-passengers were General Hartley, described as 'gentle, brave, sensible and rich'; Captain and Mrs. Campbell—the lady a Cape-Dutchwoman who 'might have been handsome if not so ill-tempered', an unhappy quality which, according to Lady Anne, outlasted the voyage; Mrs. Saul, an Irishwoman, going out to 'surprise' her husband at the Cape, an amiable person much 'tazed by the gentlemen, sweet cratures'; a 'modest, well-bred' Dr. Patterson; Mr. Green, collector of Customs and his wife; Mrs. Patterson and 'a crumb of a sister'; Colonel Lloyd, 'an honest Welshman', and an aide-de-camp, Mr. Keith.

There were the usual pleasures and vicissitudes of a long voyage—the storm, in which Lady Anne was terrified, and after which she writes 'I should not have

been so frightened when I was less happy'—the rumour of a French enemy ship, when she puts on two sets of under-clothing (to provide for the future) and hides her jewels in the cushion on the top of her head—the news of the British victory off Cape St. Vincent, when the men manned the ship and gave three cheers, and Lady Anne wrote 'I wish the two ships sunk had been taken instead. I have had too much intimacy with salt water lately not to feel for those who have lost their lives by it'. Every detail of the voyage is set down—the captain's salad garden sown on damp flannel; the grievous loss of their dog Fanny who jumped overboard and was drowned; their terror for the little wretch Hervey, whose favourite amusement was swinging over the ship's side by a rope; the heat of the tropics; the flying-fish—and, at long last, the sight of land and the Lion's Head and Table Mountain emerging from the clouds.

The unlucky Andrew had a swollen face, but he had to dress himself in his best and be rowed over to the *Trusty*, in order to land in state with the new Governor. A warm invitation to stay with the friends of their friend Dr. Gillan, a family named Stromborn, was received, and Lady Anne and Miss Barnard landed, leaving on the ship the small Hervey dancing and shrieking with rage, the Stromborns not having room for him.

And here let us leave the Barnards for a moment, while we consider the place whose occupation by England had brought all these English folk six thousand miles across the seas to the far-off Cape of Good Hope. They landed on the 4th May 1797.



‘General Hartley and I moralize on deck’



Lord Macartney's Cow



The Flannel Garden. The Captain's method of growing Cress

LIFE ON BOARD



PART OF A PANORAMA OF CAPE TOWN  
From the Castle



LOUIS MICHEL THIBAULT

The greatest Cape architect of the past (*p.* 36)



Upon taking over the administration of the country in 1797 Lord Macartney had the following officials upon his staff: Andrew Barnard, Colonial Secretary; Hercules Ross, Deputy-Secretary; John Hooke Green, Collector of Customs; Acheson Maxwell, Controller of Customs; John Barrow, Private Secretary and later on Auditor-General; Edward Buckley, Civil Paymaster, and others. Reference is also made in Lady Anne's letters to John Holland, Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court; Jan Pieter Baumgardt, Collector of Land revenue; Willem Stephanus van Ryneveld, the Fiscal; Egbertus Bergh, later on appointed Receiver-General in the place of Arend de Waal; and to Dr. William Somerville, Garrison Surgeon at Cape Town, who married his cousin Mary, daughter of Sir William Fairfax, in 1812, after leaving the Cape. She was the well-known writer on science, Mary Somerville.

Cape Town, as Lady Anne Barnard saw it when she landed from the *Sir Edward Hughes* at the pier near the Castle, was in many respects very unlike the city of thriving shops and banks and offices which we know. The streets, with their high stoeps in front of the houses, were dusty in summer and muddy in winter; the markets were scantily supplied with the fruit and vegetables which to-day are sent in abundant measure from the country districts; the roads leading to these districts were heavy and sandy and the means of locomotion confined to heavy wagons and coaches, or to riding.

But, on the other hand, the fine old houses of the burghers had not been demolished to make way for plate-glass-fronted shops or altered out of recognition by the shaving off of graceful gables for the easier accommodation of corrugated-iron roofs in the place of smooth brown thatch. The church built by Willem Adriaan van der Stel in the Heerengracht, the foundations having been laid by his father in the seventeenth century, still kept its pillars and gables and fine old tombs; it had not yet

been rebuilt in 'un style d'architecture déplorable, moitié grec moitié gothique', as a French Consul of the next century wrote.

Let us walk up the Heerengracht, now Adderley Street, with Lady Anne, and see the old town with her eyes.

The jetty at which she landed was not on the site of the present pier, but was the one built by the early Dutch settlers, not far from the Castle; some time ago Dr. Purcell examined one of the supports of this early jetty and found that it was made of beef-wood, the *Casuarina equisetifolia* which was frequently used for panels in old Cape furniture. The jetty led to the Parade Ground, which had the Castle on its left and fine houses of the burghers, says Barrow,<sup>1</sup> on two sides; between it and the sea was a group of buildings where the railway station now stands; they are shown in Lady Anne's sketch and were (beginning at the Adderley Street end) the Prison, the Custom House, the Post Office, the Town Shambles, and Store Houses. The Prison occupied a corner of

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir John Barrow, 1764-1848. He was born in a humble cottage near Ulverston and educated at the local grammar school. He had scientific tastes and a great love of adventure; at fourteen he was timekeeper at a Liverpool iron foundry, and afterwards went on a voyage in a Greenland whaler. Upon his return he spent three years as mathematical master in a school at Greenwich; in his leisure time he taught the son of Sir George Staunton, the lifelong friend of Lord Macartney, and when Staunton accompanied the latter to China in 1792, Barrow went with them. Upon his return from the East he devoted himself to the study of botany at Kew, until 1797, when Lord Macartney took him to the Cape of Good Hope as private secretary. There he became Auditor-General, and married Anna Maria, daughter of Johannes (afterwards Sir John) Truter; he bought Newlands House, where he proposed to settle 'as a country gentleman of South Africa', but upon the restoration of the Cape to the Dutch he returned to England. He became second Secretary to the Admiralty in 1804, and held the post for forty years. In 1835 a baronetcy was conferred on him. Amongst other works he published *Travels in China*, *Travels into the Interior of South Africa*, and lives of Lord Macartney, Lord Anson, and Lord Howe. He was Founder of the Royal Geographical Society, and the greatest promoter of Arctic exploration.

land on the left of the Heerengracht, going up from the sea, immediately below Strand Street and the Station, and all these buildings faced the beach; the lower portion of the Heerengracht, from Strand Street downwards, was called Justicie Straat. At the bottom of the street on the right stood the Dragoon stables and Naval Store-house—shortly afterwards destroyed by fire—and other public buildings.

The African Society House, a club with a sea-side house where the Queen's Hotel at Sea Point stands, was on the right of the Heerengracht, between Longmarket and Shortmarket Streets, and amongst the residences in the street was that of Christoffel Brand, nearly opposite the Dutch Reformed Church.

The grave burghers of the eighteenth century allowed themselves few diversions; their social needs were met by the Society House and by the daily walk in the Dutch East India Company's Gardens above the Heerengracht. A Guard House stood on the right of the entrance, and there was a fine gateway leading to the Avenue in which families promenaded every day in groups, saluting each other in passing with solemn punctilio.

Some years before Lady Anne's arrival, however, a new influence had come into Cape society; French troops were landed at the Cape, the Regiment of Luxembourg, raised in France, but in the pay of the Dutch East India Company, as was the Regiment of Waldner<sup>1</sup>; while the Regiment of Pondichéry had been lent by France in 1783 to assist the Dutch at the Cape in the event of an attack by England. These troops had subsequently gone on to the East Indies on the conclusion of a temporary peace, but their influence remained; for, taught by the gay French *sabreurs*, the serious Dutch ladies had developed a passion for dancing, which it is not recorded

<sup>1</sup> In the Journal of the Council of Policy at the Cape it is stated that this was a French regiment, though called after its founder, a German named von Waldner.

that Mynheer shared. Lady Anne's balls and routs at the Castle were therefore precisely the emollient that was most efficacious in softening jagged edges of sentiment, the Dutch girls and English subalterns making friends in the intricacies of quadrilles and mazurkas.

Of the Cape Town Streets that we know to-day, Darling Street was the Keizersgracht ; Parliament Street, Grave Straat ; St. George's Street, Berg Straat ; Queen Victoria Street, Tuin Straat ; and Adderley Street, where many of the fine houses of the old burghers stood, was the Heerengracht. It was planted on either side with trees, and down it ran a canal which conveyed water from Table Mountain to the sea.

The barracks, originally intended for a hospital, corn-magazine, and wine-cellars, could hold 4,000 men ; the Castle had accommodation for 1,000, while all the Government offices were within its walls—the Court of Justice, the Lombard Bank, and the Orphan Chamber—there were no booksellers' shops and no book-society, says Barrow ; with the waning prosperity of the Dutch East India Company education had sunk to a low ebb and the land bore the impress of this downward tendency in the enormous prices which were the rule. Provisions were very dear, and a good slave cost anything from £100 to £400 sterling. The slaves were, however, a source of income to their owners, being hired out as artificers and in other capacities ; these slaves had been brought from Ceylon, Batavia, and Mozambique, the latter being the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, while those from the East Indies, known as Malays, were deft craftsmen and admirable domestic servants.

Above the white town which held all these people rose the great wall of Table Mountain, purple and sombre in the dusk and flushed wine-colour in the glow of sunrise and sunset ; below it lay the blue waters of Table Bay and across the Cape Flats, in the shelter of the Drakenstein Mountains, were gabled homesteads and orchards



and vineyards. Behind Table Mountain lay Constantia and Wynberg and the wooded slopes of Paradise, with many fine country houses owned by the Dutch burghers.

But we must return to Lady Anne and Miss Barnard, whom we have left setting their feet for the first time on South African soil, Andrew Barnard having landed in state with Lord Macartney.

The path to the town was across the Parade Ground, where they were somewhat horrified at the conspicuous position of the place of execution. They had their first sight of slaves, trotting by with the firewood which they had brought from the mountain-side for their masters, suspended from a stout bamboo carried across their shoulders; their garments were scanty, but each wore a scarlet-check handkerchief round his head. In the middle of the Parade they encountered Mrs. Stromborn, coming to meet them with her chaise-and-four, but they begged to be allowed to feel the 'hard land, steady and firm' beneath their feet and continued their walk, sending Lady Anne's maid and Pawell—the Brabanter servant—in the carriage.

'You must call on my old friend, Mrs. de Wit,' said the captain of the ship, who had accompanied them ashore, so they were taken to No. 2 Strand Street, where the French astronomer the Abbé de la Caille had lived while at the Cape in 1771, as the guest of Mynheer Bestbier; it became the property of Arend de Waal later on, and of Petrus Johannes de Wit in 1797; his wife was a daughter of Arend de Waal. Lord Macartney was to have lodged there, but, the house being full, he had gone to her son's house.<sup>1</sup> A description of the ground floor usual to Cape Town houses is given by Lady Anne, but she does not at any time show enthusiasm or even admiration for the Cape-Dutch architecture which seems to us so full of charm and dignity. It is strange that this should be the case, for many of the houses had

<sup>1</sup> Probably No. 7 Strand Street.

features in common with the Georgian houses of England, but they never seemed beautiful to her—with the exception of Dirk van Reenen's house in Newlands Avenue, Papenboom or the Brewery, which was afterwards burnt down.

From Mrs. de Wit's they walked up the Heerengracht, to the residence of Mrs. Stromborn's father, which was opposite the Dutch Reformed Church. Here they were warmly welcomed, and before long the drawing-room was crowded with 'Scarlet coats and Blue', come to call on the secretary and his wife, and in the midst of this unexpected reception Andrew Barnard returned from attending Lord Macartney ashore, very feverish and only desirous of laying his swelled cheek on a pillow.

However, the Scarlet and Blue coats had to be received politely, though their conversation was not calculated to cheer the new arrivals, being chiefly devoted to grumbles, after the manner of the Englishman abroad all the world over—the most tangible grievance being the excessive cost of living. Sometimes the Dutch inhabitants let their houses furnished at from £300 to £400 a year and sometimes they took in paying guests, charging 'about half a guinea a day for the master and seven or eight shillings for each servant. This was bad intelligence for our pockets', writes Lady Anne ruefully. Mrs. Stromborn's father had paid £5,000 for his house. The reception was followed by 'a plentiful supper in the Dutch fashion', which lasted from nine o'clock to eleven, and at last the tired travellers were shown to their rooms by Mrs. Stromborn.

'Our bed-chambers', writes Lady Anne, 'were spacious and hung with a French paper; the bed high, narrow, of Chocolate taffeta, no blankets but two or three quilted counterpanes of figured cotton, which did not prevent the March of some thousands of Fleas,' an infliction under which the Cape appears to have suffered in those days, but which modern sanitation has almost banished.



‘Our window curtains were of a Chocolate cotton to match the bed and seemed to be Highlanders, viz. of the philibeg class, coming down no farther, as is the fashion here, than where the sash ends. The mirror was hung high on the wall.’ In reference to the ‘March of Fleas’, a story used to be told by Mrs. Koopmans who had it from her grandmother, of a lady, just landed from England; she was found by the little daughter of the house with her hair tied up in a handkerchief and sweeping out her room with vigour. The child ran aghast to her mother.

‘Has the English *vrouw* no slaves, that she must sweep out her own room?’

Her mother explained that nothing was beneath the dignity of a great lady, but she missed the obvious point that the room might have been swept beforehand. The English *vrouw* was Lady Anne Barnard.

At six in the morning a gun was fired, and Lady Anne awoke to a new day and a new life—which she faced with cheerfulness and that blessed sense of humour which never deserted her. All her impressions of the Cape and its people are set down with infinite candour, but with no trace of unfriendliness—‘I like to see every one *en beau*,’ she wrote, and she was prepared to make the best of everybody and everything.

‘I got up to look at the sun as he shines in Africa,’ she says, ‘the Table Mountain rearing its proud head above the tops of all the houses, which however looked handsomer than I had conceived them to be the evening before. The Church was opposite, and ere long I saw the fat *vrouws* and their daughters (slender till they pass the age of five-and-twenty) going to service, each with a slave attending, who carried an umbrella of green silk, but this little bit of state I saw was not confined to females only, each corpulent Dutchman had his poor mortal behind him, some of them almost children, hoisting the umbrella over his head and ready to fly at

his orders. The public library was next to the Church, and decorated to the utmost of the whitewasher's invention, being painted white, yellow, and green, with a quantity of stucco or wooden Gods and Goddesses encircling the balustrade which went round the roof.

'As to its being of any use in the Article of Reading I doubt it, it is stacked with controversy, law, and physic, mostly in *dead languages*, books which would never be inquired for if there were not some living daughters belonging to the premises, who are reckoned handsome, but whether the English have found it easy to translate them or not as yet I cannot tell.'

From their windows she and Andrew were summoned to breakfast, where there was 'a copious number of uninvited guests', but as soon as she was free she returned to her post of observation.

'I now saw from the window what I supposed was a funeral, a quantity of decent-looking men walking with grave countenances, hat in hand and all in black, but I was informed that these were the chief Gentlemen of the Town, and the officers who followed them in blue and red those of the Dutch troops who were going to pay their compliments to the Governor, black being the high dress here for men.'

Meanwhile, Lord Macartney, though he had not yet taken possession of the Government House in the Gardens where General Craig was still in residence, had been sworn-in as Governor, the oath being read aloud by Andrew Barnard, who 'with a boil on the side of his face which rendered articulation difficult', must have been suffering the tortures of the condemned in his efforts to impress the new subjects of England with her dignity.

After the ceremony the acting-Governor, Sir James Craig,<sup>1</sup> Admiral Pringle, and others came to call upon

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Craig was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces at the taking of the Cape in 1795, and acted as Governor until the arrival of Lord Macartney.



‘Table Mountain in early morning from my windows’

one's spirits and the soul of the Empire being as yet unborn—until Anne Barnard the younger was almost in tears. Even Lady Anne felt a little depressed by them. 'Full of Contentment as I was, in good health, flattered by everything I met with, pleased with the exotic novelty of the place, with the Hilarity in the air, which I sensibly found acting on my own mind and constitution, I could not always withstand the effect of their constant and patent dullness, but was overpowered at night to the point of falling asleep.'

A few days later the Barnards, finding that the kind Stromborns would not hear of their paying for their accommodation, moved into the Government House at the Castle, which was built by Simon van der Stel in the latter part of the seventeenth century. General Dundas, the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces, a nephew of Lady Anne's old friend, was given the first choice of the houses at the disposal of the new Government; he chose the second-sized house in the Castle, being a bachelor, but afterwards lived at Rustenburg in Rondebosch, a large country house with fine plantations. Lord Macartney was therefore free to give the largest residence in the Castle to the Barnards. The last Dutch Governor, Abraham Josias Sluysken,<sup>1</sup> had lived in this house in the short but rainy winter and in the oak-shaded Government House in the Gardens in the heat of summer, but Lord Macartney found the latter sufficient for his own requirements.

They went at once to the Castle. 'In the centre of the fore-court', says Lady Anne, 'was the great staircase of the Government House, to which we ascended by a double flight of steps; on the top of it there is a platform and balcony and a row of Pillars supporting the arms of the States. We entered a large hall of about fifty or sixty feet long, paved with tiles of Brick—the walls

<sup>1</sup> Sluysken was appointed Commissary-General at the Cape in September 1795.



INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE FROM LADY ANNE'S APARTMENTS





MYNHEER VAN RYNEVELD, THE FISCAL



white-washed and the roof painted a green almost *black*. From this we proceeded by a large folding-door into the Council Chamber, a room of forty-odd feet, which was hung with a dirty yellow and white striped paper—the roof also painted dark green. Three philibeg damask green curtains, eighteen heavy old chairs, two marble slabs, a small glass, a green damask cover for a table round which the Cape wise-heads used to sit, a girandole of four lights, sixteen plated spit-boxes—these, together with a picture of the Prince and Princess of Orange (unfavourable copies of a bad German master) composed the Furniture.’

The room opening out of this (which from one of the windows had a platform and balcony to the court) resembled it, and another led to the back door, all comprising the front of the house. Another row of rooms lay behind, and the upstairs was reached by ‘a superb stair-case’. From the fountain in the rear court ‘the cool sound of the *jet d’eau* and water falling in different ways sounds fresh and constant in one’s ears’—the basin, she says, was in the form of a square colonnade.

They were both enchanted with the spaciousness of the house, all the upper rooms were immense apartments flagged with brick and all the ceilings were painted black. To the younger Anne was assigned the bedroom which had been used by Governor Sluysken and within this room there was another in which many important documents belonging to the Cape archives were found, covered with dust, and in a cupboard—also painted black—were papers of even greater importance. The rooms were not in good order and were at once painted and glazed.

Even the sparse furniture found in the house was not left to them, for the Governor’s steward appeared next day in despair and took away everything to the Government House in the Gardens, which was found to be empty. He left the two portraits, but was asked by Lady Anne to take them as well. The chief engineer and ‘a very

obliging young man at the head of the Board of Works ' then came to her help ; they painted the ceilings white and the black floors yellow, they pulled down the old wall-papers (dislodging many rats and mice), they white-washed the walls and put a border of pale purple round them, and the great rooms were then ready for Lady Anne's activities. Three ships' carpenters were now called in and paid to make bedsteads out of old wood, as no new was to be had, and with their assistance and the curtains and carpets brought out from England the house was soon comfortable and ready for guests, Dutch and English.

She found that the Dutch were divided into three sections. First, those who welcomed the new régime, being tired of the petty oppressions of the failing Dutch East India Company, and amongst these were Arend de Waal, who had succeeded Johan Isaac Rhenius as Receiver and Treasurer-General in April 1797 ; the Fiscal, Willem Stephanus van Ryneveld ; Christoffel Brand, Collector of Tithes of Grain and the Wine Tax, and Jan Pieter Baumgardt, Collector of Inland Revenue. Second, those who showed no enthusiasm for the new government, but took the Oath of Allegiance. Third, those who believed that England would only hold the land for a short time and that they would be regarded as stalwarts by Holland if they refused to accept the new order. A fourth class might be added—the burghers of Graaff Reinet, who had rebelled against the authority of their Dutch rulers and were prepared to rebel with equal alacrity against the English. The whole was a tangled skein, which only the utmost tact and goodwill could straighten.

Lady Anne made it known at once that she would welcome the Dutch residents at her house, and though some Dutchwomen somewhat absurdly said that she was not of sufficient rank, as the wife of the *Secretarius*, for them to pay the first visit, others called upon her at

once—her first visitors being the family to which her ship-mate Mrs. Campbell and her sister Mrs. Cloete belonged. Another visitor was Mrs. Baumgardt, ‘apparently a very popular person with the Army and Navy’, says Lady Anne, ‘but that matter, however, being entirely between her, her conscience and her Husband, and neither of the two last making any objection, I thought it was no business of mine to have any ears for idle reports, indeed I predetermined to listen to nothing, to repeat nothing, to believe nothing’. Soon after this they were invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Baumgardt, the entertainment was ‘the best of any to be found at the Cape’, and twenty people sat down to dinner, including his Excellency the Governor, General Dundas, and Lord Macartney’s aides-de-camp, two ‘fashionable-looking young men’. One of these was a young Colonel Craufurd, nephew to ‘the Fish’ and to the Sally Craufurd who has been mentioned earlier.

‘It was not difficult to see the footing on which General Dundas stood in this family,’ writes Lady Anne, quite forgetting her good resolution to ‘believe nothing’, but apparently incredulity would have been difficult in the face of Lord Macartney’s broad jokes, punctuated by ‘Ho! Ho! Ho!’ from the General. It was a very candid age, in some respects, and the jests of the day are not always edifying to modern ears. Lady Anne’s powers of entertainment were quickly put to a test, for the Governor invited himself to dinner at an inconveniently early date—but, as he explained, once he was installed at Government House he did not intend to dine out of it, so they must take him while they could get him. With considerable effort all was in good training on the eventful day. The distinguished guest arrived—but no dinner made its appearance. After an hour’s delay a burnt-up, uneatable meal was served; the paragon of a Swiss cook, Revel, was drunk and incapable, and his assistant, a coloured woman who was probably

assisted by her husband the Hangman, had done her good-hearted, incapable best.

Revel was very ill as the result of his bout of intemperance and from that time forward forswore temptation and his tempter, whom he described as 'le vilain cuisinier de Monsieur le Général Dundas'.

To her account of this unfortunate house-warming Lady Anne adds: 'I will not say more of the difficulties I have experienced in getting matters tolerably arranged than that, as I must often have laughed or cried, I thought it best to do the first.'



‘ Our under-cook ’



‘ Her Husband, hangman to the Government ’





### III

THE catastrophe of Lady Anne's first dinner-party—a calamity which never again occurred at the hands of the penitent Revel—was followed by a Ball given by General Craig in honour of the new Governor. 'At Government House in the Gardens', says Lady Anne, 'the Hall of Reception (which was decorated with Orange-trees) seemed to have devoured all the accommodation of the house. The Ball Room, generally used as an eating-room, was covered with paper a deep Orange colour, in compliment, I suppose, to their Prince. Indian flowers and Parrots covered it all over, which no quantity of candles would have brightened.' This was not the present Ball Room at Government House which was added in later years.

The official residence of the Dutch Governors had been the great house in the Castle which was given to the Barnards by Lord Macartney, he himself preferring to live in the house in the gardens laid out by the Dutch East India Company, which has grown room by room from the little Guest House built by Simon van der Stel into the Government House of to-day. Here, in the seventeenth century, were entertained such distinguished visitors as it was not convenient or politic to house in the Castle, and we have a description of it from the pen of Père Tachard, one of six Jesuit missionaries who accompanied an embassy sent by Louis XIV to the Court of Siam in 1685.

Some of the fathers were astronomers, and they used the roof of the Guest House as an observatory upon which they set up their telescope, which was twelve feet long. 'The lower story of it consists of a porch open to the garden,' he writes, 'with two little halls on each side. Over that there is a pavilion open every way, between two terraces paved with brick and railed about.' This modest little house has been enlarged by successive Dutch and



pressed upon their notice, but Lady Anne says that the house (rebuilt a few years later by Mr. Alexander) was a heap of ruins, though there were 'plenty of noble woods'. Camps Bay was suggested—the homestead in which Laurence Oliphant was born in later years—and Andrew Barnard rode out to look at it and at the Society House at Sea Point, now the Queen's Hotel, which, she says, he found 'out of repair and low, but with a noble expanse of sea and a Coast well calculated for bathing, which were temptations to Barnard'. However, they came eventually to the conclusion that they would feel 'more snug' at Paradise. She describes it as 'an old farm-house, near a smaller house where wood was kept for the use of the Government. Before the house, which was raised a few steps from the Court, there was a row of orange-trees loaded with fruit, both ripe and green, which shaded the windows. A garden, well stocked with fruit-trees of every description, was behind the house, through which a hasty stream of water descended from the mountain, and to the left there was a grove of fir-trees, whose long stems, agitated by the slightest breeze of wind, knocked their heads together like angry bullocks, in a most ludicrous manner'. The Barnards found the almond- and orange-trees in blossom—'fragrant—fragrant', she writes, and silver-trees appearing through the dark green of the pines.

When William Burchell, the explorer and naturalist, visited Paradise in 1812 the house was very much dilapidated, 'but', he adds, 'the district was rich in botany beyond all that I could have imagined'. It was given to the Barnards on the understanding that they were to make the road to it and put the place in order; this was done, and 'the walls fluted down by me with unbleached calico at a low price, in the form of a tent, and clean matting was spread on the floors', writes Lady Anne. Here they spent many happy hours, especially later on, when the disagreements between the civil and military

arms of the Government made a refuge from the town very desirable. The first shadow of the spirit which led to the discomforts of those later days was shown at about this time, when the high-handed, irascible General Dundas drew up the draft of a proclamation beginning 'His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief'. With the observation that there was only one 'Excellency' in the land, Lord Macartney drew his pen through the word—to the great indignation of the Red Coats and the satisfaction of the Blue.

The Castle was, however, their actual residence at this time, and Lady Anne drew about her both the English and the Dutch. Of the latter she found Mynheer Goetz, secretary to the former Dutch Government under Sluysken, more sympathetic than most of the men, very few of whom spoke anything but Dutch. In explanation of the apparent lack of culture by which she was impressed, it must be remembered that education was in those days at a low ebb at the Cape; there were few schools and few tutors, and while here and there a family sent its sons to Holland to be trained for the ministry the majority grew up with as little learning as our English forefathers had in the fifteenth century. Goetz was a Hollander and therefore not very popular with the Cape Dutch, but Lady Anne found him a man of her own world and enjoyed his pleasant, cynical society. His opinion of the morals of his surroundings was not complimentary, and he thanked Heaven fervently that his wife was *bien laide*.

The Fiscal, or chief officer of justice, was Willem Stephanus van Ryneveld, who had held the same office under the Dutch Administration, and Lady Anne found him 'the pleasantest, good-humoured man in the world'.

They entertained a great deal at the Castle, the reformed Revel now cooking to perfection. All the young men of the garrison crowded to the house, anxious to make love to the 'fair ivory maid', Anne Barnard

the younger. Hercules Ross was a candidate for a time, and General Dundas was attracted; but no one had a chance by the side of Colonel Craufurd, 'hardly twenty-one years of age, but distinguishedly handsome, towering like Saul above the people'. He is not seen at his best in these early days, for Lady Anne says that he laughed at the round commissaries and lean paymasters who hovered around; he apparently had no serious views himself, saying that he was too poor to marry, but adding sentimentally that 'she resembled his first love'. Another frequent visitor was Mr. Barrow, afterwards Sir John Barrow, who was on the staff of Lord Macartney. He confided to Lady Anne that he was in love with a Miss Truter, a girl belonging to a well-known Cape-Dutch family,<sup>1</sup> and somewhat priggishly begged her to keep a careful eye on her during a tour which he was about to make up-country, 'so that, when far away, I might give him the comfort of knowing if she conducted herself in a manner that would render it eligible for him to marry her if he settled in Africa'. Lady Anne thought her the prettiest young woman she had seen at the Cape, but for some reason she did not think it wise for Barrow to marry. However she promised to do her best for him—and apparently all that she subsequently reported of Miss Truter was in her praise—but in return for her good offices she bargained with Barrow to take her up Table Mountain before he left. The expedition was successfully carried out and so was her mission.

In return for their hospitality General Dundas invited them to dine with him at Witteboom, a country house belonging to the Government, where he lived for a short time. They found the house very dilapidated, had a bad dinner, and thought that '*le vilain cuisinier*' deserved his name. Her sailor brother, Hugh Lindsay, was with them at this time, and sailed soon afterwards for England,

<sup>1</sup> The daughter of Johannes Andries Truter, afterwards Sir John Truter.



taking with him the small and tiresome Hervey, with a view either to placing him at school or of letting him go to sea under his own eye.

One of Lady Anne's dinner-parties at this time was given entirely to her Dutch friends, no English being present. She says: 'The late Secretary Goetz brought his wife—not *si bien laide* as he had pronounced her. He wore his brown full-dressed suit and *ventre d'or*, like a goldfish. She in a muslin frock, a scarlet shawl, over which hung a diamond flower by a blue ribband, two lockets of hair, and the whole crowned by a blue riding-hat ornamented with white feathers, but let me not forget a pair of shoes so very high in the heels as to give her three inches of dignity at least.'

She went to the races at Green Point with Mrs. Goetz, in the latter's carriage with eight grey horses.

Lady Anne was an artist of no mean quality, as the pictures in her Journal and Memoirs testify. She made many sketches of people and places at the Cape, and was soon at work on a panorama of Cape Town for Lord Macartney. 'There certainly must be rules for taking a panorama which would much abridge trouble,' she writes, 'but here the word panorama is unknown, nor is there any artist who can wield a pencil at the Cape but old Thibault, the Engineer and Architect.' She remarks that he has built some great houses, but she does not admire any of them except 'one villa, built on the plan of an Italian one, which is neither liked nor admired here'. This was the Brewery or Papenboom, built for Dirk van Reenen in Newlands Avenue, afterwards destroyed by fire. 'I reckon it the only building in Africa which has in it the smallest elegance,' she adds. On Andrew's advice she decided to ask help in sketching from no one.

Lord Macartney soon acquired the habit of dropping into Barnard's *sanctum sanctorum*, where they 'began with business and ended with gossip, after which he began





Madame Goetz's Coach and her Eight Horses (*p.* 36)



Lutheran Church and Parsonage



and ended with gossip in the boudoir of Lady Anne and Anne Barnard—the last looking young, pretty, and talking extremely well when she will take the trouble to do so, the first talking, but looking no prettier than is necessary’.

She writes often of the ‘sweet old man’ who sat and talked of his absent wife, whom he venerated as one of the best women in the world, mild and benevolent, but deaf and inapplicable to public exertions. For all that, he was always ready to be amused by Thais or any one else with a bright eye, though quite harmlessly. A great affection sprang up between Macartney and Barnard, as the letters which afterwards passed between them show. ‘I believe he loves you as well as his father,’ said Lady Anne. ‘I wish he *were* my son,’ ejaculated Macartney.

Some of the Dutch at Stellenbosch were inclined to speculate upon England not retaining the Cape, and to refuse to take the oath of allegiance in the hope, it was supposed, of a claim on the next Government for their firmness. Macartney said that he intended to send Andrew Barnard to bring them to reason. ‘He has such a winning way with him, as you know, don’t you?’ said he, ‘that I am sure all will go right if he conducts it.’

She suggested that perhaps in Mr. Ross he would find a man more accustomed to business, more useful for the purpose. ‘The sweet old Man turned round on me with a smile——. “You underrate your Husband,” he said, “if you think that this can be the case with any one who knows the men.”’ ‘I am contented,’ said Lady Anne.

A letter arrived from Barrow, who had gone on his expedition up-country, ‘Full of information, tho’ Cupid peeped thro’; but it is not in a desert that a man is likely to be inconstant.’

*John Barrow to Lady Anne Barnard*

At the Paarl, 4th July 1797.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Two motives induce me to make use of the first opportunity that has occurred of a conveyance to Cape Town by Mr. Manger the Minister of Graaff Reynet ; one, that of securing the honor of your correspondence by a commencement, the other, the pleasure and satisfaction I feel in doing it ; there is perhaps a third, but that I dare not enquire into—you must not however expect much amusement or information in this scrawl particularly as time presses, and I have yet my little arrangements to make for our long journey, which I hardly consider to be as yet commenced having scarcely seen my Waggon since it left the Cape ; this night however I shall sleep in it for the first time and tomorrow morning begin to *philosophize*.

If this place was not so near the Cape I would venture to describe it to you, but as it is not more than 36 English miles, and the greater part of the road excellent, the Bath road absolutely not so good, I will venture to recommend to you a journey in the months of September or October. Your route would be thro' Stellenbosch, Drakenstein, French-hoek, Little Drakenstein and Paarl and I will venture to say that you would be highly gratified—no where have I seen the sublime and the beautiful, the tame and the terrible so well arranged as in the valley on which the places above mentioned are situated, except the first. The enclosing mountains are immensely grand ; that of Great Drakenstein at

the head of the Vale has a beautiful (after rain I imagine a grand) Cascade of 90 or 100 feet fall. The road from Stellenbosch leads thro' a pass formed between the above mountain and Simon's Berg, called Bange Kloof, or the tremendous passage.

This last Parnassian Mountain with its high forked top has also its Helicon but no Apollo nor the Muses. The only inspiration it has yet caused has been the thirst of Silver. A Man from whom it has derived its name, with an intention to make his fortune at the expence of the folly & ignorance of the Dutch East India Company, melted a number of Spanish Dollars and produced a Mass of Silver of which he said he had discovered the Mine. A Bargain was immediately struck and a great sum paid down to Simons, who was to conduct the Mine and supply the Company with whatever quantity should be wanted, and in the mean time the Mass was converted into a Chain to suspend the Keys of the Castle Gates as an ocular proof of their riches, and it *still* remains in the same service, a memorial of Dutch credulity, for Simons never found the Mine, nor the Company their expected riches. [Simonsberg was called after Simon van der Stel, the Governor.]

Next to Simonsberg to the northward is the Paarl Mountain so called from the fancied resemblance to a pearl, of an enormous stone standing upon the Summit of the highest part of the range, and described by Anderson in a paper of the philosophical transactions—ill enough however and false in many of the essential parts. You must see it—I should say them, for there is a pair—the sight of them and the view of the surrounding country from them is worth a journey of 1000 miles.

I wont say how large they are, but I was half an hour in walking round one of them. Dont conceive it as a rock or part of a mountain, but a single round stone of an imperfectly formed granite. Here and there are great rifts as if ready to be torn in pieces by its own weight. It is surrounded in part by large ill-shapen and antique trees, whose roots and branches crawling among the fragments of rocks that have once been a part of the great Mass would make a fine subject for the pencil.

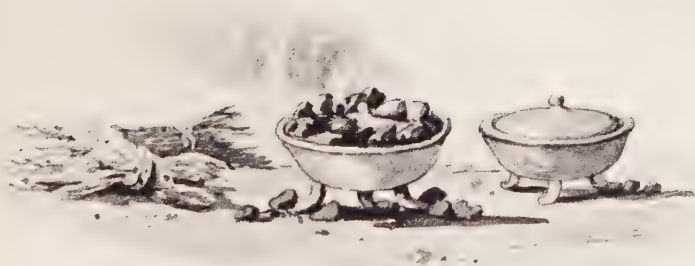
The Oleaster or Wild Olive is among these, the wood of which is amongst the most beautiful I have ever seen and when polished is almost transparent ; I have taken specimens of it. Everything here flourishes with the greatest luxuriance. The oaks are large, straight & tall, unshaken with the wind as is the case near the Cape. Walnuts, Chestnuts, Almonds, Oranges and in short all sorts of fruit are in abundance. The Coffee tree grows well—but the chief produce is the Vine, and I can assure you that the Wine here is altogether different & infinitely superior than at the Cape where it undergoes adulteration. The Vale is watered Winter and Summer by the Berg river and the numberless branches that on every side fall into it. In short had it pleased God to have made his own image of African instead of Asian Clay, I think he could not have done better than to have placed him at the Paarl or Drakenstein.

I have been detained here two days by the kind & chearful hospitality of Mr. Aling the Minister of the Paarl & that of Madame his Wife, two more worthy and agreeable people are not to be met with in Africa. The former has furnished me with a very valuable collection of minerals and much information of the





Making Candles



Method of roasting in a three-legged pot

SKETCHES OF CAPE LIFE



Country, and the latter I find has stowed our waggons well for the Journey. Out of the curiosities I send you a specimen of the paint-stone, which you may break if you like—you will find within a fine impalpable powder of a certain color which when mixed with oil serves all the country people here as a paint for their houses, waggons &c. They are found of every possible color except green, and what is very extraordinary they know the color without breaking the stone, tho' on the outside they are all exactly of the same tint. The blue is the most rare, and is the Native Prussian blue of which I believe I have spoken to you——

A few trifles made from the leaf of a tree, each piece a single leaf and without a seam, also some scraps of the same leaf which is used as a lint for wounds and is good for stopping haemorrhages, and makes also an excellent tinder as you may try by setting fire to it.—A few raisins without stones which I think excellent. They are not to be bought tho' they might be had in any quantity. I dare say how you have observed in eating a bunch of Grapes that many of the undergrowings and those at the extremity of the bunch are small and green: these left on the stem to ripen furnish the Currants I send you the specimen of.

Indeed, Lady Anne, I am ashamed to trouble you with this wretched scrawl, but the truth is I had not intended to write from here till an hour before our departure the opportunity struck me to be a good one. I beg leave to introduce Mr. Manger to you—he is a very good-natured little man, and had spirit enough to accompany me yesterday to the Paarl on the Mountain—it is not so arduous a task as that of ascending Table Mountain,

but it is not easy. To spare this gentleman trouble I have also taken the liberty to enclose a line to a friend which you will have the goodness to send by a servant—You need not mention it to any one as she might not wish it—for my own part I care not if all the world knew it, for my mind respecting her is fully made up. Make my best Compliments & good wishes to Mr. Barnard & Miss Barnard, & accept the same from,

Yours ever faithfully,

JOHN BARROW.

Soon after this Colonel Craufurd astonished all Cape Town by taking a trip into the interior at a time when the place was at its gayest. Only Lady Anne held the key to the mystery—he had surprised himself by proposing to Anne Barnard, and was probably still more surprised when she refused him. ‘It was prudent,’ writes Lady Anne regretfully, ‘a young Colonel with nothing—but he was amiable, and to have accepted him would not have been unnatural.’ Anne Barnard’s action in refusing him is a little incomprehensible in the light of later events, perhaps it was not the fashion of the day to say yes at once; however, she did not say it on this occasion, and Craufurd soon afterwards went home on leave, explaining to Lady Anne that he thought that absence might enable him to forget the other Anne; but he was not talking to a novice in the odd ways of men and women, and her entries in the diary show that she did not regard the case as hopeless.

A few days later there was a mutiny on the ships. The admiral took the matter firmly in hand, and made it known from the shore—where he was at the time—that the mutineers might take their choice between giving up the ringleader in each ship and pulling down his flag. If they determined upon the latter course the ships

would be bombarded by the batteries ashore. They decided to give up their leaders, and as it had been thought possible that in the event of their doing so the twenty-one men would be shot, Andrew Barnard took his women-folk off on an expedition to Stellenbosch and the Paarl, in order that they should not be within sound or sight of the executions ; the greater number of the men were, however, eventually reprieved and confined to the Castle.

## IV

THE Barnards left the Castle for Stellenbosch on the 9th November 1797, on the peace-making expedition for which Lord Macartney considered Andrew to be so well fitted, that of inducing certain stubborn burghers of Stellenbosch to take the oath of allegiance.

At Stellenbosch they were the guests of the Landdrost, Mynheer Ryno Johannes van der Riet, and here Lady Anne admits that the Drostdy—his official residence—had ‘rather a distinguished appearance; it is as white as milk and has some oaks before it, so large that they measured between twelve and thirteen feet round. A noble mountain rises behind it, and to the left one of spiral form’.

Seven of the twelve stalwarts who had refused to swear fealty to George III thought better of the matter and took the oath of allegiance, but five stood out for a while, and Andrew Barnard returned to Cape Town to consult Lord Macartney. The Governor ordered a mounted escort to be in readiness to convey the recalcitrants (who had been taken to the Castle) to a ship on the point of sailing for Batavia, and Lady Anne’s heart was wrung by receiving a petition from their wives begging that they might be allowed to return to their homes for a few days. Happily they made up their minds to sign and were set free.

Another petition was from the Vrouw Palm, wife of a minister at Stellenbosch, ‘declaring that unless she had the Seat at Church allowed her which was befitting her Rank, she could not worship God there’. A third petition came from an old slave who bore the euphonious name of Stinkie, requesting leave of the Governor to be baptized—it would take all the Waters of Jordan to wash out the memory of such a name. Barnard promised to







MYNHEER ALING

A virtuoso at the Paarl

convey the petitions to the Governor, but I gather that Mevrouw Palm's wrongs remained unredressed.

From Stellenbosch they made several expeditions in the Landdrost's carriage; going first to the Paarl, where they found a kindred hospitable spirit in the Minister, Mynheer Aling, a lover of natural history, 'about six feet seven or eight in height, broad in proportion, and with the sweet and good-humoured countenance that I think is often worn by those who can amuse themselves'.

From the Paarl they were escorted by the friendly van der Riet family to see Waggonmaker's Valley, now Wellington, and spent the night at the neighbouring homestead of Mynheer Wege. Next morning they drove through the orange-groves of that fertile district, and back to the Pastorie at the Paarl, where they spent the night, returning to Stellenbosch on the following day in a carriage sent by the Landdrost with six horses (and apologies that there were not eight), a Hottentot coachman and a coat-of-arms on the door which showed that it had formerly been the chariot of 'old Q.' On the next day they returned to the Cape, and sent from there ten dozen of bottled porter 'the greatest present that the Colony could bestow', to Mynheer Aling, in gratitude for his hospitality.

Soon after their return to Cape Town two letters were received from John Barrow.

### *John Barrow to Lady Anne Barnard*

Graaff Reynet, 12th October 1797.

Let me in one word say thank you Lady Anne, for your kind letters which I received a few days ago on our return to the drostdy—and another to thank you for the many proofs of your friendship—were I to enumerate thanks for them all I am aware you would not thank me for this letter—I assure you I am very sensible of them. Your

last letter caused a little *embrouillement* in the methodical strain I had got into, but it's over and I am now going on in the old jog trot way—May we not give a little allowance for difference of manners, imperfect knowledge of a language and different ways of thinking and acting in persons of different nations? I will allow you to be a better judge of human nature than I am, and will still venture to draw upon your friendship by begging you to say all you think on a certain subject.

Believe me Lady Anne, I am quite free from any violent fever of the mind; my imagination is neither so exalted nor heated nor romantic to make a sacrifice of the judgment upon the altar of a divinity who, sometimes on very slender occasions, becomes very capricious and 'spreads his light wings, &c.'. Like the rest of us strange beings I am looking out for a little of that scarce article called happiness, which some find, or think they *shall* find, in one thing and some in another, and which my grovling mind has fancied to exist in pigs, in pidgeons and poultry in a little sequestered corner of Lancashire; and I take to myself some sort of merit for imagining its existence there because I see it will be my fate to be driven thither very soon—but this is stuff—I am really sorry that there is a probability of our governor leaving the Cape so soon because it will also determine the period of my stay in the Colony. Under another I shall be nothing—pigs and poultry are much better.

You really have been mighty gay at the Cape. I rejoice with you at the pleasure you must have felt in having your brother for a little time with you. I have heard of Mrs. G: but did not know that she was in his ship—she's a pretty *pickle* I find. I know not how you

all feel at the Cape at the news from England,<sup>1</sup> but at Graaff Reynet it seems to wear but a doubtful sort of an appearance—the political horizon is very cloudy and it requires a longer glass than my telescope is to distinguish what sort of objects are on the eve of being produced, but I fear they will turn out a little monstrous. I wish all was going on there as well as at Graaff Reynet. Here the overgrown schoolboys having kick'd up a dust, are glad to return to their duty without a flogging which they are all sensible of having merited, and the indulgences granted to them on that account carry with them a double grace.

The real Kaffers I admire exceedingly. They lead a true pastoral life, are united in Clans exactly like those of the Highlands of Scotland, and in each clan everything—*except the ladies*—seems to be in common. They live chiefly on milk and the spoils of the chase. They are free from the pernicious effects of spirituous liquors. From their simple diet, salutary exercise and minds free from anxiety, the growth of their bodies is not impeded, their persons are finely formed, their deportment bold and open, their countenances chearful, and their whole demeanor indicates content and happiness. I never met with such chearful good-tempered creatures as the women, and getting over the prejudice of color, they are really handsome, if an elegant form, a regular set of features enlivened by good humor, a skin smooth and soft as velvet, eyes of a dark brown and full of fire, teeth white as ivory, are to be considered as ingredients that enter into the composition of a beauty.

<sup>1</sup> This probably refers to the several negotiations of the year 1797 between the British and French Governments.

Their King or first chief, a young man about twenty, take him all in all is one of the most prepossessing and handsome men I ever saw, either black or white. He seems to be the adored divinity of his people, and they know no other. The name of Gaika resounds from one end of his dominions to the other, the word Gaika is never pronounced without a smile. He has but one wife and a little daughter, both very pretty. Mrs. Gaika is a very affable and a very rational woman—I had a long confab: with her.

I have much to say of the Kaffers, of whom very little seems to be known. All my information is from Gaika the fountain head, and he gave me direct and unequivocal answers to questions which I should not have put to another in his situation. I knew not till the moment of departure from the Kaffers that I should have felt regret in bidding farewell to a set of people whom the closetted part of the world distinguish by the odious name of savage. . . .

In our next journey to the country of the Housuanas, or Wilde Boshiesmen, I know not what may be produced, but I have already seen enough of them to raise my curiosity to a prodigious degree. Nature has been in a very odd sort of a sporting mood when she formed the ladies of this nation—but on this subject certain established rules among us civilized folks impose silence on me—I will not transgress them for fear of being anathematized, which I suspect to be already my fate among the good sort of religious (*devout* I should have said) old women of Graaff Reynet, who think it presumptuous for man to inspect too narrowly the wonderful works of the creation. Fancy all you can—raise your imagination





DROSTDY OF STELLENBOSCH (*p.* 44)



to the highest pitch, & you will still fall short of the mark. . . .

I believe I am going to end where I ought to have begun which is by apologizing for not writing by the last occasion ; it will sound very odd to make use of the old story, want of time, but you may believe me that tho' shut out from society, from books and from all occupations but those of looking round me, I find not a vacant moment. The difficulty of locomotion in this remote part of Africa and the time consumed in journeying is far beyond what you can imagine. I have scarcely rested half a day on any spot since our departure from Cape Town, very much to the annoyance and discomposure of some of my companions whose easy and tranquil movements to which they have been accustomed would but ill agree with the plan I set out upon of seeing every inch of the Colony and as much as possible beyond the Colony—but allow, Myn Heeren—it is the only opportunity that I shall ever have of traversing Africa, and I am determined to profit by it.

Our next journey is wholly new, an unbeaten tract by any European traveller, and promises much danger fatigue and curiosity. I have hitherto made a miserable hand of *collecting*—all my collection is in my writing-desk, I cannot pretend to preserve any animal whatever ; both preparation and carriage is totally impracticable without an expenditure of just double the time, which I cannot afford. The geography, nature, and produce of the country fill up every moment of my time.

Should we safely return from this next excursion I have an appointment with the best Sportsman in the country for five or six days, and in the course of that time

I may perhaps acquire something—I shall try at least. I shall be able however to furnish Mr. Barnard with Specimens of *all* the woods of Southern Africa. I found a new *Strelitzia*, a curious plant which will be a very acceptable thing in England. I sent half a dozen bulbs by the Hope, and desired Maxwell to put one by for you—if you happen to have a botanical friend in England, I know of no plant that could be half so agreeable. This is the worst season in the world for obtaining the seeds of plants, which is the only part of them I think it is worth while to collect. I am no admirer of the faded leaves & flowers of a *hortus siccus*. On these elevated regions, at this moment white with snow, vegetation is retarded to a late Spring.

Pray tell me how Paradise goes on; is it ever likely to become an Elysian field? How thrives vegetation in the great hall of the Castle? Are you got quite into order in that great house? How does Miss Barnard do? Pray give my best compliments to her, tell her I have dreamt she was married, and I am a prodigious good dreamer.

The Messenger who brings this will remain no longer than he has received the Governor's commands, and I hope for a few lines in the bag from you on my return from the Housuanas. Till then and always I am with respect & gratitude,

Yours,

J. BARROW.

Have you shewn to Lord M: the two Eleonoras, and if so, what was his *comparative* opinion?



RYNO VAN DER RIET  
Landdrost of Stellenbosch (*p.* 44)





*John Barrow to Andrew Barnard*

Graaff Reynet, 13th October 1797.

DEAR SIR,

Permit me just to ask you how you do and to thank you for your note which I found here on my return from Kafferland.

I have collected about twenty specimens of the woods of this district which I would have sent by the Messenger, but I find our papers are as much as he can conveniently carry on horseback—plenty of substance, but little matter I fear—I reckon upon ten more of the woods which I think will complete the number of forest trees that the Colony produces, and mostly in places very easily to be come at.

The complaint of want of wood at the Cape is the greatest farce that ever was played. There is not only great plenty but also of good quality fit for any purpose either in civil or naval Architecture. Nothing I assure you can make the Colony of the Cape a poor place but indolence and monopolies. The last is a curable disease; the other I am afraid admits of no remedy. It has here proceeded to an inconceivable degree. The country is capable of producing any thing and in any quantity, and the best part lies upon the Sea coast from whence during three months in the year there are the means of conveying in safety the produce to a market. But I suspect it will be the fate of the Cape to go on in the old jog trot way.

I know not what you may think of the news from Europe but it seems that peace or no peace England

and the poor Cape must pay the piper. As for Holland it will deserve all it can possibly lose ; but I am very apprehensive that it will regain the Cape. The Scheldt open and Belgium independent, Holland must be ruined, and their complaints will be very loud. But you probably know all by this time.

I wish all was as likely to go on well in Europe as here in Graaff Reynet. The inhabitants are very peaceable and well disposed I am persuaded towards the present Government. The Majority were always for good order, but from their timid disposition a few violent men were permitted to throw every thing into a state of confusion. But it is now entirely at an end and not likely to return ; experience of the effects produced by a state of anarchy has cured them of their folly.

I never see eight or ten thousand Springboks skipping about us but I wish for you here. The finest sporting country in the world. Elephants, Buffalos, the Gnoo, a most extraordinary animal, Zebras, Quachas, and between twenty and thirty different sorts of Antelopes, Tygers, Tyger-cats, and in short more kinds of beasts than ever entered Noah's Ark are daily scampering about the plains of Africa.

Birds without number and especially of the Vulture and Eagle kind, four sorts of Bustards, one of which not yet described is the finest bird I ever saw ; it is as large as the Norfolk bustard but infinitely more beautiful. One of these I shot flying, in full galop, which raised my reputation here as a good *shot*, but I have since lost it.

I am not without hopes, should we have a peace and remain for a little time at the Cape, that I may have the pleasure of making a month's excursion with you, and

I think Lady Anne would have no objection to be of the party. I assure you we could give her plenty of employment, and I think such as she would find much pleasure and amusement in.

I could hardly have persuaded myself that the wilds of Africa could have had that power of captivating which I have experienced. We express our admiration and are pleased with works of art, but wild and uncultivated nature where every living creature exists in a state of unbounded liberty has also its charms—one speaks to the senses, but the other to the heart. I assure you I have not yet experienced a languid moment, nor have any dread of it whilst there is an unbeaten track to go over—but I don't wish to remain in Graaff Reynet. Of all the miserable holes this is the worst, and I should wish no other punishment for the Man who fixed the Drostdy here than that he was obliged to remain in it for life.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully & truly,

JOHN BARROW.

Andrew Barnard, Esq.

## V

THE good offices of Lady Anne on behalf of Miss Truter resulted later on in her marriage with John Barrow : ' she made him an excellent wife ', says Lady Anne, but by that time the petty dissensions, which are almost inevitable when a large number of people of varying temperaments are cooped up in a small place, when there are too many people bent on asserting the dignity of their respective positions, had alienated Barrow from the Barnards, as is set forth later on in her letters to Lord Macartney. Lady Anne and her husband were deeply distressed, and did all that tact and good humour could do in order to make and maintain peace with their neighbours ; but, as will be seen in her letters, they were outweighed by the tyrannical disposition of General Dundas, by the jealousy that existed between the various civil and military departments of Government, and, later on, by the unfortunate choice of a successor to Lord Macartney.

However, early in 1798 these troubles were only in their infancy, and Lady Anne's Journal at this time is mainly filled with the record of passing events and of the many travellers who called at the half-way house to the East and who usually spent some weeks there. She notes the arrival of the new Admiral of the Cape Station, Sir Hugh Christian, with the comment : ' An excellent Man of no parade, though of a mind too anxious. I name him, as he is a publick Man and has no stain or ridicule attached to his pure character.'

The next arrival was an old friend, Lord Mornington, the newly-appointed Governor-General of India, subsequently known to fame as Marquess Wellesley, the elder brother of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. Another brother was Henry Wellesley, the

diplomatist, who was created Baron Cowley of Wellesley in 1828.

Lord Macartney, feeling a little disinclined to burden himself with an important guest for a couple of months, and reluctant to let Barnard, his junior official, take on what was obviously his own responsibility, arranged that Lord Mornington should be lodged in the town, to the great disappointment of the hospitable Barnards. But the illustrious visitor settled the matter by presenting himself at their breakfast table next morning, begging to be taken in. 'I have been bitten by every insect that has a tooth in its head or a sting in its tail,' he said. 'I will be docile and grateful, and will not teaze you with the Wife and Children I have left behind me, beyond what your patience can bear.'

Of course, he with his brother Henry (afterwards Lord Cowley) and four servants, were warmly welcomed, though Lady Anne shrewdly suspected that the insects were but a *ruse de guerre*. She says that she gave him a bedroom looking out upon the oaks and cool fountain of the court.

The wife of whom he spoke was Hyacinthe Gabrielle, daughter of Pierre Roland of Paris. She was brought to England by Lord Mornington, who married her nine years later, in 1793, when their children were given his name; but the Directors of the East India Company, in appointing him as Governor-General, thought that the circumstances of the marriage rendered it wiser for Lady Mornington to remain in England, for a time at least. Lady Anne blames them for this decision, and says that to it must be attributed sundry later 'incon-  
stancies' on his part.

At the Cape he was apparently as merry as a grig. He even enjoyed a south-easter, which, she says, 'poured itself down with so fine a blast that, being light, it nearly carried his Excellency into the sea.'

He came in laughing to tell her of the adventure.



‘So’, said he, ‘I laid me down with my face on the ground, at the calm side of a great stone, took my hat off, tied my handkerchief round my head that it should not be blown off, and while in that situation laughed most heartily at the idea of the “pomp and circumstance” in which the Governor-General found himself.’

Lady Anne’s prudent Scottish mother wrote to her after this visit, saying that they would never grow rich if they took so many guests into their house. ‘We do it’, said Lady Anne, ‘because there is nothing that gives so much comfort to others and takes so little out of one’s pocket as hospitality.’

Up to this moment life at the Cape had been very pleasant for the Barnards, in spite of the overbearing and truculent attitude of General Dundas and sundry small pin-pricks caused by the petty jealousies and disagreeables incidental to life in a very crowded garrison in juxtaposition to a civilian Governor and officials. Lady Anne’s sense of humour, and still more her good humour, and Andrew Barnard’s sterling qualities and devotion to his duty, had carried them through most of the difficulties which lay about their path; they were sustained, too, by the unfailing friendship of Lord Macartney, but with the prospect of his departure for England, their hearts began to grow heavy and anxious.

Their anxiety was not lessened by the probability that his successor, for a time at least, would be General Dundas.

‘Barnard thinks it likely that Dundas may wish to give the appointment of Governor for a short period to his nephew the General, who would make a very unfit stop-gap’, she writes, ‘but it would be a feather in the Dundas bonnet and would be kept only until some needy, foolish man of rank and influence is sent out, and who, with the Council Lord Macartney has suggested, may fill the station as well as a better, if he is not given to jobbing.’

Her fear of a Governor given to jobbery was not without foundation, as subsequent events were to show.





DRAGOON QUARTERS AT RONDEBOSCH (*p.* 61)



Seen in the light of our modern conception of the British Empire, with the great responsibilities which rest upon the shoulders of those who administer affairs in the Britains beyond the seas, such a fear would be incomprehensible to us. But in Lady Anne's day, the man who took a post in one of the colonies—as the Dominions then were—did so for his own advantage, as a rule. He was highly paid, and officials of the type of Lord Macartney and Andrew Barnard served the interests of England with fidelity and ability. But there were others—not many—who were more concerned in improving their own prospects than in serving their country, and the upright government of Macartney was shortly to be followed by the unfortunate administration of Sir George Yonge.

Meanwhile, and pending the departure of the Governor, General Dundas continued to make every one uncomfortable in his autocratic way. Lady Anne came into contact with him, when she tried to ameliorate the lot of the young Mutiny sailors imprisoned in the Castle, by obtaining permission for them to earn a little money by working at half rates for the army or the navy or the shops. Macartney was delighted at the suggestion, Admiral Christian gladly gave his consent, but the General refused to sanction any relief to 'a set of villains'. Nothing could be done, but the Admiral said, 'I must observe there is more of Justice than of Mercy in the Commander of the Forces.'

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl of  
Macartney*

If my memory is not very treacherous, I think that I took the liberty of mentioning to you about a fortnight or three weeks ago, a little plan which I would fain hope you will give me y<sup>r</sup> tacit leave to pursue, as it is now rather near my heart from the gratitude which the people

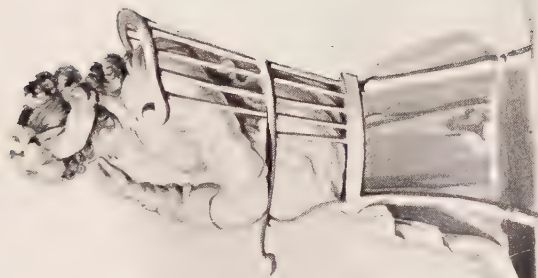
feel who are concerned in it. I woud fain (w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>r</sup> leave) give something to do to the eight poor faulty wretches now in prison & to be confined there for nearly two years. Some of them are good tho' misled young men, all of them woud gladly do what he coud at any little work I coud give them, & I think eight men living together in a total state of idleness so pernicious a school for principles much relaxed, that if throwing in a motive for industry woud do good, I am ready to take all the trouble. I will not defeat, by granting indulgences, the punishment they have merited; but I will simply afford them necessarys to clothe them out of their work & keep the rest for them till their imprisonment is over. I have sounded Admiral Christian. He has kindly said that I may follow my wishes & that he will wink—that he had had the wish himself, but thought *he* coud not with propriety indulge it: he however seemed rather pleased that I shoud. He doubted that the men woud *like* to work; but on sounding them on the matter thro' the Provost-Martial, I found the greatest gratitude expressed, & have received a decent thankfull letter on the subject. Y<sup>r</sup> kind Excellency's permission perhaps I shoud not ask, but I hope & allmost trust that you will permit me to go on in my plan, & if amongst the eight souls & bodys I can save a couple of the first, I shall say, 'Le jeu vaut bien la chandelle.' Mr. B: will be the bearer of this & will carry me your reply.

I hope you will have a pleasant journey & safe return to your court at Cape Town.

Believe me, my D<sup>r</sup> Lord,

Ever y<sup>rs</sup> affectionately & gratefully,

ANNE BARNARD.



Mrs. Saul perfectly happy (p. 61).



|| *Saul singing, 3. 60. Macmillan*

Mrs. Saul singing





However, as we have seen, the General refused his sanction to Lady Anne's benevolent project.

Dundas is once more seen in another light, when, shortly after this episode, the rank and fashion of the Cape were bidden by Mrs. Baumgardt to a christening party—the baby was called Henry Dundas, after the Minister. Lady Anne says : ‘ Lord Macartney gazed at the boy and whispered to me—“ I believe it is Baumgardt's boy after all. It is so like him.” “ Ho ! Ho ! Ho ! ” said the General, who caught his eye.’

Anne Barnard the younger comes into the Journal again at this time. An old friend of the family, Colonel Murray, arrived and soon declared himself her suitor. ‘ He had lost his hair and his teeth, and so got two apologies for being plain ’ ; however, he was a good talker and apparently interested Miss Barnard so much that Lady Anne began to have pangs of anxiety regarding the interests of the absent Craufurd. But when he proposed, he was refused, the explanation given to Lady Anne being that Colonel Craufurd might think himself ill-used ; whereat there was much rejoicing in the heart of Lady Anne, which always had a soft spot for the good-looking but ineligible young soldier. Sir John and Lady Anstruther arrived at the Cape at about this time, on their way to Bengal, where he had been appointed Chief Justice. Lord Mornington had described her as ‘ Her very unserene Highness the Begum ’, and Lady Anne writes : ‘ She was amusing, intolerable and provoking—but I would rather devote my paper to report the singularities of new places and a new people than the haughtiness and folly of those I have lived and still live with. There was nothing for it but to pass her and all her ways over with that good humour that will not see.’

Sir John had arranged to spend six or eight months at the Cape on his way to India, for the benefit of his health ; his lady soon made it clear that she wished to be ‘ the reigning Begum of the little Cape court ’, and

endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to overthrow the popularity of Lady Anne. Her husband had been a great friend of the Lindsays at Balcarres, Lady Anne says, 'until the unlucky Turtle accepted of by our Family, from the opponent of his Father in an Election, made Montagues and Capulets of us.' He retained his affection for her, however, and was made as uncomfortable as any one by the social aspirations of his wife.

From this disagreeable atmosphere the Barnards determined to retire for a while, and to spend some time at Paradise after Lord Macartney's departure in Nov. 1798.

Meanwhile the usual round of gaiety went on—a ball given by General Dundas to the Begum, a race meeting on the Green Point Common, and I give her account of this for those interested in racing at the Cape. 'The Race Ground was found to be much improved this year by pillars being erected and the course well roped in. Stands were also built for the accommodation of the Ladies. The sea is often covered with ships which render the scene very animated, but at this time the Admiral was at Simons Bay. The Purse was run for by three horses, the Masters on—Captain Spaworth, Major Sharpe and Colonel Hope. The first had jostled, so it was contended that he could not have it; the second had forgot to weigh, so the third claimed it, and, being refused, it is said that the question is to be laid before the learned Doctors of the Jockey Club.'

Her description of the Lutheran Church in Strand Street which she sketched on her way to the races, will interest those who know it as it is to-day. She expresses surprise that 'a couple of such voluminous festoons, of size to trim the petticoat of the Goddess Terra, should be reckoned a proper ornament for the House of God.'

Lady Anne was now busy preparing to move out to Paradise for a time, with an old Malay slave who had been banished from Batavia caning her chairs for the cottage. Of this cottage but little remains to-day; the ruins are

three hundred yards distance from it as a precious  
Relic of that period — I hope all your family are  
well, say by a few lines if they are and if you are later  
write happy since the loss of my good friend —  
May God Bless you — Yours with true regard —

Anne Barnard —

Letter — to Mrs Jacob Van Rhenin — after the death of her husband — I wish to annex to this, from feelings about the place which she lies in my heart, a small sketch of it, taken from one I made of this country house, at the Cape of Good Hope where I spent two or three of the happiest days of my life. — Not gayly, but most innocently & most comfortably, with every varied novelty from a new country, new people, new language, customs amusements & with him I loved beside me to share in every pleasure and in every thought! —

I wish I could write a few lines to you my Dear Good Friend in your own language, but the language of kind thoughts I am convinced we often converse with each other tho' they have no sound — Alas! we have both suffered cruel blows since we met! — but once they must not be called as it has been the divine hand that has inflicted them, and to it I must we both submit with gentleness and Resignation. — to lose the companions however of succeeding years, and such companions, are sorrows not to be soon got the better of. — When my Beloved Barnard went lately to the Cape he begged me not to forget to send the letter which I had begged him to take from me to you & which he had accidentally left behind — it followed him — Alas! it arrived too late & was returned to me with his papers — it is now more than ever a little legacy of love and gratitude, you have it now with this note. — think of me sometimes my Dear Mrs Van Rhenin with kindness & pity — I never can I forget the happy days which Mr B: and I passed at Hans Craal I keep the picture of your house which I took at —

hidden deep in a wood, with a fig-tree growing through the stoep and an oak in what was once her drawing-room. She had friendly Dutch neighbours in the Eksteens,<sup>1</sup> with their ten children, large families, she says, being a great source of vanity to the Dutch.

She succeeded in obtaining an appointment for the husband of her Irish shipmate, Mrs. Saul—who came out to ‘supprise’ him; he was to have charge of foraging the horses at the Dragoon Quarters. Mrs. Saul’s warm heart overflowed with gratitude. “Oh, bless your Sowl! Do, dear, when Mr. B. and you are making your tour up the country, take a bed at our quarters. We have very nice ones, I assure you. Captain Campbell himself has been here, but then I believe he was hungry and he was passing my door just at dinner-time. He looked at me from the far end of a fiddle, as they say in Ireland and in Scotland too, but he ate a very good dinner.” I promised that we should not pass the door if it was within twenty miles of our road—or if it had any road to it—but it was from our visit to Jacob van Rhenen, the brother of our neighbour Dirk of the Brewery,<sup>2</sup> that Barnard expected the most gratification to himself, as there he was sure to find not only shooting but hunting of every description—fishing and farming, with the society too of a spirited man he was disposed to like.’

<sup>1</sup> Probably at Kirstenbosch.

<sup>2</sup> Burchell, writing a few years later at Newlands, says: ‘Near this place is a beautiful spot called the Brewery, where in the midst of groves and plantations stands an elegant mansion built after the designs of Monsieur Thebault, the Government architect and surveyor, to whose taste and talents in architecture Cape Town is much indebted. The country between Newlands and Paradise is rich in botany beyond all that I could have imagined.’ Of Lady Anne’s house at Paradise he says: ‘A very picturesque spot embosomed in woods. . . . The only building here was a dilapidated cottage, inhabited by a person placed in charge of the woods. . . . We ascended a considerable way up the foot of the mountain’ [to approach the cottage]. Dirk van Rhenen belonged to the well-known Cape-Dutch family, which spells the name ‘van Reenen’. They came from Rhenen, near Amerongen.



The owner of the Brewery had shown great hospitality to the Barnards, and they looked forward to visiting his brother at his farm in the Swellendam district.

About the middle of April 1798 they went to Paradise, where Lady Anne delighted in the new flowers that revealed themselves day after day. Here is her description of the *Stapelia*, which she called ‘*Madame de Coster*’, after the woman from whom she bought it; ‘a fine large star-like plant, yellow and spotted like the skin of a leopard, over which there grows a crop of glossy brown hair, at once handsome and horrible; it crawls flat on the ground and its leaves are thick and fat.’ The blue water-lily enchanted her with its colour and perfume.

In May a month’s leave was given to Andrew Barnard, and they spent it in travelling—with Anne Barnard the younger, and a cousin, Johnny Dalrymple, as aide-de-camp.

The first stage of their journey took them to Meerlust, the great house near the Eerste River, built by Henning Huysing, then as now the residence of the Myburgh family. They travelled in a wagon filled with all the comforts and necessities that could be accommodated. ‘In the waggon sat Lady Anne’, she writes in her Journal, ‘on her knee an old drawing-book, stoutly bound, which had descended from mitre to mitre in the Barnard family, and which little thought in its old age—as Sarah says—that it should be caught turning over a new leaf and producing hasty sketches in the wilds of Africa.’

At Meerlust they found that Mynheer Myburgh was away from home, but Mevrouw gave them a very good dinner—‘a large dish of mutton-cutlets fried with bread-crumbs and pickles, some chickens and roast lamb, fish of the nature of cod pickled with turmeric and all sorts of garden-stuff, such as they put into a pickle-pot in England. It was excellent. They buy it in barrels





' Our start in the waggon '



Construction of the waggon



THE TUTOR AT ONVERWACHT

so. The wine was very good, the vegetables so too, butter the best I have tasted here—indeed as good as English.’ She found the quince-hedges breaking under the weight of golden fruit, which was grown for the horses.

After this sumptuous meal—an impromptu one, for they were not expected on that particular day—they went on to Onverwacht, the Morkels’ farm. Here every one was away, except a tutor of a moralizing and philosophic turn of mind ; he was very kind and did his best for their comfort by providing them with feather beds for the night and by lending them a team of oxen next morning. They made the toilsome ascent of the Hottentots’ Holland Mountains, had ‘a repast fit for an emperor’ at Jacob Joubert’s farm, and pursued their way to the Drup Kelder and the Government Baths, now Caledon, and on to the Moravian mission-station of Genadendal. The three fathers of the mission came out to meet them, and Lady Anne was deeply impressed with their simple sincerity and goodness ; the travellers attended a service and heard the Hottentot converts sing a psalm in such sweet, pure tones that her eyes filled with tears.

From Genadendal they went on to Sweet Milk Valley, and thence to the farm of Jacob van Reenen—or van Rhenen, as she writes the name—one of the finest of the Cape Dutchmen. Here they had ‘the best supper I ever ate in my life’ ; it was a Gargantuan feast, judging by her description of the various dishes, presided over by Mevrouw van Reenen’s father, ‘a very old and beautiful figure who supped with us in his night-cap’.

They went on a shooting expedition with their host and saw zebras ; out fishing and caught new and wonderful creatures ; and after supper Jacob van Reenen talked to them of his expedition into a country no civilized person had ever dared to enter in the forlorn hope of rescuing survivors from the ill-fated *Grosvenor*. He found nothing

but some skeletons and a silver coat-button on which the owner had engraved 'Colonel Johnstone'.

He told them, too, of his journey to France with his father in the hope of recovering from the Government a large sum of money which the latter had lent to some French troops, who put in at the Cape and were in great distress through need of it. They paid him with bills on the French Government, from which he received profuse thanks, but no money; so, his capital having dwindled to £300, he went with his son to Paris to pursue his claim.

'I called on the Minister', said Jacob. 'He acknowledged the justice of my claim but evaded payment. Madame de Pompadour sent us a private message to the effect that if we would give up a third of our claim my father should have the rest directly.'

The offer was not accepted, and his father fell ill with wrong and vexation. With only three guineas between them and starvation, Jacob bribed the Swiss who guarded the Minister's door, made his way into the august presence and through the force of his personality compelled the Minister—covered with orders and stars and wriggling in his chair—to give him a bill for 5,000 livres. 'I took the bill', he said, 'for I saw it was all I had to expect.'

The Barnards left the van Reenen family with regret and went on to Swellendam, where they were the guests of the Landdrost. Here they met van Manger, the Dutch Reformed minister of whom Barrow had written to her.

'Let me introduce to you the little Man of God', writes Lady Anne. 'Mr. Manger had preached the Gospel at Graaff Reinet,<sup>1</sup> where there is much Tur-

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. J. H. van Manger had been the Dutch Reformed Church minister at Graaff Reinet, but he left it during the rebellion and refused to return; he was appointed to Swellendam in 1798 and transferred to Cape Town in 1802. He married in 1805 Maria Elisabeth van Reenen—the Mitchie of Lady Anne's Journal—after a courtship of seven years.



VROUW VAN RHENEN IN CHURCH



OLD MRS. SLABBERT



THE PREDIKANT VON MANGER AND A LITTLE GIRL



bulence and a strong Jacobin party. It was alleged by some that from his pulpit he was rather too free in giving publick opinions of private people. I don't know if that is true or not, perhaps it may be, but his lambs disliked him so much as often to threaten his life, and at last he gave up the point and came to the Cape. Mr. Barrow gave him some letters to me, saying he was a clever Man. He told me his chief object in coming was to marry, that he was a young man and that it was time for him to settle.'

'To have looked at the Puritanical round face of him, with an upper lip as long as a petticoat and cambric bands as long as little aprons, one might have conjectured him fifty, but I believe it would have been a mistake of twenty-five years. He had proposed to a niece of van Rhenen, who disliked and refused him, but her father and mother approved of the match; the Minister being the next great Man to the Landdrost, the upper stool at Church which belongs to his wife is of course equal to a seat in the Coach with Her Majesty. It was therefore imagined that Miss Mitchie van Rhenen might still be prevailed on.'

At the Drostdy Lady Anne's bed was hung with 'Chocolate Taffeta', and on the walls were crayon portraits of French beauties; every house at the Cape possessed some of these pictures, she says, and, although she does not rate their artistic merit highly, it is possible that these were the portraits said to have been sent out from France by the relatives of the Huguenots who had gone to the Cape after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Most of them were bought by a dealer some years ago and taken to Europe, but a few remain in and about Cape Town; amongst them are some really good pastels.

From Swellendam the Barnards went on to Brandt Vlei and Roodesand—now Tulbagh—and back to the Cape by way of Blaauwberg, calling on the way at Ganze

Kraal, a farm belonging to one of Jacob van Reenen's brothers, and at the farms of Jacob Conradie and Mynheer Leister.

In November 1798 Lord Macartney sailed for England, leaving General Dundas as Acting Governor. From this date begin Lady Anne's letters to Macartney, which tell the story of events in her own words, and to which these chapters are merely an introduction and an explanation of the people and places mentioned by her.



GANZE KRAAL



## VI

LORD MACARTNEY's departure was keenly regretted by the Barnards, for not only did they lose a good friend and sympathetic companion, but the indications of his successor's quality which had been given by General Dundas were not encouraging to the prospect of public or private serenity. One of the Governor's last actions before sailing was the sending troops to India in order to assist Lord Mornington in his military operations against Tippoo; here he was influenced by the report that Buonaparte intended marching an army of 30,000 men to that country. 'The whole of the troops are in the highest mettle and spirits', writes Andrew Barnard to India, 'and will be no inconsiderable reinforcement to the Madras Army. I understand that you may expect more troops from Europe immediately, although I believe they are nearly as much wanted at home. Our last accounts from Ireland were, I am sorry to say, of a very unpleasant nature, but I am in hopes that since Lord Cornwallis has taken upon him the Government, and that as the most vigorous measures are pursued, peace will once more be restored, and the Emigrant Inhabitants of which I understand there are numbers in England, will have the power of returning again to their homes.'

In a letter to Henry Dundas, the Secretary for the Colonies, he remarks on the success that had attended Lord Macartney's government of the Cape.

'The settlement is flourishing in a manner scarcely credible for the time that it has been an English one, and should it remain ours at a peace I am confident in

saying that it will in a short time be able to pay for its defence. Of its prosperity I shall only give you two instances. The first is that the Secretary of the Court of Justice, whose principal emolument consists of the fees paid by those who take out Commissions of Bankruptcy, complains that he is ruined, as there is not one now for a hundred that there were in the time of the Dutch Government; and the other instance is that Jack Ketch says that the people are now become either so rich or else so honest that he has no custom; consequently, his trade is a failing one.'

The night after Lord Macartney sailed a disastrous fire broke out in Cape Town. The cause of the outbreak was supposed to have been the wadding of the evening gun, which was carried by the strength of the wind and lodged on the thatched roof of the Dragoon stables at the foot of the Heerengracht; the letter describing it is the first of many written to their old friend by the Barnards.

A few months ago there came to light a diary contemporary with that of Lady Anne, kept by Samuel Eusebius Hudson, Chief Clerk in the Customs at Cape Town from 1798 to 1800. By the courtesy of the Keeper of the South African Public Library, Mr. Lloyd, I have been able to compare the two diaries which record the same events but from different standpoints. Lovers of the occult will welcome this extract from the Hudson diary, written four days before the calamitous fire recorded by Andrew Barnard.

'The shores round Cape Town are covered with a variety of fish washed up by the violence of the surf, and several species, never before seen in this part of the world, and some extremely curious which have been collected by the lovers of uncommon productions and carefully preserved in spirits. The inhabitants look on this matter as ominous, and with the faces of Prophecy foretell some disastrous event; as never but once in



the memory of the oldest man do they remember a circumstance of the kind, and it was the forerunner of a most dreadful disease which swept away nearly half the inhabitants of this Colony (the Small Pox). I laugh at their fears and accuse them of folly in entertaining such notions, the offspring of superstition and absurdity. Some Boers that were travelling with the produce of their farms to Cape Town say that two nights ago they perceived a large Star with a tail of fire which continued some time visible, tho' moving with amazing velocity, it took an Easterly direction and disappeared. This, which is probably the work of Imagination, strengthens the belief of the credulous and confirms the certainty of some heavy calamity being at hand. I cannot account for the uncommon appearance of such numerous shoals of fish being washed on the Beach and mostly dead tho' perfectly fresh. Sea Toads, Snakes, Torpedoes, Sword Fish and indeed thousands for which we can find no name. Some strange convulsion of the Ocean must have occasioned this phenomenon.'

When the terrible fire broke out four days later the inhabitants must have had their prophetic souls deeply stirred.

.  
*Andrew Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Cape of Good Hope.

8th November, 1798.

It grieves me exceedingly, My Lord, that my first letter to you should contain the Account of a truly disastrous and melancholy event, which happened the night of the Day you sailed from hence.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock, as I was undressing

to go to Bed, I saw a small glimmering light from my Dressing Room Window, which if you recollect was at the top of the house, that shone upon the high white Store Houses, that run across the west end of the Dragoon Stables ; at first I thought that it was the Sentry's light in the Stable, but after a minute or two I saw a Blaze, upon which I immediately ran down and alarmed the Guard, the Drum then beat to Arms ; in the meantime I ran as fast as possible to the Stables which by this time were in a blaze ; there were but three men at them when I got there, we endeavoured to save some of the horses, but I am sorry to say that the fire (owing to an enormous South-east Wind which was then blowing) gained so rapidly upon us that 8 or 9 were all that we could get out, as they were all fast chained to the Mangers ; two I got out, and a man who would in a moment have been suffocated had I not dragged him out. All the other horses perished to the number of 130 and their accoutrements likewise. The destruction of the Stables and the two adjacent Store Houses, in one of which was 130 Chaldron of Coal, was a work so short, that scarcely anybody had time to get there before they were consumed. We hoped that as the large Store House, in which were all the East India Goods that were landed from the *Britannia*, the Bricks and the Tea from China, with various other articles, was separated by a Broad street from the end of the Stable, and the other stores, that assistance and the Fire Engines would arrive before the flames could communicate with it ; but our hopes proved vain, for the Wind blew so violently, that the flames soon caught the Spouts, and the Window frames of the Store house, and as the Window Shutters were

most of them open, the flakes of fire blew in and communicated with the inside. Had the Engines been supplied with water when they came, or had they been in *order* to work properly, I think the fire might have been extinguished there; but we had neither proper Engines nor Water to use with them. The only method that appeared likely to stop the Progress of the Fire, was to pull down Mr. de Waal's house that was next the Custom House; we pulled down one Corner of it entirely, and would have succeeded in pulling down the whole side next the Navy Yard, had not the Fire communicated with the Cellars underneath, by means of the Sparks and Flakes that were blown in from the other Buildings, which prevented the people from working, as the floors soon fell in; however we prevented the Fire from catching the houses on the opposite side of the street, and were fortunate enough about 5 o'clock to put a stop to all danger of its spreading further. The damage done is very great, and as yet we have not been able to make out an accurate statement, but enclosed is Mr. Pringle's Report which is as correct an account of it as we can possibly send you; I will however as nearly as I am able recall to your recollection what the different Store houses contained, and to what Department they belonged.

First, the Dragoon Stables; Parallel to it was the Commissary General's Store, in which were the Coals and the remainder of the unsold Timber with some Bricks; next to it was the Store in which the Engineers' Utensils were deposited, and the last of that row belonged to the Navy, and contained all their made up Masts, and Yards, and the New Boats that were brought out in the Buffalo; also some of the timber that came in

the Echo from Plettenberg Bay ; outside of it on the Beach lay a great number of the large beams that came also from Plettenberg Bay, the greatest part of which has been consumed ; the whole of this Range has been destroyed.

In the first of the other Storehouses that run along the West End of those I have already mentioned and from which they are separated by a broad street, was deposited a vast quantity of the best Tea, also Nankeens, Porcelain, and a great part of the Britannia's Cargo, with some Bricks ; in the other was a quantity of Salt, Provisions, some Wheat, and various other small articles ; these belonged to the Commissary General. The last belonged to the Navy and contained all the Wine and Spirits for the Fleet. The Wine and the Spirits may be easily replaced, but it will be a difficult thing to find the means of procuring the large Vessels that it requires. To repair the Buildings your Lordship well knows, will be a work of much time and vast expence as the Timber is so difficult to be had.

I will not dwell longer on the subject, as you will have, I conclude, the fullest information from General Dundas, but I have sent you a Sketch of the present situation of that ill-fated Spot, which Lady Anne has hurried to take for you.

This Letter concludes by mentioning another event as unfortunate as the former ; Sir Hugh Christian died on the same Night the Fire happened and was this day buried in the Church to which he was attended by all the Officers of the Garrison and many of the Inhabitants.

Lady Anne desires her kind Compliments, so does Miss Barnard.



CAPTAIN DALRYMPLE (*p.* 62)





The departure of Lord Macartney, which to the Barnards was a calamity, was viewed by Samuel Hudson with supercilious equanimity. He seems to have been a morose and lonely soul, and his somewhat mordant record of passing events is in odd contrast to Lady Anne's habit of 'seeing every one and everything *en beau*'.

'The Governor preparing for his departure,' he says, 'and every one of his satellites are as busily employed in forming a farewell compliment to His Excellency, the last effort of expiring gratitude to the great man, to whose benignant smiles and slow-drawn favours they long with Lynx-eyed vigilance have looked up, and seem determined to keep up the Ball to the last scene of this delectable farce; but as his reign is nearly at an end and his successor mounts the throne of Power, the voice of adulation must take a new course to secure those golden blessings which have so much elated those worshippers of Midas. Oh, that they were to meet his fate and let their wishes be their punishment.'

There is much more in the same feebly bitter strain of cynicism, and it is only worth quoting as casting a side-light upon the social atmosphere surrounding the Barnards. All the good will in the world is powerless against a mental attitude of sneers. Nothing is more paralysing to an open and generous mind, and the sense of disillusion which creeps into some of Lady Anne's later letters are in part due to this attitude on the part of a section of the officials in Cape Town.

His queer, jaundiced spirit derived some interest at this time by the composition of a biting little satire, inscribed in his journal under the title of 'The new Comic opera of He wou'd be a Governor'. 'The principal characters', he says, 'to be supported by those well-tried veterans in the Service whose powers have allready and so often been the subject of admiration.' Oblivious of the laws of orthography, in his enthusiasm, he sets the first scene in 'A beautifull garden with the

Palace of Banterino embossed among the Trees', and in this romantic setting all the people mentioned by Lady Anne move, but in a murky atmosphere of satire which often descends to ugliness and never rises to wit. From General Dundas—Banterino—to the least clerk in a Government office, no one escapes, not even our Lady Anne, but his virulence is mainly directed against Mrs. Baumgardt and the Acting-Governor. If his views were those of his neighbours the Cape must have been a hot-bed of gossip and criticism, a difficult field in which to exercise the qualities of kindliness and conciliation which animated Lady Anne's generous soul.

Four days later Barnard wrote again to Macartney, and in this letter we see that the Acting-Governor, General Dundas, had lost no time in getting on the wrong side of the British Navy, and from this moment to the end of the first British occupation of the Cape his violent temper and lack of tact were unfortunate elements in the little community.

Castle of Good Hope,  
25th November, 1798.

What I dreaded would happen, I am truly sorry to say has actually taken place, I mean that a person who has not the guard he ought to have over his temper allowed it to break out on the night of the unfortunate fire, and made use of such expressions to Capt. Osborn that he was determined to demand satisfaction for the affront as soon as he could be at liberty to do so. Mr. Maxwell<sup>1</sup> came to me the next morning and informed me of what had passed and what Capt. Osborn felt on the occasion and likewise of a Note which had been

<sup>1</sup> Acheson Maxwell, who accompanied Lord Macartney to the Cape, was Controller of Customs.

written in consequence of the poor Admiral's death to Captain Losack which was worded in this manner or nearly—

*Desires* to see Capt. L. and the Captains of the Navy as soon as possible.

Major Abercrombie <sup>1</sup> was the writer and composer of the Note and being used to order Subalterns, was not well versed in the manner of writing to people who of all others are the most touchy. As soon as I heard these circumstances I immediately went to him and represented the matter, and the light in which it was taken up, and the bad consequences that would ensue from a coolness or dispute in that quarter.

Good, kindly Andrew Barnard, the soul of courtesy and propriety, took General Dundas and his spurts of pettishness with a seriousness untempered by any sense of humour. His letters to Macartney grow longer and longer. With a wealth of detail worthy only of a great world crisis he explains how the General expressed himself ready to soothe the ruffled feelings of the King's Navy by an apology and how, when next he met Captain Osborne he blew up in a worse explosion of temper than before. All a little trivial and absurd, this minute record may seem to us, but it is easy to understand how, to these people cut off from the world, their universe was bounded by Table Mountain. Even Lady Anne, for all her mental width, makes surprisingly few references in her letters to affairs outside the Cape. Except for a chance allusion here and there one would no more gather that Napoleon was at the zenith of his activity than one would grasp the fact from the reading of *Pride and Prejudice*, nor is there any reference to contemporary art or literature.

<sup>1</sup> In 1801 Major Abercrombie was appointed, with Major Sherlock and Lieutenant Smyth, to take over the civil authority at Graaff Reinet after the insurrection.

On the other hand, it is precisely this record of local detail which makes the letters valuable from a South African point of view. Andrew Barnard's long account of General Dundas's outbreak of temper concludes somewhat dismally.

Four such days as I have passed since you left, my best and dearest of Friends, for such in spite of the high respect I owe your Lordship I must ever call you, I would not take the Universe to have again to experience : matters can not be worse ; I trust therefore that they will mend.

I hurry off these few lines to you as Mr. Hogan's<sup>\*</sup> Schooner that is going to the Coast of Guinea for Slaves sails this evening in hopes of being time enough to catch you before you leave St. Helena.

The beginning of 1799 found the Barnards at Paradise, where they had retreated from the heat of a Cape Town summer and the uncomfortable social atmosphere that surrounded the new administration. Lady Anne beguiled her leisure, amongst her orange-trees and in the shade of her oaks, in writing charming letters to Macartney and other friends ; even the busy *Secretarius* found time for long accounts of Cape affairs, which were written to England and to Lord Mornington in India. The letters give every detail of their life with minute fidelity, so that one may almost see the events that passed before their eyes. They had neighbours at Newlands House in Barrow, Maxwell, and Buckley, all on the staff of the Governor. The Barnards had been saddened by Macartney's departure, by the disastrous fire at the Dragoon stables, by Admiral Christian's death—which was partly attributed to anxiety for his wife's health and for the safety of his son, who had been shipwrecked—and,

<sup>\*</sup> A local merchant.

finally, by the discourtesy of General Dundas and the general atmosphere of social discomfort.

But, on the other hand, they rejoiced in the news of Nelson's victory at Alexandria, at better prospects of peace in Ireland—where 1,000 French troops had landed and been made prisoners—and finally at the marriage of Anne the younger with Colonel Craufurd, who had returned to the Cape from England.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Paradise, Cape of Good Hope,

Jan<sup>y</sup> 25th 1799.

Altho' I have it not in my power for want of time to accompany this as I shoud my dear Lord, by pursuing you with the Table Mountain and a view of all the objects you had left behind you, yet I cannot let a fleet sail without a few lines to enquire after your dear good self, to let you know how we are all going on, and to touch on a third subject, interesting to me, on which a few kind words from you may be of use.

I believe I will make my third subject my first, as I know that all great men, in spite of their friendship for the individual who may be applying, receive a certain kick at the heart when a letter is opened by a solicitation, and that the emotion does not go thoroughly off till the extent of the demand is ascertain'd by the judgement to be within the limits of conveniency or not.

I hasten therefore in a few words to say, speak a good word to the *Fish* I pray for our Cousin Anne Barnard, who has made her election and prefers pottatoes and



a bone of mutton once a week with Col. Craufurd, to curry and rice in quantity and many fine things elsewhere. You have seen her in the continuity of a two years residence and know her for what she is. A man disposed to form high views for a nephew of 23 years of age whose field is fair and who is not unlikely to obtain many advantages in life by marriage, will naturally be disappointed at a choice which bounds ambition; but on a better knowledge of the person I trust it will be found to secure as much happiness as can be enjoy'd with very limited circumstances. Mr. Barnard & I cannot approve of this thing for either, but we have no right to do more than to place *realities* before their eyes—young as they are, they are of age to judge what is most likely to make them happy.

Strange it must seem to you my dear Lord, that they should marry when I declare to you that I do not think either of them a bit of what is called 'in love'. Col. Craufurd tells me (aside) that he is not so, but that he has the sort of perfect confidence in her good temper, her principles, her regard for him, her conduct, which will do him credit and never disgrace him, that he thinks he does a wiser thing by marrying such a woman with such feelings for her when he has found her, than by waiting to let youth fly off and perhaps ceasing to desire that sort of virtuous connection, which he says will keep him an honest man, instead of making him a worldly, genteel, good-for-nothing old fellow. She on the other hand says she prefers liking her partner for life very much, and having a good many wants to endure, to liking him only half and living at ease . . . this alludes to another matter that you know of. I certainly feel as she does,



and that if a poor man becomes my husband from attachment to me, a poor girl, it is my duty to make him as good a wife as œconomy and attentions to all his best interests can make him.

I have heard you mention his Uncle my dear Lord, as one of your friends of longest standing. He has been kind to Col. Craufurd, and his manners were more particularly so when he was last in town. Col. C: I believe has wrote to tell him the state of his mind, and to regret that the nature of this place, full of watching and idle talkers, would not permit him (regarding her as he does) to wait the sanction of his approbation, should he be so fortunate as to obtain it. He has also wrote to his guardian Mr. Faukoner, and to his Father ; but I dare say the noose will be tyed long before the eight or ten months elapse which might bring a reply, and we shall have *our* family increased by one of *yours*—for while we are here they need no other home, nor will think of any other, as I have got some wholesome nurture inculcated on the point œconomy, and the dreadfull manner in which the phantom Debt will haunt them thro' life if they ever put themselves in his power : of this both seem very much convinced.

Mr. Barnard regrets that Anne is marrying a man who (setting aside some chances which ought never to be counted on) cannot make her live as comfortably as he could wish. I do so too ; but all the world can't be rich, and altho' I never stand up for love and a cottage, I have lived long enough to see that people in this world may be happy in very different ways, and that real liking, a scanty income, and a thousand motives for exerting the mind and for deserving well, is as good a way of being

happy (tho' not so lazy a way) as some others. I am very much interested in their welfare poor souls ! and since it is so decided I woud fain forebode favourably instead of the contrary.

He & I have had a good deal of talk together, and I like the principle on which he is acting better than if it were a more lively one. He has also expressed some *harum-scarum* sentiments, as if ashamed of their gravity and morality, respecting the various tyes he owes to his Uncle, his Guardian, his Mother, his Father (I put him last as he *happen'd* to do so)—which gave me a better opinion of his heart than ever, tho' I had never had the contrary ; but it is only *porte fermée* one hears from young men—ingenuous opinions in mixed companys, you know well my dear Lord, what a jargon it is of St. James' Street and Pall Mall. . . . Everything has its reason, nor shall we blame this ; but when on some occasion right sentiments, however unostentatiously or awkwardly delivered, come forth, they convince perhaps better than if they wore their Sunday cloaths.

This thing is not known here as yet, but I suppose it will after the fleet sails which bears his letter to his Uncle, & then Mynheer Tringham perhaps may give us a little of his *sçavoir faire*, much to the annoyance of a new Chaplain or rather another Chaplain to the garrison, whose name I believe is Jones, who is to preach up the Gospel in the Church next door to Hercules Ross, who if he bores a hole in the wall may hear the sweet roarings of Sunday gratis. I believe Mr. Tringham thinks one chaplain quite enough for the place, and that he will not be much disposed to go hand in hand with his colleague smelling at the same nosegay ; but I suppose



MRS. MOSTYN



he must. Solomon was the best man I ever heard of for settling partition—I dare say he woud give to one Marriages & Baptisms, and to the other Funerals. . . . Everybody must die, but everybody need not be married. ‘True’ you say, ‘but the *corpses* must have been born, so that won’t do—Births and deaths must go as two lots, my Lady Anne.’ Well, what shall we do with Matrimony? Shall we call in Solomon to halve the partys as they do pigeons in Scotland, or shall we halve them in the English fashion? I believe the best way will be for the Chaplains to tuck up time about. Mr. Tringham was shooting up the country lately when t’other arrived. I hear that there were 15 slaves to be baptized that day, and that the new chaplain recollected a circumstance they had forgot, that 15 shillings were necessary on the occasion.

We have been fixed here at Paradise for the last month and like it better than ever. The Summer is much warmer than the last. Mr. Barnard will tell you what the thermometer stands at in general—here I know we are 15 degrees cooler than at Cape Town.

The three gentlemen are at our feet, viz. at Newlands.<sup>1</sup> I see Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Buckley<sup>2</sup> make a pair—Mr. Barrow is the odd man. He scarcely breakfasts at home, but is off to the Cape, returns at nine o’clock at night, sighs, crys ‘Heigh-ho!’ eats a pottatoe in silence and falls asleep, rises next day to do the same, & no other change seems to be taking place. None of us know what to think of it. I shoud not be surprized if love, like the aether in the bottle which stands in my store-room, was

<sup>1</sup> Newlands, a garden of the East India Company, laid out in the seventeenth century. The house was built by Ryk Tulbagh in 1772.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Buckley, Civil Paymaster.

to evaporate, tho' the cork remains undrawn—for he has never uncork'd his mind by speaking it out to me or anyone else. All goes on in the silence I fancy of irresolution, & as I think it woud be a bad thing for him, I own I am not sorry that it hangs off. He has been laying the strong hand of power on certain tall trees before the door which shadowed off the sun, & we think his corrections are not amendments, as the advantage of the grounds is not equal to the loss of the trees to any Dutchman who might chance by & bye to purchase the place. Mr. Maxwell is well, but pines over your absence—he comes here often, but not often enough. Miss Barnard's Brigade-Major, Mr. Buckley, woud be with us as much as we choose, was he not building a pig-stye & making a cold bath—these things done, he will be at our command. All are choice good people in their different ways.

We have got a new neighbour at Witteboom, a Col. & Mrs. Hamilton of the 61st Reg<sup>t</sup>—her name was Monk—they came out in the last fleet. I like her appearance, & have many letters on her subject which speak highly in her praise. She must however undergo a few months *seasoning* before she is contented with this place. At present all is inconvenient, difficult, and disapproved of as I *hear*; for she has not found courage to mount our hill, tho' we have tempted her with many good dinners, but in vain. She thinks a pair of horses cannot climb to the summit of Paradise. Lord bless the woman! Elisha went to Heaven with a chariot & no more. . . .

And that fire leads one to think of another fire, which you have already heard of no doubt. I don't mean the fire of the stables and store-houses, but the later attempt



to sett fire to the Barracks by combustible matter being thrust under one of the doors. I forget whether I introduced a slip of paper into one of Mr. Barnard's letters to your Lordship before or after that event.

A second Court of Enquiry being held, it was pronounced to be a wilfull fire, and a reward offerd for discovery such as was sufficient to tempt a low person to give up their principal, if any low person is likely to be permitted to *live* by a person capable of setting fire to a place where hundreds of innocent men asleep must have lost their lives. No information however has been given, or any discovery made to throw light on the matter. Some there are who imagine if the last fire has been *design*, the first has been the *same*, only more successful. I wonder this is not more generally believed, but the circumstance seems to have died away, & no trace remains except additional sentrys being placed 'to guard the stable door, the steed being burnt'. There is a report prevails of a French delegate or incendiary having been found on board the fleet, endeavouring to awaken another mutiny; but I hope it has been discovered in time to check it. Our Bay is now covered with ships & we welcome them with the greater pleasure that they have brought us so much good news of late. To the defeat of Buonaparte's fleet and to his being obliged to return to Alexandria, there is added the successful negociations of Col. Kilpatrick<sup>1</sup> in India, where everything seems to clear up, over which threatening clouds had lower'd.

My letters from Lord Mornington are full of Health & Spirits. Everybody makes him [out] ill, but he says

<sup>1</sup> Major James Achilles Kirkpatrick, who negotiated for Wellesley the treaty with the Nizam of Hyderabad.

he is charmingly, and too busy & too proud to be melancholy. He refers me to some friends in the ship for a detail of L<sup>d</sup> Anstruther's absurdities which have it seems been a rich fund for the ladies of Bengal, who made a general revolt against the whim & insolence of sway with which she meant to overturn all the customs & tastes of centuries. The Guardian Genius of the country has visited her Ladyship in revenge with such a superabundant quantity of Boils seen & unseen, blotches, pimples & eruptions of all kinds, as to confine her to her sofa. The bulletin is sometimes laughable, but I suspect that people *compose* a little of it. I fancy Lord Mornington will request Lady M: to join him by the first opportunity—I hope she will. I think he will be the happier for it, & I fancy the *Governor-General's wife* need not fear being rudely treated, particularly after he has paved a reception for her by coming alone.

Mr. Barnard & Anne are at this moment dancing away at a Ball given by Mr. Ross to David Scott's daughter, who married Capt. Salmon, delegate I have heard of the discontented party in India; but a man of fair character. I think myself better employed in writing to you my dear Lord, than they are, at least it pleases me better. The Salmons have dined with us—he is wondrous deaf for a new married man! Ross ought to be in bed instead of giving a Ball; he has been very ill and is scarcely recovered yet—we were really alarmed for him at one time.

The only sad event that has taken place since I wrote last is the death of Mrs. Proby, who has left her very attentive young husband (son to the Dean of Litchfield) very unwell & very sorry; but I think a year of home will restore both health & spirits. Every other thing that

I can think of *goes on* pretty much as usual, except our Regiments—they *go off*, the 86th to India, & Col. King embarks for England in expectation of obtaining a Hottentot Corps as I hear.

In one point all who remain are united, that we wish you were here, without meaning any reflection on him who supplies your place. We long much for news of you my dear Lord. Mr. Barnard pines for want of you. He goes in every morning at nine o'clock to the Castle, where the General does business. The *matter* of it goes thro' smooth, but the manner of it wants that which has attach'd Mr. Barnard to you as he is—whenever there is a disobliging turn however of expression, the calm steady dignity of a collected reply, strikes and cools what might be 'Hissing Hot' if meeting equal fire. Do pray let me hear soon my dear Lord, & the more friendship & confidence you honor me with, the greater returns you will have from a very grateful soil.

Yours faithfully & affectionately,

ANNE BARNARD.

Morrison is now in good health.

Lord Augustus is probably the bearer of this.

My kind love to all at Wimbledon, when you see them.

It is a little difficult to understand why Colonel Craufurd should have given the impression that he was not in love with Anne Barnard the younger, unless it was from shyness or Scottish reserve—after all, he was only a boy of twenty-three, for all his colonelcy. A paragraph from a letter written by him to Macartney at this time gives a glimpse of his real feelings. 'I think it will hardly surprise you (knowing our long acquaintance) that I shall soon be married to Miss Barnard; I little expected it would ever be my fate to love any woman so long and

so well as I have done her. My only fear is that I shall not make her so good an husband as she deserves to have.'

By the same ship went a letter from Andrew Barnard to Macartney.

Affairs here seem pretty much in the same situation they were when I last wrote to you, tho' the News of Glorious Victory gained by Admiral Nelson over the French Fleet has assured the People more than anything that has before happened that we shall now be able to keep possession of the Cape, and many of those who before kept Aloof from us, are now desirous of coming into Favor.

General Dundas thought proper to call for the Regulations respecting the Establishment of the Concordia Society, which the Fiscal and I were desired to examine; they do not seem to contain anything that could create the Smallest uneasiness to Government, or that I think would Authorize the suppression of the Society, unless orders to that effect should be sent from England. A Copy of all their Papers is inclosed in General Dundas's Dispatch, and likewise those of another Society lately established.

The Concordia Club was founded in February 1797. It consisted of thirty-six members and a secretary, the majority of the members bearing German names. It was a harmless society which took itself seriously, each candidate being required to give the members due notice, in order that they might 'enquire after his Character and Morals'. All political discussion was forbidden within the walls of the Club, no games of hazard were allowed and a Censor was appointed 'whose office shall be privately to check and correct such members as shall offend either friendship or politeness'. Finally, the word Concordia was painted on a plate decorated with pink ribbon, and this impressive symbol was held

aloft when any two members happened to forget the laws of the brotherhood so far as to disagree with each other. Certainly, a very harmless society.

I am sorry to say that the Harvest this year has not proved so Abundant as was expected; the Wheat has not filled properly in the ear, and the Barley has risen in its price. In consequence of the Farmers not having brought in the Supply of Barley sufficient for the Consumption of Government, orders have been issued to stop all that comes up to Town at the Barrier, untill the quantity requisite shall be obtained.

The Government in India having directed for the present the supplying of the Cape with the Articles written for by Mr. Pringle,<sup>1</sup> and having thrown open the Trade to Private Merchants, General Dundas has been induced to grant permission to Mr. Goetz to import a Cargo of Rice, it being very much wanted here, provided that it meets the Sanction of the Government in India; and Mr. Hogan has also had leave to bring a Cargo of Tick-wood, Two Tons of Beeswax, and some Rice, from Pegu, subject likewise to the approbation of the Presidency where the Ship on which it is brought here is taken up.

I received a few days ago by the Atlantic, a Letter from Lord Mornington, a Copy of which, together with some other papers alluded to in it, your Lordship will find inclosed. I am Extremely sorry that Lord Mornington has found Circumstances sufficiently strong against Captain Staunton, as to render it impossible in his opinion, for his Lordship to take him by the hand, and shew him that Protection and kindness which a Person

<sup>1</sup> The East India Company possessed, by the treaty of 1795, the monopoly of supplying East Indian and Chinese goods to the Cape.



who had the Good Fortune to be recommended by your Lordship might otherwise expect to meet with. I am really vexed at it, as I have always understood that Captain Staunton was a deserving man, and had only been led into that scrape (for which he has been already punished) thro' his Zeal and Attachment to his then Patron, General Morgan.

The Eurydice arrived here on the 23rd Inst with Dispatches from Lord Mornington. They contain the Welcome news of a Treaty having been concluded between the Company and the Nizam, altho' it met with every sort of opposition on the part of the Madras Government. In consequence of this Treaty, a Body of fourteen thousand Men compleatly armed and disciplined, being under the Command of French Officers, have been delivered up to us ; this is considered as a most Fortunate stroke, the whole being effected without the least Bloodshed. Mr. Stokes, who is charged with the Dispatches home, and likewise with the Duplicates of those for your Lordship, is perfectly Master of the whole Affair, and will be able to give you every sort of information that you may require. I shall not therefore trouble you with any further particulars, but refer you to him, having desired him to see your Lordship if possible.

By the same conveyance we have learnt with much Satisfaction that Buonaparte's situation is become extremely Critical, being closed in on all sides by the Inhabitants,<sup>†</sup> who oppose him in the most determined manner, and besides having his supplies both of Ammunition and Provision entirely cut off by the Masterly manner in which Sir Horatio Nelson has placed his Fleet.

<sup>†</sup> The rebellion in Cairo took place in October 1798.





COLONEL CRAUFURD (p. 90)



MISS BARNARD



I am sorry to say that in a very few Days we are to lose the 86th Regiment, as they have received orders to embark for India ; the 61st and the 81st Regiments are arrived, being intended to replace the three Regiments that are taken from us, but as far as I can see they are a Poor exchange, both as to Officers and Men, and very far from being Effective, as they are Chiefly composed of Raw Recruits raised out of the remains of the Rebel Army taken at Vinegar Hill, so that our Irish Defenders<sup>1</sup> are now become the *defenders* of the Cape. In fact, the old 98th and the 8th Dragoons are now the only Troops we have that can be depended on in case of an attack.

Shortly after the arrival of the Troops here, I called a meeting of all the English here, and proposed to them that we should offer our Services to Government in assisting to defend the Colony in case of an attack. They all most readily acquiesced, and signed their Names to a Letter which I had previously drawn up, address'd to General Dundas, to which we have received his answer approving of our Plan, and offering his assistance. You will see Copies of both Letters in his Dispatches, and you will most probably wonder when you see my Name put down after all those in the Civil Department, but I did it in order to prevent all manner of Dispute respecting Rank and Precedency, which it did most effectually. I have had such a hatred to that, too frequent, Bone of contention, ever since the Assembling of the Court for the Trial of Pirates<sup>2</sup>, that I would sacrifice every particle of my Rank, where I could do it with propriety, rather than

<sup>1</sup> ' Defenders ' was one of the names taken by the Rebel Army of 1798.

<sup>2</sup> The Vice-Admiralty Court at the Cape dealt with Piracy, which was common in the neighbourhood. Madagascar had been the rendezvous of pirates at the end of the seventeenth century.

hear the Subject talked of before me. On Monday we again assemble in order to choose our officers, and to settle about our Uniform, and various other Weighty concerns.

Colonel Craufurd has at last made his appearance; he came out in the Fleet that brought us the Troops lately arrived. Immediately on his landing he renewed the Subject I once before mentioned to your Lordship, and a few Days afterwards spoke to me himself upon it. I neither approved or disapproved, but left the matter entirely to Miss Barnard's own determination, who decided for him in preference to Col. Murray, who most certainly in point of present Situation is a much more Eligible Match, being a full Colonel with every prospect of getting on in his Profession, and having besides a fortune of fifteen hundred a year settled on him over and above what he now has, which is some thousand Pounds. As to Craufurd, he says that he has nothing but his Commission, nor has he any expectation, unless his Uncle should take it into his head to assist him. Anne's Fortune is not quite three thousand Pounds, which altho' it cannot be called anything where Money is an Object, yet it is as much as the third Daughter in a Family where there are two Sons and five Daughters, could well expect. In every other respect I really think her a Match for anyone, as she has every good quality possible, and not one bad one. I am very sorry that the matter could not be delayed till Col. Craufurd should have an answer from his Uncle on the Subject, as he had not mentioned a word of it to him when in England, not knowing for certain if he should find Miss B: in the same mind when he returned; but as there has been no change in her Sentiments, and as she refused a much

better Match on his account, he looks upon himself as bound to make her every sort of atonement in his Power. You will easily see My Lord, that it would be a thing impossible for two young People to live in this Garrison for Nine Months at least, in the kind of Confidence that would naturally subsist between them without becoming the Subject of General observation, not to say Scandal. This must have been the case if they had determined to wait his Uncle's answer, and as they were resolved to marry at all events, I think they have acted for the best. How Craufurd's Uncle will like the affair I am at a loss to guess. If he had intended to make him his Heir, and thought of Marrying him to a Girl with a large Fortune, he will be Disappointed, and in all probability Craufurd will suffer for it, altho' I cannot help thinking that if he was acquainted with the Object of his choice, that he would approve. You are I believe, My Lord, intimately acquainted with Mr. Craufurd, and I therefore trust and hope that you will use your good offices in reconciling him to the Match, and will take the trouble of explaining to him the reason why his consent could not be waited for, which I hope will be a sufficient Apology for his Nephew's apparent neglect.

I took a farewell Dinner yesterday with the 86th, and Drank a Bumper to your Lordship's good health, which, as it is the Custom of the Mess, was accompanied with a Tune played by the Band, and, as it will serve to shew you the Regard and Respect the Regiment feels for your Lordship, I have sent you the Tune enclosed ; and I have the greatest Pleasure in assuring you that the Dutch Inhabitants, as well as the Military, unite in Lamenting your Departure.

You were very near being the cause of my having had my throat cut the other day by a Jealous Blockhead. You may recollect sending me to a Mrs. Fleming to endeavour to persuade her to return to her husband : she lived then with Mr. Deane, and is still with him. He took it into his head that I wanted to get her away from him, and she told him that one Evening I was very Drunk, and about eight o'clock that I forced my way upstairs into her Room, and that I endeavoured to persuade her to leave him, and to come and live with Lady Anne as her Maid, with other things of the same nature, all which he believed, and the next Day he attacked me in the yard behind my house, with this Salutation, 'I woud advise you not to let me catch you inside the Doors of my House, for by G— I will treat you in the manner you deserve !' A good deal of conversation ensued, in which I assured him that I never spoke two words to the Lady in my life except in his presence ; he however was not satisfied, and went away. I expected that he woud have come to his reason before Night, but as I heard nothing from him, I wrote to him to say that if he did not make me a most Ample Apology before Seven o'clock in the Morning, that I then shoud expect immediate satisfaction. The consequence was that Captain Midlemore and General Vandeleur arrived as the clock struck, with one as sufficient as words coud express, and there the matter ended.

Lady Anne writes to you a long letter of Gossip, so that you will have Cape News of all sorts, and from all quarters.

Amongst the papers of the Archiva Lindesiana are several letters written in a schoolboy hand, from young Colonel James Craufurd to Lord Macartney. The letter



announcing his engagement to Miss Barnard goes on to say—‘ I have been much hurried for some days by getting the command of the Regiment in consequence of King’s departure for England ; should he establish his Hottentot Corps, I hope ere long to pillage Tippoo Sahib’s camp—a glorious prospect’. Another letter describes his experiences on the journey he had made to England some months earlier, upon being at first rejected by the lady of his affections—though she must have cast a lingering look after him which encouraged him to return. On the voyage his ship was captured by a French privateer named *La Vengeance*, and he was obliged to drop overboard the dispatches which he carried from Lord Macartney, in order to save them from the enemy. In writing of this enemy, now our very good friend, he says—‘ Our treatment during the time we were prisoners was humane in the extreme, and by the kindness of the prize-master we were enabled to procure passports from the Spanish Government to return to England on parole.’<sup>1</sup>

Another letter deploring the state of public affairs which followed upon Lord Macartney’s departure, breaks into a gossiping little chronicle of weddings and engagements, beginning with the marriage of General Dundas to Miss Cumings. ‘ I am happy to inform you ’, he adds, ‘ that Mrs. B. does not become a widow by the General’s marriage, Sir Roger Curtis having already reconciled this fair Widow of Ephesus to life and to mankind.’

To one of her husband’s letters Anne Craufurd adds a neat, prim little postscript, thanking Lord Macartney for the ‘ unmerited ’ interest which he had shown in her, but I think that the little baggage wrote with her eyelashes demurely cast down and a smile lurking at the corners of her pretty mouth.

<sup>1</sup> The civility of the Spanish Government, even immediately after the battle of Cape St. Vincent, was remarkable, and is frequently referred to in Collingwood’s letters.

## VII

THE early months of 1799 passed away in the cool shade of Paradise without any open rupture with the fiery general, for, as will be seen by the following letters, Andrew Barnard was slow to take offence at any one connected with his wife's old friend Henry Dundas. The social atmosphere was, however, charged with electricity, and their three friends at Newlands House—John Barrow, Maxwell, and Buckley were not immune from the influence of the prevailing irritability, but added their quota to the growing sense of friction and to the distress of the peace-loving Barnards.

The latter, however, found much pleasure in the happy marriage of the Craufurds and continued to be so well content with each other that the prevalent discomfort did not at first affect them very profoundly. The correspondence with Lord Macartney proved a safety-valve, the letters covering the whole period of their sojourn at the Cape, while his good counsel and sympathy never failed them.

### *Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl of Macartney*

Paradise, Cape of Good Hope.

April 4th, 1799.

MY DEAR LORD,

My Husband, Col. Craufurd and his Wife are all gone to the Cape, and I seize the golden opportunity of an hour to myself to devote it to your sweet Lordship, pre-supposing that you continue to be interested in your friends here, and even in the little details which an

intimate knowledge of the party only can render amusing. I should be very sorry indeed if I did not contrive to persuade myself that you open a letter from me with pleasure, as nearly the one half of what I have in writing to you (& that is a great deal) arises from this belief. If I am wrong don't undeceive me—I like to wink, and believe all as I would have it.

I wrote to your Lordship a very long letter, with a good deal of love and matrimony in it, about six weeks or two months ago as I think—it is my foolish way not to keep memorandums of the dates of my letters, which is wrong; but it was previous to Anne's marriage, which took place the 9th February. Since that time they have been wholly with us till about a week ago, when Col. Craufurd judged it best, tho' not pleasantest, to carry her to the Castle, that he might more closely attend to the business of his Regt—His Major is a good one, & they are on the best terms together; but he thinks it requires the eyes of *both* L<sup>t</sup>-Col. & Major to watch the 98th, a Regt well spoken of as never being punished for anything, but he finds that the lenity of honest Col. King to those of his men who loved a chearful glass, costs *him* much trouble & vexation *now*.

The Col. and Anne are very *comfortable old married creatures*. You would think there appears too little love to afford anything to *fly off*, according to the *common course of things*; but I think the beginning of marriage should be as like the end as possible, that the vile word diminution may never have reason to start across the fancy. It is certainly very hard on new married people, who ought to start with all the little delicacies in perfection, to be so bit to death with *fleas* as they are. Bad as

this clay house was last year, it is ten times worse this, and is the cause of many a sleepless hour to poor Col. Craufurd while Anne sleeps sound as a top and lets them bite on in perfect tranquility.

We have not been annoyed in any *other* way. The weather has been charming—too hot at the Cape, but cool enough at Paradise, & we have not *here* had any winds to prevent our getting out. At the Cape there have been a few more attempts to set private houses on fire, but that seems now over. The finest sight it is possible to conceive was the very top of the mountain behind us in a blaze a few weeks ago—no man-of-war of 100 guns burning down to the water, could have made such an appearance. All over the face of the country there has been large tracts of underwood also burnt, but I suppose this is purposely done by the Dutch, that it may be ready as firewood next year.

The only private loss the place has sustained since I wrote, is the loss of pretty Mrs. Berg,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Barnard's love. He was very much shock'd at first, and I dare say is so still, tho' of course he must not shew it more than is proper.

As to publick matters, I leave them to abler pens, touching however a little at all that comes within my knowledge (which is rarely great on such matters) in case my letter should be more fortunate in reaching you than others. The disturbance at Graaff Reynet is the matter of most consequence that has happened. In general the people here imagined that the instant a soldier appeared there, all the ill-affected would lay

<sup>1</sup> Probably Adriana Sophia van Reede van Oudtshoorn, who married Egbertus Bergh in 1780.

down their arms & be frightened into quiet ; but it is supposed that they have retreated into the Caffre country, & that the bustle is simply over because those who made it are *out of the way*, but remain still unsubdued & ready to oppose every order of the Landdrost's. Their specious pretext is that they do not like a Dutch Governor, and insist on having an English one—if they had one I suppose there would be some objection to him. General Vandeleur is *there* & some other officers—One of them lost his way in trying to join his corps by a short cut, and was pursued with some danger to his life by a troop of buffaloes. General Dundas seems uncertain whether it may not be necessary for him to go there himself.

Mr. Barnard and he *upon the whole* go on perfectly well, because Mr. Barnard is anxious to do so, and on his guard. When he finds the General is forgetting to shew him the Government dispatches, or publishing proclamations wrote by himself & Ross, without consulting him, with the most perfect temper & good sense he points out his error to him by asking if he has in any way forfeited his confidence ; and when he says ' No—how do you suppose it ? ' he remarks to him that as Secretary to the Colony such papers actually ought to be laid before him, and he ought not to learn from publick report, the orders of Administration from home, or its wishes.

I believe the General felt himself wrong, tho' he did not like to own it. Mr. Barnard said he should not perhaps have taken any notice of this, had he not had reason from Lord Macartney to think the General had a perfect goodwill to him, and had he not felt that *gratitude & attachment* to Mr. Dundas for his protection, that he never



coud harbour a blame of *his* Nephew without expressing it *openly to himself*. They shook hands and separated better friends even than before.

The proclamation I particularly allude to, was wrote at Rondebosch, and printed in the office by Ross *before* Mr. Barnard saw it at all. When he expressed his surprise, with rather an awkward manner Ross said, 'It was quite *a secret*—that the General did not wish it to be known to *anybody* till published'. It was formed on the contents of the Government dispatches respecting the prize prisoners & all that business of the Navy, and Mr. B's being kept in ignorance of the whole certainly might have placed him in a very improper point of view.

Ross lives now almost entirely at Rondebosch, sleeps there every night, and makes himself as usefull as he can. Mr. Barnard is afraid of nothing and nobody while doing his duty: he is *perfectly well* with Ross, tho' he comes seldom near us, nor is disposed to object to any paper wrote by him, *if the General approves of it*, as it will of course go home with the General's name to it & with Ross's, which is all very well as far as it regards Mr. B: tho' you know enough of Ross's stile my dear Lord, to suppose that when the Secretary to the Colony happens to stand alone in the paper which is to be circulated, he woud prefer writing it *himself*.

The General dined with us yesterday, and I insisted on some other friends being of the party, who have not lately been quite *en amitié* together. Mr. Holland<sup>†</sup> & he have had a pretty strong difference of opinion, in which the General used some *unweigh'd words*, which I fancy will require an opinion from home of who is

<sup>†</sup> John Holland, Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court.



right or wrong. However as no difference of opinion in *publick* conduct should in any way of thinking be permitted to interrupt the harmony of a small community, I ask'd all to meet the same as usual, and to keep things going, talk'd—'O! ye Gods how I did talk,' till all went on gay and as smooth as possible—jests on all sides &c.

So much for these matters; but there is another which gives me real uneasiness, and Mr. Barnard more than I can express to you. Perhaps he may have mentioned lately that on a meeting of the English here, to offer their services in case of need in the way of an Associated Corps, those services were accepted of. The General wish'd the forms of the matter to be conducted upon the plan of the English associations, of course this opinion was adopted—the officers were chosen by ballot, & Mr. Barnard was named Col., Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Barrow & Mr. Buckley Captains I think. All united in forming certain rules for *themselves*, one of which was that non-attendance at general meetings, unless proper apologies were sent, should have a small fine, a 2nd omission a greater, and if a 3rd omission took place without apology, the party should be expelled, the Governor to be informed of the behaviour of the person. Shortly after the appointment of our three friends, we had reason to think them displeased with a uniform having been voted, meetings for drill &c., to fit those to be *really* of use who had offered to be so. We heard of their objecting to all this, & Mr. Barnard beg'd if they *did*, that they would attend the next meeting, speak it out, & have it reasoned over & otherwise settled if the sense of the majority found it wrong. They shook

their heads, but did *not* come; nor the next time; nor on any parade day, when the regiment was out exercising. Mr. Barnard was sadly vexed & spoke to them all, entreating either they would attend, or if they disliked the business they had engaged in, resign. To do one or the other he assured them was *absolutely necessary*—they were the only three gentlemen who after having offered their services seem'd to take the matter *en gignon*,<sup>1</sup> & 'if you continue to absent yourselves' said he, 'my dear friends, without assigning any reasons, your blood must be on your own heads, for you will be expelled according to the rules you yourselves helped to make, nor can I as Col. of the Corps prevent it'. Still my dear Lord, our friends absented themselves, nor would give any reason.

Of course the Association wrote and expell'd them. The letter was signed by Mr. Barnard, and enclosed in a private one regretting it, but concluding it was what they *wish'd*, else they would have acted otherwise. We drank tea at Newlands, and he left this letter. From that day we never saw them here—we call'd often. At last Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Buckley (Mr. Barrow is up the country, where he is likely to remain for two or three months) desired to speak to Mr. Barnard and in a conversation of some length Mr. Maxwell expressed himself as having been used so unlike a *friend* by Mr. Barnard by this expulsion, that he never again could be on terms with him. In vain Mr. Barnard endeavoured to shew him that he could not in his publick capacity throw aside rules for *them* which bound *all alike*. Mr. Maxwell

<sup>1</sup> Probably 'en guignon', a gambling phrase meaning ill-luck or unfortunate.

seem'd to have lost sight of his own excellent sense, and to listen only to suggestions of displeasure, in Mr. Barnard's opinion ill-founded. Mr. Barnard could only add his assertion that there existed not many men in the world *more* attach'd to Mr. Maxwell than he was, & that would go farther in *private* friendship to prove it; but that in a matter of official duty he felt himself *bound* to do as he had done. They separated—and never did I see poor Mr. Barnard more vexed at anything than this.

He was so affected and hurt that he proposed as soon as I had delivered the Reg<sup>t</sup> their colors, to request some other gentleman might be appointed to the command, & that he might retire into the ranks, as he found he could not avoid giving displeasure in the prosecution of his duty. However natural this feeling was, I hope your Lordship will not condemn me for endeavouring to dissuade him from it. Why should Mr. Barnard give up the command of a body of men well pleased with him, because he has fail'd in pleasing three that by vote of the whole are no longer officers in it? Mr. Barnard in the ranks would have been in a situation unfit for him in his *publick department*. But I imagine this was only the suggestion of vexation, and vexed we both *are*. I love these three honest men with *all my heart*, and could only cry to think in what a mistaken light one's best friends can sometimes look on matters. How often have we not long'd for *you*! Never would this have happen'd if *you* had been here—you would not have let them pout in silence, but have made them either *swim with the tide* (even *disliking the affair*) or made them object & resign in an open hand manner, instead of forcing expulsion by shunning alike the meetings & explanation.

I mean secretly to write or talk to Maxwell. I cannot consent to see two people throwing off one's friendship and kindness without trying hard to bring matters round. He and Mr. Buckley shut themselves up in Newlands, and I am sure make each other worse.

As to the Reg<sup>t</sup> in its first idea, tho' Mr. Barnard told me your Excellency, and Government at home, did and would approve of it, I was not keen of it, merely from the fear that little misunderstandings might arise in a corps of *volunteers*, where every man (tho' embodied) fancys himself still his *own master* because he is not a *regular soldier*, and also from the *precious certainty* that before it was raised there existed not in this Colony *one* individual who was on terms of coldness with Mr. Barnard for any cause whatsoever. I trembled in general for an *unknown something*, and here it is—the dear little Maxwell taking offence, & Buckley behind him! But perhaps things will come round in a little time. Mr. Barnard says he has no quarrel with *them*, & will not accept of the chilly terms offer'd him, when his heart is warm to both.

To leave this vexatious subject, and touch on a branch of the same tree, Newlands—they had lately an offer so tempting that Mr. Barrow wish'd to accept of it; he is tired of it. The other two gentlemen did not like to give it up unless the temptation was a *still greater one*—the Dutchman seem'd ready to give them *their* terms, *if* he could sell another property he said he had, & ask'd a week's consideration. At the end of it he was off. The man is a Jew, who is in the habit of constant secret negotiations—by each bargain he gains a little, & hoped to have cleared 50 or 100*£* to himself by a transaction in which he fail'd. By the time he was off, they had



PAPENBOOM OR THE BREWERY, NEWLANDS AVENUE





reconciled themselves to the plan of parting with it, and were disappointed at its failure. I do not think they will keep it long. I believe they would now take their own money again, Mr. Barrow being so decidedly sick of it, & the others feeling the concern too bulky & requiring too much activity for them.

Let us now my d<sup>r</sup> Lord, having dispatched Sense & Sorrow, come to Nonsense. The 84th Reg<sup>t</sup> which embarked lately had very near taken off all the remaining beautys of the Colony. Various young ladys had great inclinations all of a sudden to see India, and applied to Mr. Pringle to solicit their passage on ; but he has been hardhearted. Mr. Daniel in particular, Mr. Orr's brother you know, had one young vrouw so partial to him that her Mother wrote him a letter which she desired him to lay before Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas, to say that it was perfectly with *her consent* her daughter availed herself of the protection of Lieu<sup>t</sup> Daniel going to the East Indies. Mr. Pringle however like a wise man and like a good friend to Mr. Daniel, would not ask him for her passage, unless Mr. Daniel said she was his wife, which Mr. Daniel not choosing to do, the vrouw was left at home. She is daughter to the widow who lived at the Schuur before the Baumgardts bought it.

Since that time a Brother of mine touched at the Cape on his way from India. He was not a little entertained with the place, he thought the young ladys on their stoeps look'd very smart, but was charm'd when he found himself followed by a black slave with a request to go to visit the young lady. He supposed she mistook him for another? . . . No, was he not Col. Murray? He was not, he was *only a brother of his* (a pretty fib). Oh, it was

the same thing—her young lady would be glad to see him. She was very pretty & quite tender hearted ; if *she* had a little one she would not lay it down at the door to *perish* as another Young Lady she *named* did—but who I will not name *even to you*. ‘How was *that*?’ said my Brother. The girl then enter’d into the scandal of the Cape, and gave him such historys as made him say ‘Holy Mahomet, what damsels!’ The sequel of the story is lost ; but if it had not been for a *cruel fair* wind which forced him on board, Col. Murray’s false brother was to have supplanted Col. Murray according to the most perfect Jewish orthodoxy. . . . Doxy enough, you will say. ‘This is a rare place Anne’ said my Brother ; ‘I wish I could spend two or three months with you.’

I suppose about a month hence we shall be leaving Paradise for town. The rain I think will go hard to bring down some of this old tenement this Winter. In spite of all we do to keep it together, it comes in, in many places. One temptation to our staying on is that Mr. Barnard will get his little cottage finish’d at the bottom of Newlands avenue [The Vineyard], which will just hold us next Summer if this should tumble. We have a couple of drunken invalids on their way home, who are of some use when sober, & are employ’d in planing over some boards for the floor which Mr. Barnard purchased after the fire had demolished the three houses. One of them is very conceited : he was here first & despised the new comer for being an inferior workman to himself—‘*You* a carpenter? You are a man of no signification compared to I.’ ‘And pray of what signification are you?’ said the other. ‘I? I be’s as pretty a workman as ever used a tool, I pleas’d my Lady Salisbury in the

great staircase at Hatfield!’ ‘My Lady Salisbury’ cried the other with disdain. . . . ‘I pleased the *Empress of Russia* at her *Willa* near Petersburg.’ He who had pleased my Lady Salisbury, knocked down by a crowned head, scratching his own, instantly sneaked off. You know my Lady Salisbury, & all the world knows that you very much pleased the Empress of Russia, therefore I beg your opinion which of these is the most eminent person in her way.

My dear Lord, it is high time to finish now that the nonsense is beginning to flow. How we long for letters from you—first to hear you are well, secondly to hear we may come home to see how you do. At any rate that period is at a twelve-month’s distance, as Mr. Barnard will like to go home in a China ship if possible. By the time we are likely to sail we shall have rounded three years here, and indeed I have not tired much *as yet*. I shall however amazingly enjoy *return*. Pray be well, look well, and be very glad to see us. I have not thanked you yet for my share of a letter from St. Helena, which gave us good news of you so far—it was very kind of you to give us that satisfaction. Nor have I said a word of the blessed change of events which makes us once more hold our heads as high as ever; but we all rejoice. It becomes difficult now for our friends here to *doubt* any longer—& so being at the bottom of my 8th page, let me beg you to present my best comp<sup>ts</sup> to Lady Macartney, & permit me to add my cordial blessing to the respect & esteem felt for you my dear Lord, by,

Your sincerely grateful & affect: friend,

ANNE BARNARD.

On the 25th of this month Samuel Hudson records that 'the Cape Association had had a general review, when a pair of Colours was presented from the hands of Lady Anne Barnard, embroidered in very elegant style. The Colours were consecrated by the Rev. Mr. Tringham, who delivered a discourse upon the occasion that did honour to his feelings as a man and a clergyman'. The General invited the Association to dinner, as a mark of his esteem, by which we may gather that the force was not a very large one, for all its division into Cavalry and Infantry.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Paradise, Cape of Good Hope,

May 15th, 1799.

I will not trouble you with a long letter now my dear Lord, as I heard Mr. Barnard say that he should write to you fully by the present opportunity. Perhaps my last, dated somewhere about the beginning of last month, may be at this moment remaining at St. Helena; if so, it will accompany this, and you will be half tired of the sight of your absent friend's handwriting. In it I told your dear Lordship in the confidence which you permit me to repose with you, how things were going on here, particularly with respect to Mr. Barnard and the General. I have great satisfaction in seeing that as Mr. Barnard now looks forward to the leave of absence which I dare say your goodness has procured & will forward shortly to us, and which we should make use of probably within the twelvemonth, that he is determined not to permit any conduct of the other, short of personal insult, which

I think can hardly be offerd, to overturn his philosophy or make him quarrel with the nephew of a man to whom he owes so much, and who by so doing he shoud place in so painfull a position.

I do not think the General has any particular ill-will at Mr. B: nor does he treat him worse than the others in their different departments, all of whom complain grievously of his arrogance & his taking their business out of their hands & making cyphers of all round. This I do not think so much arrogance myself, as hastyness blended with too high an opinion of his own abilitys, probably from being the nephew of so clever a man. If he is clever at least he is not judicious, and I am apt to suspect, tho' he is of a contrary opinion, that his heart is better than his head. As it is however very much a *toss up* how he is to behave to Mr. Barnard in future, and as I have always been in the habit of writing to Mr. Dundas as I woud to my brother, I have not thought it improper to give him the gentle hint which I have transcribed out of my letter to him. I am told that Mr. Dundas believes the General to have become quite a lamb. I shoud be very sorry to injure him in his good opinion *beyond* the *bound* which is necessary in self-deffence, as I may call it, of my second self; but having been *one* to impress Mr. Dundas with the opinion when I first came here, that many of the General's foibles were *subdued* by his good sense, I am the better entitled to hint that they are not *wholly* so.

While your Lordship was here you certainly kept his temper in a little awe, but since you went he wishes to vye with you in good conduct, but does not like anyone to think he shoud 'tread in your shoes'. All suggestions



of precedents therefore, or what *you* thought or meant, tho' hinted with the greatest delicacy, only put him in a tearing passion—24 or 48 hours however makes him at times see the expediency of what he has revolted at, and he bends to your superior wisdom with a bad grace. So much for him.

Now for another point. . . . In a private letter lately from my Sister, she mentions that when asking Lady Jane how Mr. Dundas was satisfied with Mr. Barnard in his official capacity, she said, very well, but that he gave to *me* so much *undue* credit, in much of Mr. Barnard's publick conduct that merits approbation, that it vexes more than it pleases me. My dear Lord, this is so hard on him, & you know it to be so unsupported by the fact, that I hope you will gently give this the right turn. I have felt myself impelled to say a little, tho' not much, on the real *carte du pays*. Certainly there never was a poor woman who interfered *less* with things out of her sphere than I do, or one more convinced that her Husband is competent to think & act for himself without her advice—And certainly there never was a man fond of his wife and having rather a high opinion of her, who told a woman Less than Mr. Barnard tells me, particularly during the time your Lordship was here. *You* was to him all in all, he required no other head to advise with, and the fear of anything transpiring which you had on the other hand reposed with him, rendered him often, as I used to think, needlessly secret, tho' I never took that secrecy amiss. . . . But I dare say long ere this you have had such conversations with Mr. Dundas as has rendered him *au fait* on every point small or great in this Colony. I know your regard for Mr. Barnard will



not be a tacit one. I would not beg *half an enconium* beyond the truth for him ; but to have an agreeable opinion given with the seal of truth by such a person as *you*, would be of no small importance to a man young in publick life.

This letter has remained unsealed for two days. Part of them have been spent in much anxiety, Mrs. Craufurd having been very ill . . . the complaint not an uncommon one since the days of Eve, but she neglected proper precautions till the weakness of her stomach became a very serious malady. She is thank God ! much better to-day, & much of our fears for her are over.

I shall not touch in this letter (being now curbed in time) on part of the contents of my last respecting our dear good little Maxwell. I have a most loverlike *private* correspondence with him ; but I do not at present see daylight to his being again on terms of friendship. Why, why are you gone ? Don't you see that nothing has gone right since you went ? My ' prophetic fears ' told me so ; but I am not consoled by finding myself right. Adieu my dear Lord, I hope to be more, more agreeable in my next, which shall be rose-color if I can pick up materials of that hue, instead of black and grey. God bless & keep you well till we meet.

Yours, with respect & affection,

ANNE BARNARD.

Copy of a paragraph in my letter to Mr. Dundas—

I have said nothing since Lord Macartney went of a fear of Mr. Barnard's that I expressed in one of my confidential letters to you, that the General was not partial to him. I said at the time that I was sure he would

find the apprehension groundless. I did not however like to be rash in pronouncing, but now I have the pleasure of assuring you that all has gone on, & I think will continue to do so, as I could wish, the gentleness & candor of Mr. Barnard's nature making allowances sometimes for a little thoughtless hastiness in the other, which I had hoped was gone, but which, was it greater than it is, his attachment and gratitude to you would lead him to manage, rather than to establish perhaps into coldness by taking silent offence, by no means so good a way amongst friends as speaking out the grievance. Certainly on some points where Mr. Barnard has found it indispensably necessary to speak for his own dignity in the Colony, he has done it properly and in a manner to hit the General's temperate key, as they have parted better friends even than before the remonstrance has been made.

You have now Lord Macartney with you, & from him will receive such accounts of Mr. Barnard's conduct in the department he owes to your goodness, as you will naturally place more store by than any representations I can make. I have always said that I think he has one of the most judicious sound heads for following up in the best manner the wishes of his masters at home that I know, without the inventive genius for striking out bold ideas in politics, which belong to an early insight in the *métier*, which sometimes agreeably surprize the Employer and sometimes annoy. But of his official abilities Lord Macartney *only* can be the judge—To say the truth I have had wondrous little opportunity of joining opinions about them. Mr. Barnard has the idea (not a bad one, you will say) that women have nothing to do with the knowledge of politics or measures, by which

means 'the shoemaker's wife' is generally very ill-shod. All I learn is by accident, however that does not mortify me, as I have no pleasure in *knowing anything* merely from the *vanity of the thing*, or care I about public matters here except in as much as connected with those I esteem & love.

In writing to you I skim the surface of appearances, very accurately right on *No point* I dare say; but as I do not *affect* to be so, no harm is done. Wise matters, as I ought, I left to Lord Macartney in the first instance, & to the General now in the second, reserving the *gossiping department* to myself.

At the Castle matters were not so tranquil as under the pines and silver-trees of Paradise, and if it seems to us that Andrew Barnard wrote at undue length to Macartney on the subject of his difficulties we must remember the circumstances in which he was placed. An upright and honorable man, with no great experience to guide him, with none of our modern faith in the stability of the British Empire to inspire and sustain him, he was doing his utmost to serve England at the ends of the earth; to some of the men by whom he was surrounded her part and lot in South Africa was but a passing episode, which a few years would see at an end. The Acting-Governor, General Dundas, was not a man to whom he could turn for guidance, for his integrity of character was somewhat discounted by faults of temper, so all Barnard's difficulties were poured out on paper for the eyes of his old friend. Through the mist of worries and vexations we sometimes get a glimpse of the Vision Splendid, for he loved the land and desired above all things that England might retain possession of it.

*Andrew Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Castle of Good Hope,  
April the 6th, 1799.

MY LORD,

I am sorry to tell you that General Dundas has been Disputing with the Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court respecting a Decree he issued for the Landing of the Cargo of the *Angélique*, and allowing five hundred Pounds of it to be disposed of, in order to defray the Expenses. Mr. Pringle was the first that acquainted General Dundas of the Proceeding, upon which he ordered me to write letters to Mr. Holland and Mr. Green<sup>1</sup> desiring to know by whose Authority the Cargo was landing. I wrote to Mr. Green and received for answer 'that it was in consequence of a Decree of the Court of Admiralty, and with a permit from the Custom House'. General Dundas was extremely angry at this, and desired me to write directly, and to prevent any more of it coming on shore, and to order what was landed on Board again, which I did, saying at the same time that I thought it would be more adviseable for him to order the Seals of the Custom House to be put on it, in conjunction with those of the Court, and to allow it to remain in store, as it appeared to me that if there was a fault it lay in the Collector of the Customs having granted a Permit before he had acquainted him of the Circumstance. This advice however was not attended to.

<sup>1</sup> John Hooke Green, collector of Customs.

The next morning Commodore Losack came into the Office to speak to the General on the Subject, and to represent how injurious it would be to whatever Party became finally Possessors of the Property, if they were obliged to be at the expence of reshipping it, and probably of losing it afterwards; upon which General Dundas lost all patience, and swore that if it was not put on Board again immediately, that he would send and seize it. Losack replied, 'General, the Proceeding is not an illegal one, and if you seize it you must use force'. 'By G—! I will seize it, and let me see the Person that dare prevent me! . . . I'll send the Fiscal's People directly'—upon which I said, 'Sir, you forget that Commodore Losack is not a Party concerned, as he has no share whatever in the property, but is merely come here to talk the Subject *calmly* over with you'.

I was then desired to send for Mr. Holland. He came, when a Conversation began which I cannot repeat, but you will see it all or part in the Correspondence that passed afterwards between them, and which forms a part of the General's Dispatch to Mr. Dundas.

I am now My Lord, obliged to begin a Subject to me the most Painful and Disagreeable of any that I ever have had occasion to write upon. I mentioned to your Lordship in my last Letter that the Gentlemen in the Civil Department, together with the English Inhabitants here, had made an offer of their Services to Government to assist in the Defence of the Colony in case of an Attack. General Dundas highly approved of and accepted their offer, and recommended to them (as you will see by the inclosed Copy of his Letter No. 1) to follow the plan of the Associations at home, which they in conse-



quence adopted, and formed a Committee of 12 to transact the business of the Corps. A Uniform was fixed upon,<sup>1</sup> Regulations drawn up for the Disciplining and for the maintenance of Good order in the Corps ; Officers were also appointed by the Committee, and everything put upon as good a Footing as our Situation and the Nature of the place woud allow of. All was going on smoothly and well, untill Mr. Buckley, Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Barrow thought proper, first of all to withdraw from attending their Duty as Members of the Committee, and never appeared at a Parade or any other meeting of the Association. Of course it was found necessary that some notice shoud be taken of such neglect. I spoke to them frequently about it, but coud never get any satisfactory answer, only that they Disliked the trouble and the Drill, and the idea of being laughed at. Of the Letters from the Committee no notice whatever was taken, nor was any answer given to the Treasurer of the Association when he applied to them for the fines incurred by their non-attendance. It was found to be impossible to suffer such conduct to pass unnoticed, unless we relinquished all idea of ever forming the Corps upon a Respectable or useful footing. The Committee were therefore under the necessity of enforcing their first

<sup>1</sup> On the 31st January 1799, Samuel Eusebius Hudson writes in his diary: 'The Committee appointed to carry into immediate effect the resolutions of a former meeting concerning the Association, when the Dresses were concluded on. Blue Long Coats with white Linings and Red Cuffs and Collars, Gold Loops for the Cross Belts with Round Hats, Black Feathers across the Crown with a White one tipt with Red, White Pantaloons and Waistcoats with short boots ; this for the Infantry. The Cavalry, short jackets of the same colour as the Foot, with sabres and pistols, no carbines whatever. Upon the whole wee shall make a very respectable appearance if our exertions keep pace with our outward accoutrements.'





ACHESON MAXWELL

Controller of Customs



Resolution and of passing the Subsequent ones, Copies of which, No. 2, you will find inclosed. A Letter was also written to General Dundas by his own desire, a copy of which, No. 3, is also enclosed.

You may easily imagine My Lord, what Extreme concern it gave to me to be under the Necessity of putting my hand to a paper that could in any shape appear to Disapprove of, or cast the least Reflection on the conduct of Mr. Maxwell, as there is no person for whom I entertain a more Sincere Regard, or for whom I would make greater exertions as an Individual to serve; but I was called upon in a Public Line and as the head of that Association the Well-being of which it was my duty to preserve. The Letter I signed my Name to, was Composed by the Members of the Committee, and as it was their Unanimous opinion, I could not avoid signing it unless I chose also to withdraw Myself from the Association—at a time when our Effective Regiments were taken from us and Raw Recruits not amounting to much more than half their Numbers sent to replace them, when Buona-parte's expedition to India was supposed to have taken place<sup>1</sup>, and everything seemed to favor our Enemies both at home and abroad, I did not conceive it a moment for the well Wishers of their Country to remain idle.

The Plan for forming the English here into a Corps for the Defence of the Colony, was a measure that seemed to meet your Lordship's approbation, and the General heartily joined in it. Every possible exertion was therefore made on my part to bring the Association to perfection, and I can now say that the Progress they have made

<sup>1</sup> There was a widespread belief that Napoleon intended something of this sort.

both as Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery, is infinitely beyond what I could have supposed possible in so short a time, nor has there been a Murmur, or a Dissenting Voice in the whole Corps, altho' there has been two Days *lately* appointed for Drill instead of one.

You will perceive My Lord, that the three Gentlemen I have alluded to, were first of all named Members of the Committee, afterwards they were chosen by the Committee to be Officers, in short every possible attention was shewn them, and everything done to *court* and please them, to induce them to behave as others did; but all in vain, and I am Heartily sorry to say that it has been the means of my Losing the Friendship and Acquaintance of Mr. Maxwell (for he does not speak to me now) who I really Love.

I wish to God my Lord, that you had been here—this Disagreeable affair never woud have happened. As it is I cannot help it, but must ever Lament that those Gentlemen subscribed their Names, or that they did not withdraw them again when they found anything different in the plan of the Association from what they expected. Had they done this, and I pressed them to do it, all woud have been well.

I beg you a thousand Pardons My Lord, for troubling you with this long History, but I am too much and too sensibly affected to remain Silent.

I beseech you My Lord to censure me if you think that I have acted wrong, and believe me in that case that there is no Apology, however submissive, that I will not be Desirous of making. I must at the same time say that I was Guided by a Strict sense of what I conceived my Duty, for if Rules & Regulations are made, they

ought to be maintained, and had my Brother been in their place I should have acted exactly the same by him.

I have only time to write your Lordship a very few lines, merely for the purpose of acquainting you that the Disagreeable Business that took place at Graaff Reynet is now over, and almost all the Ringleaders in our possession—all the rest laid down their Arms upon the promise of a Pardon being made them. The Troops are not yet returned, as the General proposes that as they pass thro' the Different Districts they should enforce the payment of the arrears of Land Rent due to Government, which is very slow *at present* of coming in, but their presence he conceives will hasten it.

Early in May 1799 we find in one of Barnard's letters to Macartney the record of a Tragedy of the Sea to which only the pen of Joseph Conrad could do justice. Before the Great War we would have said with comfortable satisfaction that such a condition of affairs was impossible in our day, but we have learnt that the veneer of civilization is very very thin and that nothing of horror is impossible.

I am this moment returned from Simons Bay, where Mr. Pringle and I went at the Request of the General, to enquire into and examine as far as lay in our Power, the Situation of a Ship called the Triton (the Ship that was so shamefully Surprized and taken) which arrived in that Bay two Days ago from Madras and Pondicherry, having on Board Six hundred Frenchmen, besides her Crew. The condition we found her in was beyond all power of our Describing—Two hundred were in the Doctor's list, upwards of forty had died on their passage

here, and Nine since their arrival, and every person on board expected to share the same fate. They petitioned the General immediately on their arrival to allow their Sick to be landed, but as it was said that they had had the Smallpox on board, their request could not be granted. They then became Desperate, and threatened to Burn or run the Ship on shore, unless some steps were taken to alleviate their Distress : it was to speak to them, and to see what could be done, that we went down. We could not venture on Board, as the vessel was in quarantine ; but we sent to say that we were ready to converse with any two or three that they would Depute out of their number. Accordingly two Persons got into the Ship's boat and came alongside of ours. We found that they belonged to the former Garrison of Pondicherry, upwards of five hundred of which was put on Board out of the Prison at Madras, where they had been five years—they represented their case to be most shocking. They spoke with *moderation*, but extreme *firmness*, and ended by begging of us to present a second memorial from them to the General. When they went on board, three Gentlemen, the Principal Inhabitants of Pondicherry, requested to speak to us also.

They told us that there were upwards of Fifty of them, sent on board with only four & twenty hours notice, by an order of the Governor in Council, that there were forty-eight of them crowded into the half of the great Cabin, without any sort of accommodation whatever, that their provisions were totally spoilt owing to its having been wet by the Surf when embarking at Madras ; but above all they Lamented their Cruel Fate in being shut up on Board a Ship so Crowded, and



so full of Sick, and concluded by Beseeching us to intercede with the General in their behalf, and to get the Sick removed from on board, and the Ship cleaned, which was utterly impossible in the present situation to do, and without which they must all Perish.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than their arrival at this moment, as the Squadron under Commodore Losack are all on a Cruize, and no Man-of-War here except an old store-ship, the Camel, who has not yet landed her Cargo; nor are there any Merchant Ships now in that Bay, that could receive the Sick on Board. In this Dilemma, General Dundas has come to the Resolution of ordering the Ship round to Robben Island and there Landing her Sick, then cleaning the Ship, and as many as are recovered, to send them off with those in health as soon as possible. The Triton came here under Convoy of the Cornwallis, a small Company's Cruiser,—in Lord Mornington's Public Letter he requests this Government to appoint another convoy for her, and to send the Cornwallis immediately back again; but this Government has not even a Cockboat to send with her, which I must say to your Lordship in *private* I think a most Scandalous Situation to be left in.

Floris Visscher has sent up two Boshiesmen Captains, who have made peace with him. They have this moment made me a visit for some presents that I have for them, and so far from having the appearance of Wild Men, they seem the Tamest and best natured Creatures I ever saw. They have promised most Faithfully that the Farmers on their side of the Colony shall live unmolested and that they will endeavour also to make a Peace for them with the other different Hordes; so that I hope

in a short time that Peace & Tranquillity of all sorts will be established in this Colony.

I hope that your Lordship will Pardon this Hasty Scrawl, but the Princess of Wales, Captain Mitchell, who you know, has her anchor up and is under way. She is the only Ship now in this Bay—she sails in this hurried manner in hopes of catching the Convoy at St. Helena.

I have written your Lordship a long letter by the Woolwich, which sailed the begining of last month. I hope that you will receive it, as there is much matter in it upon which I particularly wish to know your Lordship's Sentiments, and lest it shoud miscarry I shall take the Liberty of troubling you with a Duplicate of it.

Lady Anne begs to be most kindly remembered to your lordship. She is now busy making a Drawing of the Two Boshiesmen, who seem highly Delighted.

I have the Honor to Remain, With the Truest Sentiments of Affectionate Regard, Respect & Esteem,

Your Lordship's Faithful & Obliged Humble Serv<sup>t</sup>,

A. BARNARD.

P.S.—Little Major Orde of the 84th Died on his Passage to Madras. He lost his Senses by excess of Drinking and threw himself overboard, but was picked up and recovered, but died soon after.

## VIII

MANY of Andrew Barnard's letters of 1799 and 1800 are written to Lord Mornington in India, giving him the latest European news, or to Macartney and Dundas in England, sending on the news from India, for the Cape was the half-way house to and from the East, and the ships that passed eastward or westward lingered for a while in Table Bay. The Cape was of great strategic importance to India then, as it may easily be again in the event of the Suez Canal being blocked; it was also the clearing house for St. Helena, and the following letters show the manner in which the outlying posts of the Empire were kept in touch with each other before the days of cable messages. To Governor Brook<sup>1</sup> of St. Helena he writes in June 1799:

We have had intelligence from India that the Ship with the Embassy on board from Tippoo has actually sailed for the Mauritius, and as Commodore Losack must have been off the Island before she could possibly have reached it, I am in great hopes that she is now in our possession; I have however sent home a Copy of the letter with all the particulars to Mr. Dundas in order that he might take what steps he judged most probable for intercepting her should she escape us in these seas.

The Graaff Reynet business is at an end and the Ringleaders except three in our possession. These have escaped to the Caffres, but they cannot remain long there, although we were so unfortunate as to have an Officer's party of 20 men cut off by a party of Caffres who had made an inroad into the Colony and were

<sup>1</sup> Col. Robert Brooke, of Prosperous, co. Kildare, Governor, 1787-1801.

endeavouring to establish themselves within the limits of it; they have however since been driven back by General Vandeleur and I hope will not be hardy enough to return.

Nothing has transpired that can give any grounds for supposing that the Volunteers on board the *Prudente* were intending to cooperate with the Insurgents at Graaff Reynet except one circumstance which Captain Boyls of the *Raisnable* told me, which was, that when he was off Cape Laguillas<sup>1</sup> that a signal was made to him from the shore of a most extraordinary nature from a kind of Beacon with triangular lights which he had never seen before tho' often off that part of the Coast; the prisoners know nothing of an intention to have landed there.

We have just heard that your friend Lord Macartney arrived safe and well in England on the 2nd of February last; we also hear that Sir George Yonge is appointed Governor here and may be expected out immediately.

The business that you wished Mr. Pringle to talk with me upon, I should have had infinite satisfaction in helping forward to the utmost of my power had it been practicable here, but there is a positive law existing and in full force in the Colony forbidding the exportation of specie; that however on such an emergency might have been got the better of, but the Sum that could have been collected here would have been so small that it was not worth the exposing the necessities of the Company for and giving an opening to the disaffected here to make our enemies acquainted with them. We therefore took no steps in the Affair except mentioning it to General Dundas who was willing to have given it all the assistance in his power had it been feasible.

<sup>1</sup> Cape Agulhas

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I am sorry to tell you that the French have had their usual success in Italy and have taken Naples ; the King has fled to Sicily.

The union will not go down in Ireland, it has been thrown out in the house of Commons and meets with vast opposition from all Ranks except the Upper house where it has been carried. The Speaker Sir John Parnell and the Prime Serjeant have been violent opposers of it ; the two latter have lost their places ; it is also reported that Lord Castlereagh has been assassinated, but this I do not believe. England is perfectly quiet.

I am told that you have a vast number of the English breed of Pheasants at St. Helena ; if you could spare a few merely for the purpose of propagating the Breed here you would exceedingly oblige me by sending them by the first safe opportunity. I am afraid the Eggs would not keep for so long a voyage or I should prefer them as the most certain mode. In this Country we have what are called Pheasants but they are a very different bird indeed ; if you should like to have some, or any of the Partridges or Hares, I can easily procure them for you.

To Lord Mornington in India he writes :

I wish your Lordship joy of the capture of the *Forte* ; the *Préneuse*<sup>1</sup> and the *Corvette* that was in Company

<sup>1</sup> The *Forte*, *Prudente*, and *Préneuse* were the only active ships remaining to the French in the eastern seas at the end of 1797. A graphic description of the capture of the *Forte* by the *Sibylle*, Captain Edward Cooke, is given in James's *Naval History*. The *Prudente*, with volunteers for the Graaff Reinet rebels, was captured off the Natal coast by the *Daedalus* in February 1797, and some months later the *Préneuse*, having escaped the *Camel* and *Rattlesnake* in Algoa Bay and the *Jupiter* in the open seas, was chased ashore near Port Louis by the *Adamant*, Captain Hotham, and destroyed.



with her very narrowly escaped our Squadron off the Mauritius; had they seen them an hour sooner they must have been taken, but they got into the Rivière Noire before our Ships could come up with them. The Jupiter and Oiseau attacked them in the Port, but were obliged after having fired many shots at them, to sheer off as the Battering from the Shore proved too powerful for them.

I am sorry to tell you that since Lord Macartney left us we have experienced almost every sort of calamity—1st Fire, 2nd Rebellion, 3rd Water. God knows what will come next. Our Fire I wrote you an account of, and likewise of the insurrection at Graaff Reynet which we have got the better of, at the same time I think that part of the Colony by no means safe as several of the disaffected have fled to the Caffres over whom they have great influence; so much so that they persuaded a body of them to attack one of our advanced parties consisting of an Officer and 20 men which they succeeded in cutting off, and put every man except 4 who escaped immediately to death. Our last calamity was a sudden flood which came down from the Table-Mountain with such impetuosity that no one knew what the extent of it would be; it happened on Thursday last about 6 in the evening; it had rained hard before dinner and was then raining and very dark. We were surprized by a visit from the Field Officer of the Day who came to tell us that the *Sea* had broke in upon the lower Castle yard and that all the Officers of Artillery except his Son and another who saved themselves by swimming out of the Mess room were Drowned, and that the Guards and 50 Convicts were also certainly drowned. All this



appeared very shocking to people who were quiet over their bottle: however I found on going out what the truth was; the River that runs behind Mr. Pringle's house and two other Rivers, had from the violence of the rain burst from their usual channel and had united at the wall of the Execution ground, which turned their direction towards the Ditch of the Castle which they filled in an instant and rushed over with such impetuosity that nothing could withstand it. In a moment the whole of the lower Castle yard was under water and all communication with the house totally cut off. Fortunately the gate near the Wharf burst open with the weight of the Water and allowed a passage for it, else I am certain what we at first heard about the Artillery Officers and the Convicts would have proved true; however assistance came just in time to save them. Four lives only have been lost, but a vast deal of damage has been done.

Your Lordship's wish respecting the Bullion that was expected in the China Ships would most undoubtedly have been carried into effect had they touched here. We however sent a small man of war's Brig, the Euphrozyne, in pursuit of them to Rio Janeiro but I rather think that they will have passed before she can get there. Governor Brook sent £16,000 here some time ago which he borrowed at St. Helena, and wrote to me to endeavour if possible to procure some money here on the same terms in order to forward it to you; but it is a matter absolutely impossible in this Colony, in the first place because money is scarce and in the second because the exportation of it is directly in the teeth of a strong law prohibiting it under the Penalty of three

times the sum. Had it been possible to have procured any considerable sum for you, we should have contrived to have got it away somehow or other, but on enquiry I found the money was not to be had ; I therefore said no more on the subject.

We have heard of Lord Macartney's safe arrival at home and also that Sir George Yonge is appointed to succeed him, and that we may expect him out immediately ; God be thanked, that 's all I say.

The Triton and Cornwallis have been here, the former in a most shocking state, as the Prisoners, owing to the number that were on board, were extremely sickly ; near 200 were ill when the Ships anchored in Simon's Bay, and when they found that they were not likely to be allowed to land as they had had the Small Pox on board which is considered in the Colony as the Plague, they became outrageous and attempted to burn and run the Ship on shore.

The General requested that I would go and speak to them which I did and succeeded in pacifying them a little ; he afterwards had the sick landed, several of whom are still here, the rest are gone. The Captain of the Cornwallis seems to have behaved uncommonly well through the whole business.

Your Lordship will find inclosed Copies of some Papers that will serve to shew you the mutinous situation the Triton was in before she came in here, and the necessity there was for a constant attention to her from the Cornwallis. I think she will now get home safe. The Gentlemen from Pondicherry wished very much that I would endeavour to persuade General Dundas to allow them to return, but that of course I positively declined.

For the greater part of this year General Dundas was absent from Cape Town, in consequence of the disturbances at Graaff Reinnet, and so comparative peace reigned.

The town of Graaff Reinnet had been founded in 1786 and a landdrost appointed to preserve the control of the Dutch East India Company over the Boers who had trekked to that remote district in the hope that they might be a law unto themselves. They were not a law-abiding people by instinct and they were moreover faced by the perpetual menace of the Kaffirs across the Great Fish River and by the thieving habits of the neighbouring Bushmen. The Commando system by which they banded themselves together was instituted in consequence of their common danger, Adriaan van Jarsveld being appointed Commandant. With this force at their command the spirit of unrest was soon in rebellion against the Company, fanned by sundry grievances and by the unwise administration of Landdrost Woeke. In 1793 they had proclaimed themselves independent of the Company and had elected a National Assembly, their example speedily being followed by Swellendam.

Into the midst of these upheavals on the frontier came the news that the Cape had been taken by Great Britain. At first the burghers of Graaff Reinnet sent a letter to the new rulers of the land explaining that they were a loyal and law-keeping people, moved only by just resentment against the petty tyrannies of the Company, now defunct. But before a reply could reach them the spirit of rebellion had boiled over again; the burghers refused to accept the newly-appointed Landdrost, Fraus Reinhart Bresler, sent by General Craig, and set up a Landdrost of their own choosing, named Gerotz. A compromise was arrived at, by which the latter administered justice in the name of Great Britain, but meanwhile the people of Graaff Reinnet were in secret communication with the French Admiral de Sercey in the East Indies, by whom

the frigate *Préneuse* was sent to Algoa Bay with ammunition for the republican burghers of Graaff Reinet. The attempt failed, owing to the presence of English ships in Algoa Bay, and an effort to send ammunition and stores, made by the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, ended in disaster for the Dutch. Finally, a Dutch fleet of nine large ships under Admiral Engelbertus Lucas was captured in Saldanha Bay by Admiral Elphinstone on his return voyage from India in August 1796.

The Graaff Reinet burghers were at first somewhat subdued by these successive mishaps and by the firm policy of the new English administration. But although the influence of Lord Macartney was felt for a while, revolt broke out again with his departure and was only suppressed by the arrival upon the frontier of the British troops under General Vandeleur which had been dispatched by General Dundas. It was supposed that the republican burghers were again supported in their resistance by the French, and that certain French volunteers from Mauritius, carried by the *Prudente*, had been sent to their assistance.

No sooner had peace been restored between the white people of South Africa than a horde of Kaffirs under Ndhlabi swept across the river, murdering the Boers and burning their farms. General Vandeleur's troops were now turned to the defence of the settlers and in August 1799 General Dundas left Cape Town in command of another force, to settle the matter himself, as he said. A patched-up peace with the Kaffirs was effected by him, against the advice of General Vandeleur, who believed with the Boers that conciliation would be regarded by the natives as a proof of weakness. General Dundas, on the other hand, did not consider that his forces were strong enough to ensure a decisive victory.

In November 1799 occurred one of the tragedies of old Table Bay, without a breakwater and docks and defenceless against the northerly gales, in the wreck of



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the *Sceptre* with the loss of a great number of lives. 'If the whole ship had been completely broken up for the smallest fire-wood she could not have been more completely knocked to atoms,' wrote Andrew Barnard.

The *Lancaster*, with Sir George Yonge on board, anchored in Table Bay on the 9th December, and the new Governor was welcomed with high hopes by those who were weary of the interregnum. At this point let Lady Anne take up the story; it will be seen in her subsequent letters how woful was the disillusionment that awaited them.

### *Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl of Macartney*

Castle, Cape of Good Hope.

Jan: 9, 1800.

Your pleasing, kind and valuable letters my dearest Lord, reached us by Sir George Yonge about three weeks ago. I had the last few lines long before the first letter, and both of mine a week before Mr. Barnard received his, during which time I cannot describe how much he was disappointed. Each day brought us something, but no letter to himself, to his *own* self, as the children say, from you. At last one came which more than made up for the delay by filling his heart with gladness, a heart which I do tell you from the bottom of mine loves you with a true attachment, which ought to be the more pleasing to you as you have planted it and cultivated it yourself by kind, gentle, encouraging conduct to him at a time when young in publick business, he gave you a clog rather than an assistant. This you never shew'd, and by drawing forth the powers of a *good*

Man, made him a *usefull* one also, as I hope he will prove himself now that there is likely to be very *real* use in any person bred in *your* school. I hope you never will stand in need of any testimony of Mr. Barnard's gratitude ; but I think in all winds, in all weathers, in sickness or in health, you woud find it ready at a call to fly to any want of yours. As to his Wife, we think and feel alike on most subjects, and on this very particularly so. I do assure you, your letters have pleased & soothed my heart so much that you have entirely blunted the edge of the disappointment you convey'd.

I have felt very strangely about all this ! Certainly my thoughts, my wishes, were all fixed on the hope of going home next year (that is to say *this year, now*) about six months hence. I have many valuable friends in England, my dear Sisters in particular, to whom I am much attach'd, and no motive of pleasure or much of profit in remaining here, and yet I have not felt very low on finding all those views baulked for the present. We feel so happy in the certainty that we have in you a friend in the camp, to seize as you say and improve any favourable moment, so pleased with the affection you express for us which stands the test of distance and the many rival claims which must press on you, so pleased with your having express'd yourself highly of Mr. Barnard to Mr. Dundas (which makes part of a future discussion in this letter), so contented & even flattered with some parts of my Sister's letters where the strong *necessity* for Mr. Barnard's stay at *present* is pointed out to her by Mr. Dundas that I lose sight of my own gratifications in returning home, in the use I think my dear Barnard may be of here, and the opportunity the present administra-

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tion is likely to afford of his proving himself worthy of trust & consideration.

We have therefore made up our minds for another year, or year & a half here, which will bring us back to England in four years from our quitting it . . . more . . . alas ! it will be nearer five—too large a piece out of the remaining part of my healthy & happy years to be spared without a sigh, for we must not *all* calculate on [a future] bright in agrément, the enjoyment of society, & faculty to shine in it as a few do ! Perhaps in that time a peace may kindly grant us our liberty, and favourable prospects with it at home. I do sincerely hope that we may again see all our old parents alive & pleased on our return.

I shall continue to write to your dear self and to my kind friend Mr. Dundas, & bore you all, as it is called, by saying what I wish, think, or feel at the time I write, to keep you in mind of me and my *maun*—and thus I close my page *contented* on the whole tho' sometimes low, but never angry. . . . I have no right to be so.

I will not enter on politics, I mean the politics of Europe my dear Lord, nor compliment you on successes new to us here, but old to you. I will not say how sorry we were that you had been so ill, because I hope that is a matter long passed also ; & that Irish disturbances are the same. The distance between us is too great for us to say much on what is communicated by each other, to send new matter is better. You give me a charming fund to think from ; but tho' I have only the *lilliputian politics* of our *little court* to transmit to you, things are you know by no means *unimportant* because they are small.

First in a cursory way let me bring up events by

telling you that since I wrote you last, everything has been standing still which shoud have been going on (viz. public business), and everything has been going on which shoud have been standing still . . . viz. troops have been marched & countermarched against bodys of men who you woud have let alone had you been here. In August you know Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas sett off 'to settle the matter himself *one way* or *another* (as he call'd it) in a fortnight or three weeks'. It is now the begining of January, & if the matter is settled in the course of a few days, I doubt it will be unsettled whenever his back is turned, now that the Caffres and Hottentots have got a taste for plunder more easily roused in them than extinguished.

Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas was not satisfied that Gen<sup>l</sup> Vandeleur had not concluded the war by driving the Caffres back into the country they had left some years ago . . . they being vagrants you know & ill with their King, coud not return there to meet death from their countrymen—peace, war, fighting, negociation, took place on his arrival. All that Vandeleur had done was condemned, and the Generals ceased speaking to each other unless on duty. Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas ask'd for Gen<sup>l</sup> Vandeleur's *orders*. . . . All his papers had been taken & destroy'd by the Caffres when they kill'd his serv<sup>t</sup> & took his baggage. A block-house was sent for by Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas, it arrived, he placed it where he liked without taking advice, it was good for nothing, being too low in its situation, & is now used as a corn-mill. He erected another on a height so great that cannon cannot be drag'd up to it, so I believe this must be a windmill. Cap<sup>t</sup> Bridges offerd his services, but the General said he had learnt all that sort of thing at Loshay's Accademy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Probably in Edinburgh as Dundas was a Berwickshire Scot.

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Mr. Barnard has sent you his correspondence with Ross, and the letters that passed between them on his desiring him to write to Mr. Dundas. I look on the General's reply to Mr. Barnard as a valuable manuscript. His explicit avowal of never having consulted him in any degree on publick matters *is very obliging*, considering how injudicious the measures have been. The total ignorance I must trace on these points makes me talk like a parrot; but when I use the words *rash* or *injudicious* I quote the opinions of the Dutch themselves, founded on the experience of past times & corroborated by the judgment of a *late governor*, whose value, high as it was while he gave us the law *here*, seems like that of Lycurgus to rise on absence & on the insufficiency of his successors.

Nothing further passed between the General & Mr. Barnard till the news reach'd us of Sir George Yonge's appointment, and the intended marriage between him [Dundas] & Miss Cumings. Mr. Barnard then wrote to him on a matter of business, & mentioned in very proper terms his intention of requesting her on her arrival (he did not then know how she was to come) to make this house her home till his return. A dry reply of *bare* thanks was all, & that closes their epistles.

The Cape world was not a little *astonished* at the appointment of Sir George<sup>1</sup>—a successor to *you* was look'd for, from a very different class of abilities to that

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Yonge (1731-1812) had been member of Parliament for Honiton from 1754 to 1794, and had held office as a Lord of the Admiralty, Vice-Treasurer for Ireland, Secretary of State for War, and Master of the Mint. It is supposed that he accepted the Governorship of the Cape to recoup himself for heavy election expenses. He was a man of feeble and unstable character.



in which the world had been accustom'd to rank Sir George ; but Frogs who have for a twelvemonth or near it, groaned under the supremacy of the Stork, will thank Jupiter for any bit of wood he will put in its place.

Apart from that want of respect which want of ability creates, it is rather a loss that the embarrassed state of Sir George's affairs is so generally known here. The manner in which the foolish part of the English had prepared the Dutch to look on Sir George, made Mr. Barnard and I of the opinion that there was no reasonable degree of pageantry or parade which would not be rather an advantage than a loss to a Governor who must draw respect rather from the tinsel which adorns him than from the intrinsic he is made of—but this is getting on too fast to the latter part of your letter.

While affairs were going on in this manner at Graaff Reinet & Alagoa Bay, Mr. Barnard has informed you that the French took the opportunity of looking in to see what use they could make of the disturbances. A frigate tried to land, was beat off, & since some of our crazy ships have been sent after her, but she has escaped & if she reaches any port safe it is not impossible that they may try the matter again. The General's block-houses it is supposed are more likely to attract attack than to repel it, by pointing out the best landing-place and offering them accommodation, without their being any use in defending the port, which people seem to think had better not been made at all.

At this period we had a sad gale in the Bay, which stranded six vessels & lost us the 'Sceptre' with the Commodore, Capt: Edwards, on board, and his son. The scene was agitating, and next day's calm a melan-



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choly one. At one o'clock, the 5th of November, there was a general salute from the ships . . . next morning the half lay wrecks on the shore. Col: Craufurd's attentions in the night time to do all he could for the sufferers was great, and as Praise (some wise man says) is the best food of Virtue, I have not failed to give him what he deserves, for I think humanity in all ages of man so charming a virtue that it cannot be sufficiently encouraged in youth.

About this period (to mix the gay with the grave) arrived Major Abercrombie, much such a figure as a dancing black bear would be when coming down from the mountains to marry a squirrel—a pair of enormous long black mustachios rendered him frightfull in my eyes, and the universal prayer seem'd to be that he would cut them off before he married Miss Laubscher, which was the object of his return ; but she was of a different opinion & voted them on, upon some strange heterodox Desdemona kind of wish of being frightened to death. Much weeping took place in a certain house where the Campbells *used to live*, on the occasion, on the account of that little person who I think too well of on some things, not to regret a failure in any point. I rejoice in his marriage, as I hope it will close that account with a discharge in full.

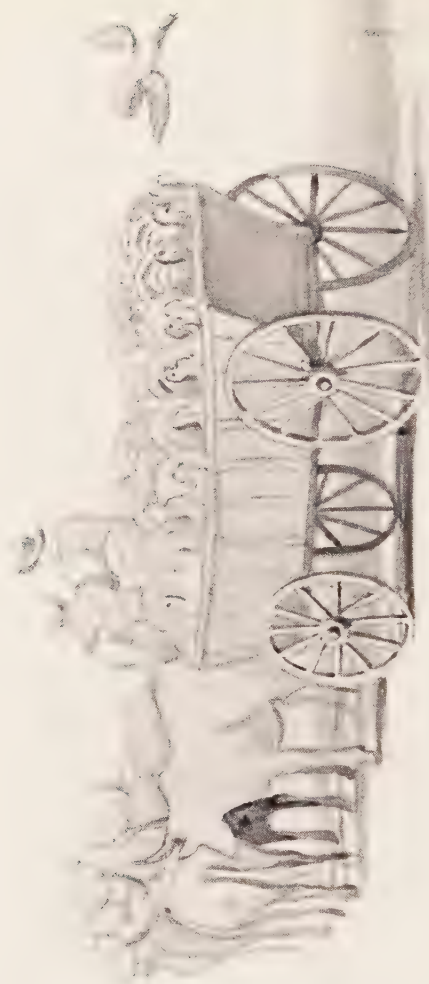
Major Erskine I believe without any doubt means to marry the Admiral's love here, but *bending his affections* to his respect & obsequious civility to his *patron*, I believe he waits a month or two, in order to be married the same day with the General.

The beginning of last month made me Grandmother to a fine little girl which Mrs. Craufurd brought with very

little suffering, and of which she has recovered in about a week. She nurses it herself and I suspect sometimes finds that a little troublesome; but I hope she will go on with it, and with those active virtues which are of more use in some situations than the more passive ones. She is of a gentle quiet temper, & I think he grows more attached to her every day. I see in him an improvement which grows under my eye—his person is filling out & becoming more manly, his mind & manners are *also filling out* and *becoming more manly*, he is dropping by degrees the boyish fine gentleman of St. James's Street to become the Soldier and the Man, and pursuing the right & honorable views in life, not its frippery; is studying at present fortification with Thibault, and reads a good deal. In short I think if he keeps on in the present good course, which I hope will become habit by & bye—I think *you* will have credit in him & so shall we.

Your last short letter arriving before your first long one, I communicated its contents to the Col: & Anne. Both instead of being disappointed, were pleased to the highest degree, no dislike of the step appearing in his Uncle by *that* letter, a bond too being assigned over to him & a future 2500 to be secured to him in future. They look'd for no such good provision for their family now to be specifically promised, & were therefore much delighted, nor at all disappointed at higher visions being (even in *that* letter) rather cut off. However they were not so totally cut off I saw, as to prevent Col. Craufurd from thinking that further good might arise from his deserving his Uncle's favour, and every motive that can tend to keep him steady in *deserving well* I reckon so precious, that I could not prevail on myself to weaken





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his hopes by reading to him part of your former letter when it reached me, which I think bounds every expectation to the *personalty* of his Uncle, & that I reckon, considering the expences of a man of the world living in the circle of friends he does, rather a precarious dependence. However if they can count on 4000 in all, & if Col. Craufurd continues getting on in his line and improving as he does, there is no fear that the world will not open on him. As yet they know nothing of the troubles of domestic economy, & for *their* sakes I almost wish they may *survive* us here six months or so, to give them a trial of it before they go home, and shew them how little their income will afford, of which they have no idea, their family here consisting of nine, which *entre nous* would be too many for their pockets if they had to live alone. To us it is a little money most pleasantly well bestowed, and is in reality a mode of spending a trifle which makes all partys happy, & keeps one party easy. I sometimes say to Anne that the time may come when the stupid residence at the Cape may be reckoned not the least pleasant period of their lives; but they wont be ready to agree with me in this for the next twenty years, and then they will on retrospect.

Now for the Governor, &c. On the ninth he arrived. We had this house prepared for his reception, beds up, fat turkeys ready to *mak dood*, & plenty of places for single people & servants; our own dear Governor's room prepar'd, & an additional bed for my lady in case of her being of the party. Mr. Barnard had told Major Erskine of his intentions to ask all and Miss Cumings certainly. He approved; but when the ships came in sight, took a boat, boarded the ship at Green Point

before she anchored, & when Mr. Barnard accompanied the Commodore on board, he found every arrangement overturn'd, Major Erskine having persuaded the Governor to go directly to Mr. de Waal's & afterwards to Rondebosch, not a word said of our intended invitation: this was settled & the Governor did not think he could retract when Mr. Barnard made his offer. Next day we waited on them, found all well—Miss Cumings did not appear. She had been disappointed at finding the General far away, & declared her intentions of secluding herself till his return. I thought her right—the less women in delicate situations expose themselves to animadversion, the better. However she has since departed from this plan, in moderation however.

Mrs. Blake seem'd to me a pretty-ish woman, with a great desire of being civil & obliging, which was well. . . . Major Cockburn the senior aide-de-camp, seems to have a tendency towards being a fine gentleman, but I hope he will get over it. . . . Mr. Tucker seems a good-humoured lad, with less of this. . . . Mr. Blake, private secretary, a quiet sort of *honest man*, new in his department. . . . Mr. Daniell<sup>1</sup> a draftsman of a family who I hear are excellent at the pencil.

To Rondebosch the Governor went & remain'd nearly a week, during which time Major Erskine as head of the family, invited the friends of Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas, viz. the staff & his own favorites, to make acquaintance with the Governor; but tho' there was a table spread for 18 every day, Mr. Barnard was not once ask'd to be of the party. On the contrary there seem'd to be an eagerness to keep

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Daniell, whose sketches were published under the title of *African Scenery*.



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us all at a distance, the *cause of which has since develop'd itself*. At the end of this time the family returned to town, lived during the day at the Government House & slept at night at de Waal's, who has left his house & means to sell it if he can.

Sir George was busied all the morning in overseeing his workmen in the repairs & improvements of . . . the Kitchen ! and in chalking out a new staircase. It is to be sure a *very bad one*, but I once knew a Noble Lord who hop'd up like a parrot to his perch, rather than spend a dollar of the public money for his *own* accommodation. However something *was* necessary as *you know*. A high wall was projected round the gardens, and an attempt made to make the Government Gardens the Governor's Gardens, viz. private ones. At least, while a repair was going forwards, the inhabitants, the ladys particularly, finding guards planted on Love Walk & no egress for Cupid till the god could walk without stumbling over the pebbles, were *furious*—had the Magna Charta of Africa been torn in ten thousand pieces it could not have caused such an allarm : 'for 150 years no such thing had ever been known as a restriction from walking' under those oaks. I believe the beautifull Houris of this Ulyssean field woud have torn Sir George into atoms if Mr. Barnard foreseeing the effect this woud produce, had not hurried up with a *temporising* proclamation in his pocket, part of which was consented to by the Governor & part added of his own, ladys & gentlemen being ordered to write down their names *every time* they enter the gardens. I advise them to write down for the ensuing twelvemonth, as an Uncle of mine did when leaving his wife in Scotland—he went to attend Parliament, & gave

me a stock of letters for her *one Sunday* to last for six months : this however had no bad *meaning* in it.

Sir George appears to us, as far as we can form a judgement, to be a man of very good *intentions*, of *great* intentions too, greater I fear than he will find the funds answer he has to pay out of . . . I mean the publick funds. Mr. Barnard has undermined the wall by effecting delay ; in the same way he has got cold water thrown on other plans which implied rather a fondness for spending money than a conviction of the necessity of the improvement. I dare say Mr. Barnard will tell you that a hint or two from home to keep this taste within bounds, will perhaps be well. As to hauteur, as *yet* he is *gracious*, from the infinite gratification he must feel in seeing himself the sovereign of a large country, instead of a poor individual with a levée of duns instead of a levée of smiling courtiers—but as to intellect, as to that happy power of appreciating at once what is ‘wisest, best to be done’, I fear we must not entertain a hope of finding any, & we have only to pray for quiet times and nothing to interrupt the general system you laid down.

One symptom of mental weakness rather appears already by a variety of improvements floating in his head, which have been started by the people nearest him & are connected with *their* interest or gratification—that of moving *all* the publick offices out of the Castle is one. Mr. Barnard will tell you that having reason to know that General Dundas longed to get possession of our house, and thinking on the occasion of his marriage it woud be gallant in us to offer it (he having at a former time given it up to us) tho’ he is now the same man in rank he was then, yet a young wife being in the case

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we thought that *both* woud relish the *pre-eminence* of the best house next to the Governor's. Mr. Barnard offered it therefore to Sir George. He seem'd as if a millstone had been untyed from his neck, accepted of it with gratitude, but insisted on Mr. Barnard's having the merit of giving it to the General himself, & inform'd him that he shoud have an ample allowance made by him for another. The first proposal Mr. Barnard declined; we are not on terms to make compliments to Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas tho' we wish to give him up every point of publick pre-eminence (for his Uncle's sake) which he is (also) entitled to. The last proposal you will easily imagine Mr. Barnard *utterly rejected*.

Government has houses to bestow—to put it to a new expence on his account while it can otherwise accommodate us, is out of the question, & even if it had no house to give, Mr. Barnard woud never consent to the first act of Sir George's administration being to grant him apparently a pecuniary favour. . . . It is with a bad grace he coud argue against *some other things* he may perhaps be call'd upon to speak of.

Sir George did not appear to relish this creed, but however he admitted that after the Lieu<sup>t</sup>-Gov<sup>r</sup> had the *first choice* of houses, the Secretary to the Colony shoud expect the *second* choice, & this being the case, Mr. Barnard mentioned Rondebosch. Since this past it is with some displeasure we find that it has been circulated everywhere by the General's staff, that Mr. Barnard & I have been 'ordered out' of this house by the Governor, & that we will not 'take the hint'. In order to make it *broad*, Gen<sup>l</sup> Fraser has moved into Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas's house, & Major Erskine has taken possession of General

Fraser's. Chairs & tables, beds, &c., have been passing to and fro for the last week, but as the Major says, we have not taken the hint.

However, by pressing their *triumph* as they fancy it over Mr. Barnard too far, they have trod on Sir George's *own toes*. When Major Erskine invited him into his house, upon walking to see the office, he replied, 'Your house Sir. . . . I did not know this was your house', or words to that effect. 'O yes Sir, when Gen<sup>l</sup> Fraser moved into Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas's house it made room for *me*.' 'I shall be glad Sir, to see you at 2 o'clock, & Gen. Fraser also.' . . . 'Don't stir,' said he to Mr. Barnard 'this is a little too much: I perceive those gentlemen must have all their own way.' I fancy then operations were at least suspended by the Governor till the General's return; but as Sir George's *mind* seems far more infirm than his body, I should not be surprized (as Mr. Barnard is incapable of keeping *at him* as the others do) if they were to carry *all* the points they make, & that the name of *Dundas* was to frighten him out of all *they* want—for Fraser & Erskine are at the bottom of this with some other minor characters not worth my enumerating. . . .

I am glad of the power of accounting to myself for what I own has *puzzled* me a good deal, how a man so amiable, so unpresuming, so kind & good humoured as Mr. Barnard is to all, could have made a few such bitter enemys . . . a few I may say for it is confined to *one* circle of men *only*, & that a small one. There exists not an officer in the Castle, a civilian in the Cape, a man of any rank or description, Dutch or English, *the staff* excepted, who does not mark to him equal respect & regard. I now see more clearly the *why* and *wherefore*,

and have the satisfaction of finding that no false jealousy now guides my opinions, as Mr. Blake (*in all secrecy be it spoken*) brought out to Mr. Barnard over a bottle of good claret which warmed his heart (rather disposed to love Mr. Barnard), that the gentlemen who had taken possession of the Governor, and who are all the friends of General Dundas, had taken every *possible pains* to *injure* both Mr. Barnard & me in the *good opinion* of their household, the Governor in particular, by saying whatever they thought best calculated to have that effect; 'but they have not carried their point' said he, 'tho' they have spit their spite. . . . Have patience, tho' Sir George is too much influenced by them at present, that will all come right. . . . Keep my secret and use this knowledge with discretion.'

Mr. Barnard of course told me, & how can I help telling you? I assure you tho' I have accounted to my friend Mr. Dundas for some things, by the foolish little envy of some *subordinate people*, who have influenced his Nephew, I have *not* told him my authority for knowing my conjecture is founded. Patience & proper dignity or spirit, never shewn prematurely, but on *ripe occasions*, may possibly put all this right by & bye.

With respect to changing all the publick offices, Sir George says Mr. Pitt has them all near *himself*, & he is a very great man. 'A very great man indeed', says Mr. Barnard, 'but the Cape is not England, nor this town the town of London. The expence of getting other offices woud far exceed any benefit that the change could be of. . . . At least pause Sir, till you can look about you.' This however of all the offices being near Downing Street is still in his head. I fancy this is not the moment



when much spare cash is to be found in our Treasury. It is supposed the Caffre War will take from fifty to sixty thousand pounds; a year's salary to Sir George & the same sum of 10,000 for the same year to the General, cuts deep—he very properly did not draw for the 3rd quarter, & had not fully earned the 4th; but Sir George dash'd him a present of the whole year from the publick funds. There is one claim on it which all who know of it reckon most justly due: long may it continue!

This leads me somehow to think of Buckley, Barrow, Maxwell. These honest men are not yet well with us—the two first have owned they woud if it was not for Maxwell, who somehow grows more and more bitter against Mr. Barnard every day, particularly since Mr. Barnard had an opportunity by resigning a piece of land, originally part of the Newlands estate, which impeded its sale, but which we had bought & paid for & liked, of behaving liberally. Maxwell felt this, but he put it the wrong way, angrily. He is an honorable, honest, good creature! What a pity that a twist in opinion has the power of making him grow as crooked as the twig of a tree w<sup>c</sup> takes a wrong direction. How justly my dear Doctor Gillan described him when he said, 'right, he is worthy, friendly, estimable; wrong, he is vindictive, obstinate, implacable.' But is not much of this the fault of my scapegoat Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas? If he employs men to fill certain dutys and as Commander-in-Chief chalks them out, why does he not *support them* in them, when they lose their friends for enforcing his orders? On the contrary I dare say Mr. Maxwell is kept up in his resentment by the partisans of the Staff, whose motive in it he does not perceive.



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I have said nothing as yet of Sir Roger Curtis.<sup>1</sup> You give me a high character of him, & that is enough to impress me. He seems clever, able & agreeable. I see however that the scanty allowance of his flag will prevent him from at all liking the place. The little perquisite *annexed* to his flag, as he says, which he seems to like best, is Mrs. Baumgardt. Now that Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas is off the field Sir Roger thinks she devolves naturally to him—she is quite of the same opinion. I know not how it will *end*, but *you* know her to be a good humoured creature, a good mother too to her children, tho' she certainly does make fish of one and flesh of another.

I have had some great doings at this house. Mr. Barnard first gave a dinner for 30 to the great men & heads of departments. I had a stock of beautys, as many as I could of the democratic kind, being willing to have it forgotten which of the fathers was Jacobin, which Aristocrat. The first thing our Governor did was to fall in love with the *elder* Jonge Vrouw van Oudtshoorn, just as you did with the younger and Mr. Barnard did because you did. However at present Sir George being the reigning Jupiter, so the elder sister carries the day—she poor soul! knew not a word of what he said, but call'd him *mu Lord* with all her might. I sett down Mrs. Baumgardt & Madam Gallian to play at whist with him, so all was well, & at supper the little lassie sat by him.

The Thursday after we had a dinner of 56, and all the Cape Nobility to meet our new great men. I had foreseen so large a party in the wing that I had secured a corps de reserve of fiddlers, & gave the Blake an

<sup>1</sup> Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, 1746–1816. Commander-in-Chief on the Cape station, 1799–1801. Afterwards Portsmouth Command.

impromptu ball, which being unexpected went off well. They were surprized at the number & smartness of *our* Misses. At these two partys I had plenty of the worst *supposed ill-affected*. I believe a few of my Dutch friends woud have been better pleased had I made the partys selectly for *them*. I see a great disposition to keep off the adverse party now that *all partys* perceive that the English flag flys over the French. Our friend the Fiscal between ourselves is not above the party weakness of deriving gratification from seeing the opposite party excluded.

The Governor is to give a Ball on the 20th, and I see this exemplified in his fear that certain people shoud be asked, who he owns woud be *ready to come*, but that it woud be hard if honest citizens were to sit down at the table with rascals of different principles. I fancy we think pretty much alike [with] respect to the principles of the inhabitants, and their attachment to the *English* Government, that the only difference between one citizen or another is that by accident one man has sooner than another fancied some interest to himself in leaning to our side—had he thought there was none, I fancy the citizens woud have acted alike.

But I must think of conclusion now that I am at my fifteenth page! and yet I have said nothing of a great event here. Shan't you be surprized to see Ross in England instead of us? Yet so it will prove, so little can we calculate on the vain chances of this vain world! Coud you also believe that we have considerably instigated him to this? Yet so it is. Ross is I think in a dangerous way—a very hot Summer I doubt might be fatal to him. He was last year attacked with a malady, which has this year returned. The physicians differ, they

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treat him in opposite ways, he is falling a sacrifice to the want of certainty of what is the matter with him. Mr. Barnard advised him to go home & has offered to supply every want of his attendance to business by his own care of all. A consultation of physicians have agreed that home he ought to go, & I believe he certainly will in the next ships. It is better he should do so now and return soon well, than delay it & either die, or by going later render his return more distant. I shall advise him to bring out a wife with him, so make some of your sensible female friends look about her for an article of that sort. I am sure she will judge better for him under your direction, than he will for himself.

Apropos I have seen Miss Cumings frequently . . . she is not handsome, certainly not. Anne thinks in person & manner she is like the teacher in a boarding-school, not quite a lady, but willing to behave like one—if she has good qualitys, *real* good qualitys, I see nothing in her appearance or manners which may not be liked. The thing most against her is her terrible twang of my country : she beats me all to nothing.

You shall hear again from me my dear Lord, when I have collected a little hoard of Cape news for you ; at present I must have exhausted your patience. All you left are pretty nearly as you left them. McNab by the bye is married to the elder Miss Blanckenberg—one of the Miss Blettermans to Mr. Deane. Tringham<sup>\*</sup> is as usual eating the tythe pig whenever he can find one, & trying to make money wherever it is to be scraped up. The Pattisons have a nice little girl—Mrs. Smith, her

\* The Rev. Thomas Tringham, formerly chaplain of the *Sceptre*, one of the survivors from the wreck.

sister, a boy. Mrs. Green will have the one or the other soon, but I fear will not survive it long, she is so very consumptive.

Jan. 12 [1800]

Col. Craufurd has just been with me, excessively angry & half disposed to complain to you himself of a further game playing by the Staff gentlemen, who in order to get certain further advantages to themselves, are influencing poor Sir George to every extravagance in his nature, by holding out the superiority of his liberality of thinking & acting to yours. The publick money is therefore dashed away to merit this flattery, & new places created & given away every day. Barrack-master General, with De Lisle also as Assistant-inspector, were appointments made this day—two Under-secretarys (drop'd by you as unnecessary to be continued) are added. These are for Major Cockburn, Cap<sup>t</sup> Tucker, Mr. Blake, Mr. Daniell &c., & promotions to the friends of Erskine (Abercrombie in particular), Gen<sup>l</sup> Fraser's son & others, are made without end in the 8th Dragoons. Col. Craufurd meets with many things circulated by the old Staff shop, which irritate him & make him think you should be aware of the conduct of the people, for *publick* as well as for *private* reasons.

Sir George has had the weakness to shew them Mr. Barnard's letter to him, a copy of which I shall enclose, tho' he is doing so himself, for fear of any accident coming over his letter. They are not simply angry, they are furious, Gen<sup>l</sup> Fraser in particular—'D—n his insolence' said he; 'I shall always feel it a personal injury his presuming to ask for Rondebosch away from General Dundas.' 'What is (it) to you?' said the person

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he address'd this to. . . . 'This is a pretty manner of talking of a gentleman & an equal, sneakingly behind his back too !'

Oh my dear Lord, why have you left us, why must we bear this? While I fancy *good* likely to be done by our stay, I can give up my own wishes ; but if vexation is the reward without good, & contumely to Mr. Barnard thro' the influence of interested men over a weak one is likely to ensue for the next twelve months, I protest I believe we shall throw up the game and prefer a turnip-top at home amongst those who love & respect us, to a bitter stalled ox with strife.

Keep this sentiment in your eye my dear Lord, never shall it sway us rashly or testily ; but let it lead you now & then to ' touch the spring ' you talk'd of, & see if it will not bend to leave of absence to the Husband (discretionary leave) & to the Wife of course.

I believe I have said nothing of Ross. His state of health continued very precarious, & it being now a certainty that we must stay here one other twelvemonth at any rate, perhaps half a year added to that, Mr. Barnard pressed his going home as a solid advantage to him, & has offerd to take on himself all charge of his share of the business that no salary to another for assistance might come out of his pocket. Col. Craufurd tells me that Ross has not deserved this liberal conduct, by having both sneered at & abused Mr. Barnard along with his military friends, who endeavoured to convince the Cape world that the business of the Colony *must utterly stand still for want of Ross*—' the only man who does any.'

This instigates me (without telling Mr. Barnard *why*)



to press him to *resist* any attempt of introducing any other person into the office in Ross's absence, as it is extremely probable was that done, that this foolish Governor might lean to the person nearest him, and treat Mr. Barnard just as Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas has done. At present he tells him not an article shall be done or settled *without* his consulting him; but *on no article is he following that intention*, for he is *not* consulting him, and on some articles bolting quite away from the advice he seem'd to admit was a good one.

My dear Lord Macartney, pardon this vexed, grumbling letter; but I speak out my heart & thoughts to you. I shall continue to do so—you bid me, & your own kind epistles give me confidence that mine are not thought troublesome.

Yours ever,

ANNE BARNARD.

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## IX

At this point, with the Barnards bewildered and dismayed at the attitude of the new administration, it is interesting to turn to the diary of Samuel Eusebius Hudson, a blind enthusiast in the cause of Sir George Yonge—mainly because he wasn't Macartney. 'Our new Governor proceeds in a summary way concerning the residence allotted to the representative of our gracious sovereign. On examining the Garden House his orders were to have it put into good repair and made fit for his reception and fitted up in a way that should do some credit to the Governor of this extensive Colony. How much unlike his predecessor, whose only care was to put up with every inconvenience rather than expend the money



belonging to Government upon those (as he thought) unnecessary repairs! The Public Gardens were a wilderness, the walks covered with grass and weeds, the watercourses stopped, the walls broken down and the whole shamefully neglected. This being the only place for the Inhabitants to retire to of an evening where they can enjoy a comfortable Promenade should be in some measure attended to, especially where there are so many slaves belonging to Government unemployed.'

All this sounds like a very good case for the Yonge policy, and we might echo Mr. Hudson's enthusiasm when he adds—'Sir George Yonge seems determined to revive the tarnished lustre of the British character at the Cape,' if we did not know that no other Governor has tarnished the lustre of the British character more effectively than did Yonge during his short administration. Moreover, with the perfervour of the blind enthusiast, Hudson forgets that the weeds and broken walls and neglect were a legacy from the moribund Dutch East India Company; Macartney, feeling that the duration of England's tenure of the Cape was uncertain, was reluctant to expend public funds in putting in order the house which the Company had neglected to repair and which any day might be given back to Holland.

On the next page of the Hudson diary we find Sir George Yonge held up to admiration in the unexpected character of a guardian of public morals. 'Some disagreeable explanations took place in consequence of a certain Dutch lady having had a card for the ball of yesterday at the Garden House. The person alluded to has been the reigning favourite with admirals, generals, and governors from the time the Cape has been in the possession of the English, and it is notorious her conduct has been such as to exclude her from the society of the good and virtuous, tho' she has been hitherto admitted into the fashionable circles.'

It is a little difficult to understand why Cape society should suddenly have decided to boycott the lady in question, having put up with her for several years, but the psychology of a crowd is always an uncertain quantity. Upon this occasion the good and virtuous protested, 'they explained to His Excellency that if this unworthy character was permitted they hoped he would excuse their returning their cards'. The Governor, described by Hudson as 'resolute in not giving countenance to any but those whose names are unsullied', immediately cancelled the lady's invitation; and all this would read like a beautiful and moral tale, with Sir George Yonge as the Champion of Virtue, if we did not find from Lady Anne's letters that the transgressor was soon afterwards to be met at Government House, established as a family friend.

*Andrew Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Castle of Good Hope,

Jan<sup>y</sup> the 11th, 1800.

I CANNOT express to you My Lord, what Vexation and Disappointment I felt for a fortnight at least after the arrival of Sir George Yonge, not to find one Single Line from your Lordship out of many that passed thro' my hands addressed to me. At last the long wished for Letter arrived, and most Grateful and Acceptable it was. I had in fact given up all hopes of hearing from you by that opportunity as I had frequently conversed with the *very person* who had your Letter in charge, without his mentioning that such a thing was in his possession.

I am more obliged to you than I can express for the trouble you took to procure me leave from Mr. Dundas

to return home, and am perfectly certain that it was not from the want of your Lordship's best Endeavours that the application did not Succeed. I have now made up my mind to stay at least a Twelvemonth longer, unless something unforeseen should happen. I shall at the Expiration of that time hope that permission may be obtained for me; if not, that an exchange of some sort may be effected. Should such a thing present itself to your Lordship, I give you full Power to act for me as you think proper, being well assured from experience that my Interest cannot be in better hands.

The Favorable manner in which you spoke of me to Sir George Yonge has I believe been of essential Service to me, as I understand from his Private Secretary that the Greatest pains have been taken by a Person here, who *you* know has no partiality towards me, to place me in the most Unfavourable point of view possible, but without effect, and I have every assurance on the part of Sir George of his firm *reliance* and *confidence* in me. He tells me that previous to his leaving England he Requested that he might have some Person or Persons appointed with whom he could consult in matters of Importance to the Colony, and when he was asked who he wished to have, that he mentioned the Lieu<sup>t</sup>-Gov<sup>r</sup> and the Secretary of the Colony. I can scarcely believe that this appointment originated with him, as I recollect *well*, that your Lordship wrote home very fully upon that Subject previous to your leaving the Colony. I am therefore inclined to think that it was more in consequence of what *you* said, than from any request of Sir George's.

I am sorry to say that I think Advice will be often

necessary, but I much fear that it will be but seldom taken. The present System is to Disapprove of what has been done, saying, *it was very well at the time, but it must be changed*; and your Lordship's plan of keeping everything as nearly as possible as it was till a Peace, is totally knocked in the head. The *favourite* Plan at present is to get all the Public Offices out of the Castle, and to give up the whole of that Building to the Military, as *General Fraser says*, '*that he conceives the civilians have no business there whatever*;' in which Sir George agrees; but where the Public Offices are to be put, God knows! In my opinion they *ought not to be moved*; but more particularly those of the Receiver General, the Lombard Bank, the Orphan Chamber, and the Court of Vice-Admiralty, from having frequently very large sums of Money in them, shoud be in a place of safety. The Register part of my office shoud likewise be in a secure place, as the whole property of the Colony depends on it—but these are matters of *small consideration*!!

The Garden House is undergoing many Alterations, the Kitchen is made three times its former size; the *staircase* is coming down, and one that is to cost four hundred pounds to be put up in its place; chimneys and fireplaces are to be made to every room in the House; with many other *improvements* too tedious to mention. The Garden is to be entirely altered, and is at present shut up except to those who will write down their Names, and are approved of by the Officer of the Guard, which is now encreased to a Captain's. The shutting up of the Gardens has given universal Discontent. The Walk that cost so much money is *good for nothing* and is to be broke up, and a wall ten feet

high is to be built all round the Garden. Where all the Money is to come from that will be necessary to defray all these expenses is more than I can tell.

What do you think of Mr. Buckley's last Quarterly warrant on the Receiver General amounting to upwards of Ninety thousand R:D: ? Sir George and his Staff<sup>1</sup> draw their Pay from last April, and General Dundas had his also as Governor to the last of the Year, so that the Colony has been paying two Governors for three quarters of a Year, which is no small sum. Sir George's Private Secretary and a Mr. Daniell, *a draftsman*, are appointed Under Secretaries, in the Room of Mr. Maxwell and Barrow—their appointments are dated in April also.

I wish my Lord that from the Regard you have for the Welfare of the Colony, that you would say a few words to Mr. Dundas on the subject of *incurring unnecessary expence*, and that a *hint* may be given not to be *quite* so lavish of the Public Money. All the Public Buildings, both Civil and Military, are to be repaired, and Thibault is to survey and *perhaps* superintend the work, with a Salary of five Dollars per Diem while employed.

It has been thought proper to have *full-dressed* Levées. On New Year's Day was the first, and on the Queen's Birth Day there will be another, after which a Great Dinner is to be given, and on the 20th a Grand Ball to everybody.

*Our* Balls and Parties are likely soon to be at an end,

<sup>1</sup> The Governor was paid from the colonial revenue £10,000 a year and a Table allowance of £2,000, with a pension upon retirement of £2,000 a year. The Colonial Secretary drew £3,500, the Deputy-Secretary £1,500, the Collector of Customs £1,000, the Controller of Customs £1,000, and the Auditor-General £1,000.



as I expect to turn out of the Castle as soon as General Dundas returns from Graaff Reynet. Where I shall get Lodged I cannot say, as a House is not to be hired for any Money at present in the whole Town. Mr. Pringle was obliged to pay Eighty thousand Guilders for one a few days ago ; but I am determined at all events not to buy one, indeed I cannot afford it.

I inclose you a Copy of a Letter I wrote to Sir George in consequence of some conversation we had on the Subject of Houses. What the final arrangements will be, I am at a loss to find out ; but I can partly guess from some words that have fallen from Miss Cumings, the *intended* Wife of the Gen<sup>l</sup>, that he will occupy *both* the Castle & Rondebosch. General Fraser has already moved into the Lieu<sup>t</sup>-Governor's House, and Major Erskine is in that of General Fraser. *I remember the time when such things woud not have been allowed.*

Our races are to be encouraged, for in addition to the Cup given by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Governor is to give the *King's Plate*.

Can you My Lord, conceive it possible, that a Person sent out here as Governor shoud have been in the Colony nearly two Months without having ever read a Single Proclamation, or looked into any Book that coud inform him of the manner in which the Business of the Colony had been conducted by his Predecessor ; but so it is.

Sir Roger Curtis, our new Admiral, is likely to go on very well—he is Polite in his Behaviour, and remarkably attentive to the Duty of his Station. His Squadron tho' *numerous* are not *very effective*, and he is going to lose the Services of an Active Officer. The Oiseau is condemned, and Linzee is to go home ; but the state of



the Ship is so bad that she cannot venture on a Winter voyage. April is the time fixed for her departure, and she will take home the China Ships, and arrive in the Channel at a Good Season.

A Consultation of Physicians was held Yesterday on Mr. Ross, who has been confined to the House these two Months, and the Result is that he must go home immediately in order to have a Surgical operation performed on him. I shall therefore remain here without any assistance whatever; but I am not sorry for it, as it will overturn a plan of General Dundas's with respect to me, which I saw plainly thro', but always thought it unworthy my Notice.

I have obeyed your Lordship's directions, and have said everything kind to your Friends here, who I assure you are Numerous, and who retain the Liveliest Sentiments of Regard & Respect for you, and often wish to have you back amongst them. Colonel Craufurd will tell you himself how highly sensible he is of the Obligations he owes you for the Kind part you took in reconciling his Uncle to his Marriage. He has I believe no reason to repent it, as he is Happy, having got a Good Wife & a Dear Little Daughter. He is himself wonderfully improved, and is really become an Uncommon fine young Man, extremely attentive to his profession, and to every accomplishment requisite both for a Soldier and a Gentleman.

I received several of Carnot's Pamphlets from Mr. Huskisson<sup>1</sup>, which I have Distributed amongst the Inhabitants; but there was no occasion for them, as the success

<sup>1</sup> William Huskisson, afterwards at the Board of Trade, the chief pioneer of Free Trade, was at this time Dundas's Under-Secretary for War and Colonies.

of our attack upon the Coast of Holland<sup>1</sup> and the taking of their Fleet, has been a Deadly Blow to the Jacobin party here. The Oath of Allegiance now is swallowed like Oil, and no opposition whatever has been made. We have the Governor of Batavia here at present—he has been able by his firmness and resolution to keep the same form of Government there that they had before the Revolution took place in Holland, and the Prince of Orange's Flag is flying at this moment at Batavia.

I conclude that by this time the Union has been *swallowed* by my *countrymen*—altho' it is most certainly a *bitter pill* to many, yet it will form a *salubrious* Medicine to the Nation in General; and I hope will secure your Lordship's Cellars from being plundered a second time of that which it is not in your power to replace: yet you say, 'that the Damage they did was *inconsiderable*.' I believe that you will not find a Man in *Ireland* that will agree with you on that point.

I am much obliged to your Lordship for the Letter you forwarded to me from my Father. It makes the fourth that I have received since I left England. I am almost certain that Twenty at least must have miscarried.

*I am told* that Peace is *established* between us and the Caffres, and that Mr. Maynier is appointed by General Dundas sole Manager of the Affairs of Graaff Reynet and Swellendam, having both the Landdrosts under his Directions. This is a new system, but I must conclude that it is a proper one. Maynier is besides made a Member of the Court of Justice, and Clerk of the Bank in the room of Mr. Osterzee.

I have trespassed so long upon your Patience that it is

<sup>1</sup> The expedition of 1799.

time for me to beg your Pardon and to have done ; but as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope that *it* will plead my excuse for making my letter longer than an Ordinary Correspondence.

SIR GEORGE YONGE's administration proved a bitter disappointment to the Barnards. It was an injudicious choice on the part of the English Government ; he was weak in character and elderly, while Lady Anne's fears of a Governor who was addicted to jobbery were almost prophetic, as events were to show—of the new Governor's staff, if not of Sir George himself.

In the letters to Dundas and Macartney from Andrew Barnard and Lady Anne a note of foreboding is visible.

Castle of Good Hope.

12th January, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I had the honor of writing to you on the 7th December ulto. and in continuation on the 13th, acquainting you with the arrival of Sir George Yonge and of his having taken the oaths as Governor of this Colony, since which no particular occurrence worth mentioning to you has taken place, except the arrival of Mr. Nederberg, the Governor of Batavia, who has left that Government at an unfortunate moment, as you will perceive by my last letter what services we expected from him. I have however the satisfaction of telling you that when he sailed from Batavia he left the Prince of Orange's flag flying there ; having by his own firmness and determined conduct maintained the same form of Government that was established there before the Revolution in Holland in its full force ; notwithstanding that many attempts were made by persons sent out purposely to overturn it ; all of whom he sent back again as soon as he found

out what their errand was. He says that he has left a very *good* and *prudent* man in the Government but not a very active one, yet he thinks that as soon as he receives the intelligence we sent him, that he will act with firmness and vigor.

I have written to Lord Macartney by this opportunity there are two or three circumstances which I have ventured to observe on in my letter to His Lordship which he will doubtless communicate to you if he deems them of sufficient importance. I do not mention them to you myself as I may perhaps have been rather too hasty in the Judgement I have formed.

I have the honor to remain, &c.

(signed) A. BARNARD.

Rt. Honorable

Mr. Secretary Dundas,

&c., &c., &c.

*P.S.* Your Wine I assure you, Sir, went in the Stately, directed to you. I have written to my Agent, Mr. Carstairs, to make every possible enquiry respecting it.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Cape of Good Hope.

Feb: 15, 1800.

I wrote to you about a month ago my dearest Lord, by the 'Sir Ed: Hughes'. It was a very long letter, carried on & sent off without re-perusal, therefore it is more than probable there might be much recapitulation in it. However I know your partiality, & that you will pardon all inaccuracies.

At the present I have too little time to write to you a detailed account as I ought, of the little events of the last month; but a general one I *must* contrive to give, as you will naturally be curious to know how matters now stand, whether we are 'men or mice', whether trampled down by a powerfull cabal, or whether we have kept our ground & recueillied *pour mieux sauter*.

To say the truth the last two months have been difficult & agitating ones, for added to the vexations from the out of doors people, it has cost me much influence exerted over my dear Barnard to keep him from getting too angry on some occasions & dispirited on others. You know his nature & will therefore guess how necessary it has been for my ears to listen to things from others which my tongue has never repeated to him, but which have braced me along with him in that steady, even, mild but firm course, which I have now the pleasure to tell you has I think steer'd us into port safely, honorably, & *entre nous*, but we wont speak this above a whisper, triumphantly in my opinion. . . .

Meantime the only weapons I brought against that *league*, was cold chickens, music, Misses to flirt with the aide-de-camps, & such little *agréments* as our house can muster, which tho' lazy of calling forth when there is no call, I think good auxiliaries in aid of a proper purpose.

Sir George & his family, begining to be rather tired of the dullness & pettish turn of General Fraser, & of the want of manners of Erskine &c., were glad to come for variety's sake. 'How gay & chearfull you all are' said the Governor, 'and yet I never hear you abusing anybody—pray let me see you often at my house. I have a Scotch tray, invented by the advocate, which is intro-



duced every evening at nine, remember—all friends, and sit close.' To this Scotch tray we sometimes adjourn'd; when we appear'd off moved the other folks, and we perceived that one by one they soon vanished away.

The General arrived at last to marry his love, after nearly completing a sort of peace which no-one thinks will last, but I own I think him right to make up one the best way he can, rather than to go on in a war so fruitless as that we have been engaged in. He was married the 22nd of January, and sett off for Rondebosch. There was a good deal of jesting amongst the male part of the Government House people after the coast was clear, Miss Cumings having as they thought been inconsistent by dancing away at a large ball the night before, and when the General & the Clergyman arrived next day at 12 o'clock, running away, weeping & refusing to be married; but all that seemed to be rather a mistake in judgement than any error in intention. Sir Roger Curtis on the contrary said that all was perfectly proper & as 'it should be'.

While the General remained in the country, his friends in town pushed Sir George very hard to desire us to quit the Castle, indeed we staid unpleasantly to ourselves in a state of disagreeable uncertainty. Mr. Barnard at last wrote a note requesting Sir George when he saw General Dundas to ask what his determination was. Sir George declined this, having already requested it, & advised Mr. Barnard to ask it—a copy of which I shall enclose. It produced next day the General's reply, No. 2, which was so different in its implications to what Mr. Barnard apprehended was the Governor's intentions, that he wrote a very animated note to him for



information on the subject. Indeed Mr. Barnard begun to think that he had entangled himself on first arrival, with some promise to Erskine on the General's behalf, hastily given, & that he knew not well how to keep it, & yet to do justice to both partys. Sir George replied by No. 3. On first reading it appears rather against Mr. Barnard's interests than for them; but it is not *injudiciously* wrote, as it fully establishes as it ought, *his power over all, & floats lightly & evasively* over every matter which woud breed difference between the partys, a hint being also conveyed that the letter was calculated to be *seen* by the General, & that he had therefore chose to misunderstand Mr. Barnard, in order to render the doctrines he laid down for *both* the less unpalatable to the General.

Conclusive as this letter seem'd as to our remaining in the Castle at least for the present, yet Mr. Barnard felt a reply to the General's last was indispensably necessary to disclaim the implication of a right, which he did not think his note imply'd, & at the same time to explain his sentiments to the General on what he conceiv'd to be the nature of his tenure in the house—this letter is No. 4. At the same time he sent a note to the Governor to the same effect, & the last paragraph in the same words. No reply has come from the General, indeed nothing more could be said, & the Governor looking on all as finally settled, *we do so too!*

I suppose the General is privately very angry; all his people were furious, *till* they found we had kept our ground. I have been confined since, but the Craufurds tell me they see a change in their manners. They expected to kick us about as they pleased, & they fancy

they *begin* to be a little awed by finding themselves foil'd. They have made me bilious my dear Lord, but I am better, & when I get out shall be ready to be on terms of civility with all who appear ready to meet me half way.

I know not yet how I shall like the new Mrs. Dundas. I feel *more disposed* to like her than the Government House people wish me. She is no favourite there I see, having lorded it too haughtily over the poor Blake on board ship, who is a good humoured soul & who Miss Cumings fancied would be in a subordinate situation; but the Governor having appointed her to do the honors of his family, the tables are turned. Mrs. Dundas is grown attentive; but the Blake remembers how it was.

As to us, the effects of the first bad influence is over, & I think from the top to the toe of the family, all like *us*, and all our component parts. Tucker is a protégé of Col. Craufurd's father, & Col. Cockburn has taken to us ever since General Fraser resented his being made Barrack-master instead of himself. Mr. Barnard & I begin to hope that our new Governor will soon stop in his hasty career of benefits & appointments, now that his family are provided for—he has listen'd to the suggestions of a possible insufficiency in the revenue if further pressed. A change of publick offices seems to be laid aside, & no more is said for the present of building more Barracks; but while he ceases to do harm, will he do any good? I do not mean as to benevolence, for he really appears good humoured . . . but *ability*; is it not wanting?—'Say, for thou canst, what is it to be wise.'

I'll tell you a good joke between ourselves. Green lamented to me t'other day that he had given him

instructions respecting business in the Custom House so injudicious & so opposite to what he conceived to be the right system, that he hardly knew how to draw up the paper & put his name to it. ‘Pooh, pooh’ said I, ‘draw it up exactly on the plan Lord Macartney would have recommended, you have conversed those matters over often together—say that you *conceive* this to be the *spirit* of his instructions.’ ‘But’ said he laughing, ‘they are diametrically opposite to Lord Macartney’s system.’ ‘Never mind’ said I, ‘gild the bolus, throw it in to his Excellency. . . . A sensible plan will readily make its way good with any man who is not very precise in his ideas & new to the business. . . . He will throw it out to the world as his own, and all will go well.’ ‘I’ll try’ said he; ‘but will you insure me . . . for a farthing?’ In two days he came laughing and dancing. ‘O! how I have been complimented to-day. . . . Sir George says I have perfectly enter’d into *his* meaning, & that he never was so *well understood* in *his life*, that I must have had very able assistance in the drawing up of that paper &c.’—To see this was however something.

By such means as this my dear Lord, Mr. Barnard (as far as *he can*) will force you to be the real acting Governor even in your absence; but I know not yet how far he will have it in his power, as little business has either been done as yet, or consulted on. Sir George too complains that General Dundas tells him nothing. ‘When he returned from Alagoa Bay’ said he, ‘he told me there had been war, there was peace, that a man of the name of Maynier was settling it, but not a particular have I got.’ He ask’d him what ought now to be done with the Dutch prisoners in the Castle—‘That depends on

y<sup>r</sup> Excellency.' 'What are their crimes & what the proof against them?' 'I know nothing as to that; I sent them here to be tried.' 'And suppose I had not been here, what woud you have done?' 'I never considered that.' He then talked of trying them. . . Mr. Barnard, Mr. Holland, & some lawyer, I forget who, together & looking over the proofs to judge whether they ought to be tried by the laws of the Colony<sup>1</sup>, or whether he shoud banish them on his own authority. But perhaps I am repeating things wrong from not understanding them. I had better conclude. In one respect he is *much superior to you*, he visits like Jupiter, attended with Thunder & Lightning, in the shape of six Dragons. . . . I hope he wont reduce any of us to ashes! If he shoud, I do not think his little leg woud hold a Bacchus.

Mr. Barnard has left me to spend this night in the country in order to shoot to-morrow, the first play day he has had for some time. I doubt whether he has had a moment to write to your dear Lordship by these ships; but I suppose his mind will be the easier that I have. I have wrote at length to Mr. Dundas also. If it was all to do over again, ending as things have ended, I woud prefer having told him nothing of all these little grievances, slights from his Nephew, or having expressed any blame of him; but we have not the gift of prescience, & I have more than once thought there was so much chance of the haughty General saying something that *must* have produced a rupture, that I thought it best to let him know ingenuously the progress of events.

<sup>1</sup> Until the decision of *Rex v. Picton* (1808) it was a moot point whether the criminal law of the former Government or of the new British Government was to be considered in force in a captured colony.

As it now stands I am sorry I have trespassed so much on his time—by the bye, I had better have said this to *him* than to you—I mean the last two lines.

My dear Lord, I should say something to yourself in apology for my long details, but I wont—you are interested in us, & that is my security. Have I any news for you? Yes. . . . Major Erskine is married to Miss de Waal—Mr. Bird<sup>1</sup> is married to a Miss Buissiné. All are well in this house, & the little Sarah Craufurd a fine child, begining to laugh & look about her—Col. Craufurd very happy, she the same & we happy in seeing them so. Mr. Barnard always the same good amiable mortal, & I, tho' still at the Cape,

Your contented & most affectionate & obliged friend,

ANNE BARNARD.

I have said nothing of a great while of the Panorama, because I hoped to have sent it to you *without talking*, and have been working away on the top of the house when such days permitted as were neither too hot nor too windy ; but it is not yet done. I am a poor bungler, and it is a tremendous work—6 sheets. Meantime I had half a mind to send you a very slight, hasty, unfinished sketch, I made from the strand after the loss of the Sceptre. Mr. Barnard woud not let me. He said if I sent that to you, I woud not work on with spirit at the superior work, and he ordered me to send it to Mr. Dundas, to shew him the nature of the shore & the two winds which blow vessels on & off.

Ross goes in the next ships, much the same as to health. I find he has been acting shabbily by Mr. Barnard leaguimg with the other party in abusing him, but fair

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Bird, afterwards Colonial Secretary.



to his face. I have said nothing of this to Mr. Dundas. I have been unavoidably obliged to blame so many people—his Nephew, Fraser, Erskine & that sett, so Ross has escaped literally because I hate to say anything against anybody if I can help it. Ross wont venture to say or to do Mr. Barnard any harm with Mr. Dundas; but the best safeguard is that I dare say he will have *no opportunity*. Tell me when you write pray if he is really stout and well. These severe illnesses are sufficient to shatter the strongest frame, & I know not a life more precious both to the publick & to his private friends. I am sure I love him as a brother or more, & have good reason, for I believe he loves me & protects those I love.

Talking of those I love, could not *you* contrive to tender a few of the best good wishes from me acceptable to L<sup>y</sup> Macartney, & remember me kindly too, to Lady Lonsdale & Lady Louisa. I wrote at great length to the first, but half of my letters I believe are gone to the bottom.

More last words!

I must add a bit of a good jest which will make you laugh. The Hollands have lately parted with their cook, who was a good one, a French prisoner from the Battery, & to the Battery he returned. On asking why they parted with him, Mr. Holland said he was *mad*. Mrs. Holland told me afterwards that the poor man was certainly not so very mad neither, but mighty odd and tiresome. . . . ‘He was, in short, I, I, in short L<sup>y</sup> Anne . . .’ at last she found courage—He had asked to be paid off & leave to go back to his prison. She pressed him *why*, what had they done to annoy him? He hung long upon the lock of the door, at last burst into the following







A DUTCH GATEWAY

words & run off . . . ‘Madame, je vous adore.’ She said she cried, trembled, laughed & fancied she had been dreaming; but another week produced her *une envelope* containing some account for beef & mutton and a letter. ’Tis all [one] *who* the French is who makes love, the shoe-black, the Prince, the valet-de-chambre, the dullest fellow, or Rousseau; they *all* write equally well, & all in the same way. I wish I could get you a copy of this letter, but it is needless—you’ll find it in any French novel. The poor cook’s secret could be no longer concealed, but what is very provoking, everyone thinks him madder than Mrs. Holland. She shew’d me a little window in the kitchen near the fire; he had had it struck out to see *Madame* more clearly when she came to order dinner, which we Cape ladys sometimes do in the kitchen. The poor man is in the Battery, he would go to no other service, & I fancy is a little mad, as he calls loudly for death to end his sorrows, & implores pardon of Mr. Holland on his knees for the presumption of his sentiments. N.B.—Tho’ I tell this gayly, don’t conceive the slightest ridicule or reflection on Mrs. Holland by it.

The new Governor had not held office for many weeks before the honest soul of Andrew Barnard was aghast at his reckless expenditure of public money. Puzzled, but as yet unsuspecting the obliquity of outlook which was to lead eventually to the downfall of Sir George Yonge and his staff, Barnard wrote as usual to his old friend and advisor, Lord Macartney. England has been served by many good men and true in the ends of the earth, it is perhaps inevitable that occasionally she should have a representative who does not uphold her highest traditions; she was unlucky in her choice of Sir George Yonge.

*Andrew Barnard to the Earl of  
Macartney*

Feb. the 19th, 1800.

By the Regulus I also wrote your Lordship a long letter upon various Subjects, but mostly relative to our New Governor. I also mentioned a wish that you would hint to Mr. Dundas that a few words upon the Subject of *incurring unnecessary expenses* would not be misapplied, and I have no reason since to change my opinion, as new things start up every day. A Complete Barrack Board is established, as you will perceive by the enclosed Copy of the Instructions to the *deputy barrack master general*. Colonel De Lisle is however still continued in his Situation. It is intended that the Establishment shall be extended to Simons Town, & I make no doubt but that it will reach Graaff Reinet at last. In addition to the late heavy demands on the Receiver-General, Lt-Governor's Salary has been given to General Fraser for the time that General Dundas was absent (nearly fifteen hundred pounds). In my last I mentioned to you that Mr. Blake and Mr. Daniell were appointed Under-Secretaries in the Room of Mr. Maxwell and Barrow; but I have since been desired to give the Salary of *both* to the Former Gentleman, with the Arrears on it from the time of Sir George's appointment, and to scratch out the Name of the latter.

Mr. Tringham is appointed Chaplain, Dr. Somers Physician, and Mr. Somerville Surgeon to the Governor's Household, but without Salary. Mr. Thibault is appointed Surveyor of the Public Buildings, with a Salary

of five R: D: per Diem and three D<sup>o</sup> for Travelling expenses while employed. Mr. Warwick, who your Lordship may well remember to have in a manner turned out of his Employment as Government Surveyor, was Yesterday taken again into the Service, notwithstanding that I told the reasons of his having been Dismissed: he is to be on the same footing as Thibault.

The Great Barracks are to be immediately repaired, and a Contract has been made for five thousand pounds; the Repairs of that at Simons Town are to cost one thousand. The Castle is likewise to undergo a thorough repair—God knows it wants it! I have heard no more about the removal of the Public Offices out of it and I hope that that idea is over, at least for the present.

I Yesterday received from Sir George the inclosed Copy of His Instructions. They are *pretty strong* I think, but not more so than is necessary. At the same time I feel rather sorry at the share I have in them, as it may some time or other be the means of occasioning a Coolness between the Governor and me, which it is my *wish*, as well as my *duty*, to avoid.

I inclose you a Note I received some time ago from Captain Tucker. I think it will a little surprize you, but so it is, with this alteration only which I made, that the Regular Business of the Colony is to be transacted as heretofore through the Office of the Secretary of the Colony.

As I shall have an opportunity very soon of writing to you again, I shall conclude with assuring your Lordship that I remain, with the Truest Gratitude,

Your Most Sincere & Obligated Faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>

A. BARNARD.

## X

THE letters of March 1800 show Andrew Barnard and his wife puzzled and anxious ; unwilling to think of the Governor in the venal light in which we now know that there was every reason to regard him and his *entourage* ; unable to help seeing that there was something very askew in the conduct of affairs ; desirous of returning to England on leave, but unwilling to resign into hands that were worse than incapable the machinery of civil administration which, under the guidance of Lord Macartney, had been built up with care and wisdom. Their letters reflect their dismay, with their firm resolve not to abandon the ship, though with little confidence in the new pilot.

### *Andrew Barnard to the Earl of Macartney*

Castle of Good Hope,  
March the 10th, 1800.

I had the Honor of writing a few Lines to your Lordship on the 19th of last Month by the *Amelia*, and promised then that I should shortly write again by Mr. Ross. I shall not however give my Letter to him, but it goes in the same Ship, and is in safer hands. I wish I could write you pleasing intelligence from hence, but indeed I cannot, as I see with Sorrow that matters are going wrong, and I fear will be still worse, yet it is not in my Power to prevent them from becoming so. At present things are done so off hand, through the Private Secretary



and the two Aide-de-Camps, that I seldom hear or know a word about them, or have even a trace of them in my office. It is therefore impossible for me to keep business in its proper Channel, or to prevent many improper things from being done, which if they came as heretofore through my office, I very possibly might be able to set right; but that confounded Advertisement, a copy of which I inclosed you in my last Letter, Giving Notice that the Governor transacted Public business on Wednesdays only, has put everything in confusion. When I call in the Morning with Papers to lay before him, it is with difficulty that I can speak with him, and two or three times he has told me that he did not wish to see me oftener than it was *absolutely* necessary; but I do not choose to take the hint, as my Duty obliges me to be troublesome to him where business is in the case. The Poor Fiscal feels the same Inconvenience that I do, and Laments the bad effects of it, but we cannot help it. A Strange circumstance has just taken place which has every appearance of being a transaction of such a Nature, that were you here you would set your Face against it immediately, and which the moment it came to my knowledge, I endeavoured to put a stop to, *but in vain*, as you will see by the inclosed Note, *on which I shall make no comment*. The following are the particulars of it. . . .

A Portuguese Ship (which your Lordship is well acquainted with) called the Joachim, arrived here about a week ago with a Cargo of Slaves from Mozambique<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lord Macartney had declared the importation of slaves without sanction of the Government an offence punishable with a heavy fine. A custom duty of 5 per cent. was charged to English ships and 10 per cent. to foreign ships. Slave traffic with the east coast of Africa was forbidden, as it had been used by the French as a means of obtaining provisions for

bound to Rio Janiero. I must tell you that this is the Second Trip she has made since your Lordship was here. General Dundas gave leave to land the first Cargo, of which if I recollect right you declared a Man should not be landed—however when your back was turned it proved otherwise. As soon as her Cargo was on shore the same People Dispatched her for another, as they had succeeded so well with their first. Now mark the Steps that Mr. Hogan took to ensure the permission to land and to Dispose of that Cargo when it did arrive, without appearing to those who know nothing of the matter and who did not choose to enquire into it, to be in any way concerned in the transaction.

While General Fraser was in the Command here he gave him a Petition which he Requested might remain in the Office, Praying that in case permission was given for Slaves to be imported from Mozambique, that he should have the preference, as he had made the first application. A few Days before the Joachim arrived he sent in a Memorial to the Governor in which he states the losses he sustained by his attempt to bring Slaves from the West Coast, and in consequence of that, and the great demand there is for Slaves at present in the Colony, he begs permission to send for a Cargo to Mozambique, which was granted him without my ever hearing a word of the matter, or seeing a Single Paper respecting it. As soon as the expected Ship, the Joachim, arrives, which professes only to touch here for Refresh-

Mauritius, French ships flying neutral colours putting into Table Bay in apparent distress with slaves on board ; these would be landed and a cargo of grain obtained in exchange. Sir George Yonge and his staff were later on involved in an illegal slave traffic with Mozambique, conducted by Michael Hogan.

ments in her way to Rio Janiero, he presents another Petition to the Governor, in which he says, ‘ that the Ship is consigned to him, and as the Captain has full power given him to Dispose of the Slaves wherever he can find a Market for them, that he has bought the Cargo, and requests leave to land it ’, which is also granted without enquiry of any sort or kind.

As soon as the matter was made Public, Captain Osborn and the Officers of the Navy gave Notice that if they attempted to land a Single Man that they would seize the Ship, as the whole was an illegal transaction, the Governor having no authority to grant such leave, it being in direct opposition to the Order in Council and to several Acts of Parliament. How far they are justifiable or not, I will not take upon me to say ; but I thought it my Duty to inform the Governor of it, and at the same time I *gave* him the Order in Council and the Act for Regulating the Trade of this Colony, and Related to him the Particulars respecting the whole transaction. I might however have saved myself the trouble, as no good was produced by it. I should have shewed him your Lordship’s answer to my Query respecting the Number of Slaves that ought to be imported Annually into the Colony ; but I find, for what reason I know not, that your rule of conduct, so far from serving as a Model for him, is seldom approved of, and still seldomer followed.

The more I think on the Instruction, a Copy of which I sent you in my last, and of which another Copy No. 1 is herein inclosed, the more I am at a loss to find out how it happens that the Secretary of the Colony should have the unpleasant task allotted him, together with the

Lieut-Governor, of pointing out and Recording the Errors of the Governor, supposing any to be committed with respect to incurring extraordinary expenses, without its being also put in his Power to prevent those Errors being fallen into. As things at present are arranged, my Sentiments must always come too late to be of *use*, tho' not *too late* to do myself much injury with the Governor, who if he acts in a manner that appears to me imprudent I must necessarily offend, or be wanting in my Duty. Had the Degree of Rank been conferred on me that your Lordship once thought me Deserving of, I could have spoken my Sentiments freely, and might perhaps have been able to prevent many Expenses being entered into which when once incurred, my Remarks on them became altogether useless. I mentioned to your Lordship in a Former Letter that Mr. Maynier had been appointed by Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas as a kind of Extra Landdrost or Commissioner for settling the Affairs in the Districts of Swellendam & Graaff Reinet. Sir George has thought proper within these few Days to appoint Mr. Somerville Joint Commissioner with Maynier, and I *understand* that Mr. Daniell is also to be his Secretary. No Salary is at *present* given to Mr. Somerville, as he made the Governor understand that he could not give him one that was adequate to the trouble!—it is therefore to be *made up* to him in *some other way* when he returns.

March the 29th.

The Sailing of the Camel has been Unexpectedly delayed by the arrival of one of the Company's Extra Ships called the Malabar, which came in here totally dismasted, and as she has a Valuable Cargo on Board,



MYNHEER HOFFMAN  
A Swellendam Acquaintance



MYNHEER BERGH



the Admiral Detained the Camel untill she could be made ready for Sea. She is now repaired, and they are to sail to-morrow. Another Ship called the *Caledonia*, that sailed from Bengal in company with the Malabar, arrived a Day or two ago in Simons Bay, having been twice Dismasted, and Reduced to such Extremities that they were on the point of going into the Mauritius<sup>1</sup> as the only means they had of saving their Lives. The Captain however, much to his Credit, persevered and has brought the Ship in, tho' in a most Wretched condition, having been on a pint of Water per Diem for Ten Days, without fresh Provisions, and when they arrived there was but fifty Gallons of *fresh* Water in the Ship. The business I mentioned to you about the Slaves ended by Captain Osborn's writing a Letter to Mr. Green, as Collector of the Customs, to acquaint him that on such a Day a Cargo of Slaves were to be landed, and as it was an *illegal* transaction, that it was Mr. Green's Duty to stop it. Mr. Green returned for answer that he had the Governor's orders to allow the Slaves to be landed, and that he should obey it.

I inclose you a Curious Order which was given out by General Dundas in consequence of a Letter from an Officer at Graaff Reinet to a Friend in the same Regiment here, telling him that a Man of their Regiment had Deserted to the Hottentots, and that he had taken a hundred rounds of ball Cartridge with him. You cannot conceive what a Sensation this order has produced here, and how much it is talked of by everybody—they say that there must be something very rotten at bottom when so much pains is taken to conceal it.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Flinders's voyage in the *Cumberland*, when he put into the Mauritius in distress in 1803, and was retained a prisoner for seven years.

My Letters to you are Long, and I fear sometimes tiresome, but as your Lordship had once so great an Interest in the affairs of this Colony, I cannot help supposing that the same Interest still exists. I therefore go on as I began, and tell you everything both *Good & Bad*, having learnt from Habit to hide nothing from you.

We have been *settled*, or rather *unsettled*, these three Weeks, at my New Cottage near Newlands,<sup>1</sup> the House at Paradise being no longer habitable.

Craufurd's Regiment is ordered out to Wynberg, so we shall have them in our Neighbourhood, which will be convenient for them, and Pleasant to us.

General Fraser has at last got Witteboom.<sup>2</sup> I understand he has been living at Camps Bay for some time, having hired it from Captain Robertson, who applied to the Government for a grant of it; but I took care to shew your Lordship's note respecting it, which prevented the Grant being made.

The Paper Money of the Colony has Disappeared in a Strange manner lately and no-one can tell what is become of it—the Scarcity of it is become a very great inconvenience to the Public. A quantity is now signing to replace the worn out. Baumgardt is again employed writing his Name, without getting anything for it, tho' he made a good struggle to be paid, or to be excused, and was very near succeeding. Mrs. Baumgardt is *as usual*, tho' she has left the Land and entered into the Sea Service. Mrs. Dundas has visited and Dined with her, altho' she declared *before marriage* that nothing should compel her to be acquainted with her. As you will of course see Mr. Ross, I must refer you to him for any

<sup>1</sup> The Vineyard.

<sup>2</sup> Witteboom is an old farm near Constantia.

further *private* History of this place, and as to Public News, I think I have told you all.

Woud it not be possible to try Mr. Dundas once more respecting leave, which I think he might grant me with great propriety when Mr. Ross returns, as I shall then have been here upwards of four Years. I have had an offer made me of Ten thousand Pounds to purchase me an Annuity, if I will resign my situation in the Person's Favor that made me the offer; but Fifty thousand woud not tempt me unless it was a Person Recommended by Mr. Dundas, and one that he wished to serve.

We look with Anxiety for the Arrival of the Troops promised us from home, and I hope at the same time that I shall have the Satisfaction of hearing from you.

Believe me, with the Highest Respect & Regard,  
Your Lordship's Most Faithful & Obliged Serv<sup>t</sup>,

A. BARNARD.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

March 12, 1800.

I will not trouble my dear Lord at present with more than a very few lines merely to say we are all well, as Mr. Barnard tells me he is writing at large. I feel myself now quite recovered from my little attack, but I look ill & ugly, & what is very *singular*, grow *older* and *uglier every day*, in spite of my best intentions to the contrary. Fooling apart, I do not think the vicissitudes of this climate will [agree with me] after three or four

years, when youth is over—I think they hurry on old age, and I could almost say I am glad you are gone, as I shall have of you all those good years in London by & bye, which might have been abridged had you remained much longer here. What I find fault with in myself is that I grow *so thin*, however that may come round, as the saying is.

Sir George is an older man than your dear Lordship by a good many years I believe, tho' he rather wishes that to remain in the shade. He is certainly blessed with an excellent good natural constitution as I hear; but will not allow that it is necessary to manage it. He has had however several little bowel complaints since he came, of no great importance. General Dundas's suite say the contrary, & that the General means to avoid all publick business by staying at Rondebosch till the Governor's *death*, which cannot be a distant period, from ailments he has—that he has then been promised to succeed to the Government by Mr. Dundas, and so forth. I fancy if he waits for the death of Sir George, he may wait many a long year.

I told you in my last that we are on perfect good terms with the Government House people, indeed I rather think we are courted than the contrary & that with appearances of esteem & friendship; but this does not blind Mr. Barnard to the total want of system & the too quickly granted bountys of his Excellency, who from perfectly different causes acts almost in some respects as the General *did*, by telling Mr. Barnard what he has accorded *after* the boons are granted—to be sure this is a step better than not being told at all of anything. Mr. Barnard will inform you of the nature of the paper

which I mentioned in former letters & which at first reading I supposed might render Mr. Barnard of additional use in this place; but on further consideration we think it one which stops short of the point which would have been usefull, as the Lieu<sup>t</sup>-Governor & Secretary to the Colony seem invested with the liberty only of considering & of pointing out *errors incur'd*, but are not authorised to prevent any measures or expences by giving opinions *before* the steps are taken.

How could Sir George mention this to me as a publick testimony of the high consideration he had for Mr. Barnard! He might have pointed out how much his *own* conduct was mistrusted at home; but if it was so, why, why did they not give him something in the shape of a Council to *influence him right*? He is not difficult to influence, but he is difficult to move after he has given forth his sentiments or intentions. It is not above a week or ten days ago since Mr. Barnard saw this paper. I hope if he signs *future extraordinary expences* it will be sufficient. He would be placed in a most delicate & in some degree an invidious situation if he was positively called on to sign one, previous to his knowledge of this paper. Many bountys have been granted, the extent of which Mr. Barnard disapproves of, tho' he would certainly avoid saying so for the sake of the individuals who benefit by them, & with whom he wishes to be on the best terms.

Mr. Barnard, the General & Sir George are already on very cool ones, & the military whisper that the General has wrote home representing many things. Mrs. Blake & Mrs. Dundas are cold—I should be better with Mrs. Blake still, if I would help her to find fault with some



imperfections in the other, but I wont. I wish to like if I can, & never chime in, from civility, with anyone, not my best friend, till I see they are soundly right.

Two pages already ! & this is not writing ! I hope you have long ere this time received a letter of 12 or 14 pages. I should be sorry (if) it was lost as it contains copys of Mr. Barnard's correspondence with the General. The military people also hint that the General has wrote home on the affair of the house—it will be difficult for him to know what to complain of, having had the choice of all. I foresee nothing between us for the future but bare civility, Mr. Barnard feeling too much displeased with his degrading conduct to him, to seek his society ; & the other is too proud to step an inch forwards—if he did, I am sure the gentle nature of the other woud mollify.

The Governor at present is full of a private concert which he wishes to be confined to the houses of half a dozen people at most, where everybody that can play or sing are to meet & do their possible, once a week, sup afterwards—there will be about 60 people. He has named almost all the members of it ; but left me mine to name, & in truth I am puzzled how to act, for I cannot think of leaving out all my old friends here who cant play or sing, but this is expected. On the contrary I see I am to live one day every week with, & sing *a generous friendship* with a sett of people who cant endure me, & who are likely to quiz (as it is called) both my civility & my song. There is no help for it, it is *his* idea & I will not throw cold water on it, but will squall my best, & let their blood be on their own heads who condemn me for singing no better. I wish he woud let everyone invite



their own company at their own house, but *London* & its ways stick in his mind.

I am told this plan of a select concert, at which certain people are to be & *them only*, is reprobated already by all here who are not of it, & that those who know they are to be asked are likely to refuse if it is expected they are to fiddle for the company, or amuse it in any way. Everybody is ready to *accept* of every possible attention, but to *pay* & be good-humoured in return is a different thing. When a day was talked of, I beg'd Thursday might be named without remorse by Mrs. Blake, as I should very gladly retreat (now that she was arrived) from those weekly partys which I only had there being no Government woman here but myself. 'O pray, pray for Godsake dont propose this' said she in great allarm; & it came out in the course of a little conversation that tho' Sir George likes partys of all things, the trouble of them at home & the responsibility is not so pleasant to him as partys at the houses of others.

However I meditate having no more general invitations, but each party to be one where the company is particularly invited, which I perceive obliges the Dutch more than the other, for which they are fools, as it is better to be asked perpetually than sometimes.

I date at the present from our cottage at the bottom of Newlands Avenue,<sup>1</sup> which I have never had spirit to do much about, as I concluded we should get home & it would be sold; but as there is the present Summer & possibly the next before us in this country, 'tis better to make it compleat at once, & it will far exceed any other thing of the sort in this Colony when finished.

<sup>1</sup> The Vineyard.

I wish we had the pleasure of the society of our neighbours. Buckley tells the Craufurds that he would gladly shake hands & be friends, but Maxwell would take it ill—Barrow says the same to Mr. Barnard, only in stronger words—& Maxwell (who we have always held the highest of any & loved the best) is blind to what I see as the real necessity of Mr. Barnard's situation as Col: of a Corps who do not choose to bend to the very rules they make.

General Dundas has behaved most shamefully in this instance to Mr. Barnard & I resent it more than anything else of him, as it was a most unfair proceeding to insist on a representation being made to him in writing of the conduct of the three gentlemen who absented themselves from their duty, & afterwards not supporting Mr. Barnard in the measure *he* had ordered. Had you been here, 24 hours would not have elapsed before you would have made all partys meet, & have placed their respective duties in such a point of view to each, that a universal amnesty must have taken place, instead of which the General says or said 'fight your own battles all of you', & leaves Mr. Barnard three friends *minus*, from having obey'd reluctantly his orders. Fye! it is not soldierly. But I must conclude—farewell my dear Lord, & pray continue to honor me with a few lines now & then when you have leisure, & when you can say a word of the leave of absence with effect I know you won't forget us. The Craufurds are in town—I am here alone & at present *a carpenter*, tho'

Y<sup>r</sup> ev<sup>r</sup> affect:

A. B.

Towards the end of this month two public proclamations were made, which are worth quoting as indicative

of the two men who were at the head of the civil and military administration at the Cape. The first was signed by General Dundas. In it he warned the public against 'the propagating of vague and ill-founded reports which have from time to time originated from the dissipated people of this country, especially upon the subject of the late disturbances in the country districts', and threatens all offenders with dire penalties. Perhaps the warning was necessary 'in a foreign and lately conquered settlement', as he phrased it, but no one could contend that it was issued in a tactful guise. With all his defects of temper General Dundas was an honest soldier, but tact was not his dominant virtue.

The other proclamation had filled Andrew Barnard with amazement, when he was required to issue it. It gave notice that the new Governor intended to transact public business on Wednesdays only, except in a case of great urgency—all applications to be made through a member of the staff in the form of a Petition or Memorial 'and must be covered with a stamp of Twelve Stivers, or no attention will be paid to them'. I commend this leisurely proceeding to the attention of the hard-worked Governor-General of the Union of South Africa.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

March 29th 1800.

The ship is not yet sail'd which I was in such haste to send this letter by that I scrawled it away in an unintelligible manner, but to-morrow the people embark, & the Heer Ross amongst the rest, who was in the Castle to-day with Mr. Barnard but did not send to bid me adieu. He is a changed man, careless & cold, having attached himself to the General & his party. . . . I shall

not trouble him with any letters, and had he behaved kindly & consistently to us, as we have always done to him, I should have recommended him warmly to the good offices of my Sisters to shew him civility & to assist him in what I fancy they are much better judges of than he is, in the choice of a wife, as I plainly perceive that he will take the opportunity of going home for ill-health, to bring out that article along with a new Corricle, new post-chaise & new cloaths. I hope he won't stay longer than the twelve months.

My dear Lord, I would fain hope that my good friend Dundas will melt to the permission by & bye. If he would give us leave to pay a visit at home this time twelvemonth, or on Ross's return (in case it did not exceed that), it would now content me; but I begin to be impressed with the opinion that by that time I shall need a little of my native air to sett me up again. I wish I could let you suppose this a finesse; but a finesse regarding poor me you know would be of no use. It is [anxiety lest] Mr. Barnard should *be sick*, & thank God he is very well at present, nor am I ill, tho' as I told you before, so much thinner that I am fool enough to be a little apprehensive sometimes. It is because I love life & thank God for my peacefull lot in it, which tho' it has its alloys in some respects is so far above the general par of happiness that I should ill deserve the comforts I meet with was I not contented with the whole. Satisfied however as I am, amusing myself very tolerably, I begin to pine after my Sisters & many other dear interests—for as to London, its amusements & varieties, I should not care a straw whether I ever saw its face again. It is only valuable to me as it collects in a small compass the

greatest part of what I love best—*mais allons, il faut revenir à nos moutons.*

As you love a bit of a joke, particularly when all partys are most intimately known to you, I have a good mind to send you the Finale of the affair of the concert, which you will find (if I have time to transcribe them) in the two letters which I shall enclose. I had heard of numberless difficultys made by those Sir George had counted on as Ladys who were to give their houses in turn to this same concert—by degrees all were off. . . . Miss Shendler, the Flecks, Mrs. Van Ess. Mrs. Holland could not play the harp—nor Miss Shendler the forte piano—nor Mr. Maul the fiddle—nor Mr. Adrian sing—nobody woud do anything for the good of the public, for fear it woud bring their dignity into question. I called at the Government House, found his Excellency: the Blake was gone to take counsel from Mrs. Baumgardt what was to be done. I told the Governor I believed it woud save him much trouble to drop the matter in its present form, & to let us all invite our company to our own houses, by which means the favour woud be more circulated thro' a jealous society which I professed myself rather fearfull of mortifying. He did not seem to like my advice, but made no decision. I followed Mrs. Blake to Mrs. Baumgardt's—she was gone. I asked the Baumgardt frankly if she really thought the plan one suited to the place. 'No, not at all—she shoud offend half her acquaintances by it, but she thought as I had consented & as Sir George seemed so keen of it, she could not object.' This led on to further discussion in w<sup>c</sup> Mrs. Baum: professed herself wholly of my opinion, but that she had been afraid to say so to Mrs. Blake, who had just left her.



On this I told her that as I was going to the country I would write to Mrs. Blake, expressing that we were both ready to follow up the Governor's wishes after his own plan ; but that our experience of this place & people led us equally to hint to him that we thought the other mode would be better understood at the Cape. She approved of my saying so for myself, but added she would go there in the evening & at large say all she thought & beg'd me to leave her to express it in conversation. Mr. Barnard came in on the end of this, I recapitulated it before her, & afterwards read him my note to Mrs. Blake. You may judge I was not a little surprised when next day I received the following letter, which tho' wrote by the hand of Mrs. Blake, I saw & Mr. Barnard was sure was the Governor's own dictating.

The letter from Mrs. Blake is dull and rather foolish, of the Mrs.-Baumgardt-said-to-me-and-I-said-to-Mrs.-Baumgardt order. Lady Anne was chilled and inclined to be hurt by sundry reflections on her veracity, but for once in a way Andrew brought a cheering sense of humour into the situation. When she took her hurt feelings to him he only laughed kindly and compared her troubles, unromantically, to the bite of a flea.

Mr. Barnard laughed at me. . . . ' True,' said I, ' 'tis the bite of a flea I own, but the irritation produced by a very little creature of that sort will even discompose an Emperor I have heard.' To give five minutes to surprize, five to disdain, five to anger, & the rest of the evening to that high-minded pride which raises one above nonsense, while a little good nature hand in hand leads one to smile, forgive & let the person gently out of the scrape, is the proper distribution of emotion on such an



occasion, frivolous true, but nothing *present*, no existing circumstance (as the House of Commons men call it) is very frivolous till it is *past*, upon the principle that 'a living dog is greater than a dead lion'. You will observe that the poor Baumgardt had eat up both her words & her opinions in the fright I suppose of offending the Governor. She you know is always for select things, as the honor is the greater to herself, the fewer there are who share it. I have always seen in the Baumgardt a disposition to alledge that I am fond of inviting tag-rag & bob-tail to my house, nor do I deny it; all that I deny is that tag-rag is superior to bob-tail. I know of no great superiority at the Cape one person has over another, except the Baron van Oudtshoorn, who is a bold Baron of Seven Tails; but I keep this opinion to myself & go on my own way, the *quality* of the Cape grumbling at my crowds, but all coming. In the course of the evening I sent my reply—here it goes . . .

I had your note this afternoon my dear Mrs. Blake. I am very sorry I missed you at the Government House, and particularly that I did not find you at Mrs. Baumgardt's. I am glad however that you sent her my note to you, as she woud see by that how closely I adhered to what I undertook, viz. to convey how much we were of one opinion, but to leave it to herself (in a conversation she proposed having that evening) to enter into the detail of the *Why* and *Wherefore* she thought so, tho' she seemed puzzled after her late conference with you, how to confess her real sentiments, and wished me to pave the way. Your note to her containing mine to you, which I thought woud have made all easy to her, accompanied however with the Governor's message, which I presume she had not calculated on, have had the droll effect of changing

her view of things. Let it pass—we women are not bound over to a rigid constancy to one opinion. Some of us bend softly to the occasion, and sometimes it is not without wisdom.

I woud not was I you pursue this question further, unless you wish to see her and I popping pistols at each other, for I must shoot her, you know, if she perseveres in the attack at my veracity—and I do declare I forgive her freely, tho' I might not forgive others so easily, and it is after all a little provoking in the Baumgardt after the well explaind conversation which took place between us. If you think it at all necessary to shew her this note however, in order to *pursue truth, do*. I never say anything of anybody, or quote anyone for what I am not ready to avow if called on ; but I do not think it answers well in general, as trifling matters are best past lightly over. When you know me a little longer, my dear Mrs. Blake, you will find there are not many people more closely correct as to the point of Fact, or less disposed to [dis]trust a fly, or more disposed to promote the *harmony* of Society in all senses of the word.

With respect to the business part of your letter contained in his Excellency's message, I beg leave to assure him of what I have before amply declared, that in whatever manner he pleases to arrange the concert, I am ready to make one of those whose house is at his service, & tho' I have never sung in my life at any meeting which resembled a concert, to do everything in my power to contribute to his amusement, as far as my very limited abilitys of entertaining anybody can go, which assurance I believe is exactly opposite to what I have heard was the source of some embarrassment, viz. that tho' all were ready to come & *to be* entertaind, no-one was ready to lend their aid by singing or playing, because they understood they were ask'd for that purpose.

Tell the Governor also that when he does me the honor of asking my opinion on any plan, I should ill fulfill my duty to him if I did not give it frankly. I did so when walking up & down the great hall with him last Wednesday, when I said that I thought he could relieve himself from considerable trouble & prevent a good many heart-burnings amongst those excluded, if he drop'd the idea of confining the concert to certain people only, & permitted each lady to invite the company at her own house, confining the *number* to what he saw fit, which would give everyone a *chance* of being ask'd in turn, & so prevent ill humour. But while I regretted the trouble he had & might still have, I made no difficultys. I professed myself his deputy, ready to follow up all his orders & wishes, being certain that the plan of a sensible man must be superior to that of a foolish woman, tho' in some degree founded on experience.

This being my creed, I beg leave to be considered, as I trust I ever have been, as one of the Ladys at whose house the concert is to be—and to shew you how little it is my wish to make it too general or too numerous, which you say Mrs. Baumgardt considers it already, I beg that the ten people who according to the arrangement I have the liberty of naming, may be drop'd entirely. I have many acquaintances here it is true; but *none* can be offended if I ask *nobody*. At the same time if Sir George or you should wish to add my ten to your list, I beg you will do it—it will give you the power of obliging many that you could not otherwise indulge. However, should not this offer be agreeable to Sir George, I am ready to send my list of ten who are people I wish to ask if I ask any.

I am sorry I cannot see you at the Castle to-morrow. If I remain in town all night, I shall endeavour to call if possible; but as that is uncertain I send this off, with my best regards to his Excellency & all your

house—& permit me, without introducing the word Honor, which I shall be happy to dispense with in your next note, as a little too formal between us, to sign myself, dear Mrs. Blake,

Yours sincerely,  
ANNE BARNARD.

To this letter I received a message that she should be happy to see me when I could. I knew well that the letter was not her own writing, as she is a good-natured woman, tho' so great an admirer of her Uncle, his abilities & wit, that she cannot think him fallible. I went after a large company were dispersed who dined with us, & on entrance found that joy in the presence of Mr. Barnard & me which shew'd me they had been apprehensive of my not returning in a hurry. 'O Dear! it is Lady Anne—here we are all together, that is so charming, &c.!' The Baumgardt, with rather a foolish face, sat pin'd close to Sir George, but I felt no grudge to her poor soul, & shew'd none; rather the contrary, for I found her rather too much the butt of the company. To be sure she was in an extreme twitteration all the evening, & was endeavouring to give Sir George & the aide-de-camps a good general idea of her little pretty personal particulars, which tho' scanty I rather admire more than they do.

Sir George was gratefull & gallant—to me full of zealous civility; but from what I have seen then & since, I perceive that in the bottom of his heart he has not forgiven *me* for the folly of *his* attempt. N.B.—I found by a five minutes whisper with Mr. Blake that the thing was now over entirely, that the Fiscal (whose wife was to have been one of the ladys) had call'd on Sir George & used arguments against it so much the counterpart



MYNHEER WEG (DE WEGE)



MYNHEER LEISTER





LEISTER'S HOUSE-POND AND BIRDS' NESTS



to my own that, disgusted, his Excellency had thrown up his plan, not without resentment, as Mr. Barnard tells me he sees in him some obstinacy to his own opinion, *if it has become launch'd*, tho' no fixed opinion on anything till he has express'd it to others, & then he thinks himself pledged to maintain it *coute qui coute*. He is very civil however to Mr. Barnard & full of professions of regard & consideration, without acting uniformly to it, as I before mentioned, agreeing to anything, fixing anything, walking on in new paths contrary to the old ones you used to tread in, without consultation with Mr. Barnard & simply hinting that he had no instructions from anyone but to follow his own judgment. I do not see however that he can do much harm here according to the present general position of things, as we are off at a nook of the world, & I fancy a part of the world of less consequence now than ever from our strength in India. Perhaps I might draw a juster conclusion if I was to take it the opposite way & suppose that we are of more importance as guardians to increasing trade than before. You know best—I don't understand these matters.

But I must seal—I am so pressed for time that I fear you can't read my scrawl. We have lost poor Mrs. Green since I wrote to you last, a consumption carried her off after she lay in of a fine little girl. Poor woman! she so little suspected she was so near her end that she had sent for the carriage to take her out an airing, half an hour before her death. Green is very, very sorry & low, tho' relieved by the catastrophe.

The Craufurds are part well, part moderate. Anne is not strong & permits herself to sink into a state of too great inactivity & torpor. The Reg<sup>t</sup> is ordered to

Wynberg, & Baillie's house is taken for the commanding officer. They will remain with us here till we go into town, & then they will move into it. I was much against it at first, I wished them to remain with us, but I now see that it will be more usefull to them to let them take up house, if but for a few months & try their powers of making things do comfortably, with me to advise, curtail, & preach against whatever I think unnecessary, than for us to run the chance of quitting this country before them, & leaving them lost & undone in their own opinion.

I think Craufurd has good resolutions of living within or on his income. His mind is very *just* on these particulars, & he does not think he must have anything he can't pay for. I mistrust Anne's activity more than I do his proper spirit or moderation in his own house. . . . I say *own house*, for you know he is fine gentleman enough in those of others. I fear from the nature of the Bond which the Fish was to transfer to Col. Craufurd that it may be a great while ere that money is realized ; but we will hope the best. He has lately had occasion to write to the Duke of York—he has reason to think that Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas has sent home the evidence on a Court-martial respecting a mutiny, without taking the least notice that Col. Craufurd *himself* employ'd one of his men to abuse him to a seditious fellow, in order to extract confidence in return of his schemes, so it cannot appear against Col. Craufurd on the face of the evidence without explanation—yet something was obliterated which was derogatory to Gen. Fraser. Col. Craufurd's letter I thought very proper, it went to the point regarding himself without any reflections leading to more.

Mr. Barnard has probably told you of an absurd order of Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas's that no-one is to be permitted to talk over the affairs of Graaff Reinet. He will send it doubtless, therefore I need not say I am stating it ludicrously, tho' pretty near the truth too, as commanding officers are ordered not to permit those under them to circulate or talk over ill-founded reports as improper in a newly conquer'd Colony. Of course this has sett every creature a-talking that is possessed of a tongue. He is very sore and very angry about Graaff Reinet. I believe the peace he made is such a peace as a moderate fierce war is in other parts of the world.

By the bye I heard a curious anecdote from a person who was *lately* with the Caffres. The fact so doubted in Bruce<sup>1</sup> is here incontestibly proved, as it is the custom amongst those people before they go to battle or on any expedition requiring courage & fierceness, to drive round a living bullock, from which poor animal every Caffre cuts his slice, devouring it quivering, and possessed of the idea that he is influenced by it. They are good enough anatomists to avoid the vital parts till their bloody feast is ended. *This is true.*

But Finis must come at last to my letter, as well as to the bullock, so I had better finish to secure the point of its going. So God Bless you my Dear Lord, & keep you well & happy till I see you again, & some scores of years after.

Yours truly,

ANNE BARNARD.

<sup>1</sup> *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile*, 1763-73 (5 vols. 1790).

*Earl of Macartney to Lady Anne  
Barnard*

London, April 14, 1800.

MY DEAR LADY ANNE,

Having written to you at length so lately, I have the less to trouble you with at present, but having since that time had the pleasure of receiving your letter by the *Regulus*, I must not delay a moment to express to you my gratitude for it ; but it is impossible for me to tell you how sensibly I feel your goodness, & how much I am flattered by it. You paint everything in so just & so lively a manner, that I think I am on the spot & see everything with my own eyes as if it were immediately passing before them. You may be assured that not a word of what you write to me is lost, that whatever interests you & yours is always present to my mind, & that no occasion is neglected to interest others for you. I was particularly attentive to your last injunction, when we parted, relative to a discretionary leave of absence, & Lady Margaret will probably tell you (as I did in my last letter) that I always returned to the charge whenever a fair opening appeared. Truly glad am I that we have at last succeeded, & right happy shall I be to see you & Mr. Barnard once more among us. I am however afraid from *your* account, & from other accounts of affairs at the Cape, that Mr. Barnard can be but ill spared so soon as I could wish, & that all his steadiness, good temper, good sense & experience will be highly requisite to prevent the errors some folks may be likely to fall into either from their own precipitation or from that of others.

By the way I have had a hint given me that the Ministers, & particularly the Duke of York<sup>1</sup>, were very much displeased with the late dispatches from the Cape, insomuch that a recall was very much talked of at first; but as I have not seen Mr. Dundas lately, & only mention this from the reports of common conversation, it is probably exaggerated, & I hope it is, for it would be truly vexatious, as it might possibly occasion a new impediment to your speedy return home. At all events things at your settlement appear to be sadly *embrouillés*, & I should not think them likely to be less so when the General returns from Graaff Reinet, & the two great men come to do business together. But you & Mr. Barnard will I am sure judge everything for the best, & fix your departure according to time & circumstances.

As for any exchange or arrangement of that kind, it will be most likely to be made with advantage by yourselves here upon the spot, & till it be done you will still enjoy the appointment. Peace cannot be at a very great distance, and an office of such value abroad may probably then suit many people better than an office of half the value at home. Lady Margaret & I sometimes talk upon this subject, & I would flatter myself that the difficulties may be found less than they appear. Indeed I long much to converse with you about it, & to offer you my best advice & assistance; but let Mr. Barnard on no account think of parting with his office till something be absolutely fix'd in its place that he likes as well.

It gives me very sincere pleasure to hear such agreeable accounts from you of Colonel & Mrs. Craufurd, as I take a very sincere part in their happiness. Mr. Faukener

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of York became Commander-in-Chief in April 1798.



writes to the Colonel by this opportunity & will tell him that the bond is in his hands, having been transferred to the Colonel by his Uncle, & amounts (principal & interest) to I think £1400. The £2500 which Mr. Craufurd means to give him by will, I don't imagine the Colonel likely soon to enjoy, for tho' Mr. Craufurd is often ill of the gout & quacks himself abominably, yet most valetudinarians who have the means of taking good care of themselves, in general last longer than men of robust health who have not, & Mr. Craufurd after a three months confinement is now come abroad again, looking much better than before. I should indeed hope that all this is for the best.

I am quite charmed with the candour & kindness with which you write on the subject of Barrow & Maxwell, & cannot but feel extremely hurt that any of those who belonged to me, & whom you & Mr. Barnard have always treated with so much attention & friendship, should have failed in the returns you had so good a right to expect. I wrote to Maxwell on the subject & gave him my advice, which I grieve to hear he has not been wise enough to take; but I shall write to him again, & because I am sure that even if he had been in the right at first, he must now be infinitely in the wrong. Mr. Barrow has sent home an account of his *Travels*<sup>1</sup> at the Cape, which I understand is likely to appear in the beginning of next Winter. I have not yet had time to examine it critically; but Sir George Staunton, who has perused it with uncommon attention, tells me it has very great merit.

<sup>1</sup> The first volume of Barrow's *Travels into the Interior of South Africa* appeared in 1801, the second in 1804.



Colonel King is still here, but talks of soon returning to the Cape. Colonel Campbell & Mrs. Campbell are now in town, & have taken a very good house in Wimpole Street, where they often have small parties—Indeed they seem to participate a good deal in all the amusements going forward. Mrs. Gardener is as handsome as ever, & much admired, *mais elle n'a pas encore fait du bruit*. Poor Colyear is in great affliction for the loss of his two eldest sisters, Ladies Mary & Julia, who died at Bath last week within a few minutes of each other, of a consumption which they caught in attending their dying mother last year. I beg leave to congratulate you on the marriage of your Brother with Lady Charlotte North which everybody seems much pleased with.

Before I conclude, I must mention to you between ourselves, that I told Sir George Yonge (whenever he gave me an opportunity of talking to him) that he ought to depend upon Mr. Barnard entirely for ability, diligence & integrity, & that if he did not, he would find himself involved in great difficulties before he was aware; but tho' he always received very civilly everything I said, he seemed much less inquisitive than I expected, as if his own intuition were sufficient, without my information. I hope however that long before this time, he may have recollected what I said to him, & that Mr. Barnard will have been able to prevent farther indiscretion.

I must now take my leave, but shall write to you again if the ship should be delay'd, as perhaps a few days may produce something interesting.

Ever ever yours,

MACARTNEY.

## XI

It will be observed that Lady Anne's letters of the latter half of 1800 are written from the Vineyard, a cottage which she and her husband had built upon a piece of ground below Newlands House, the house belonging to the Government at Paradise having become uninhabitable through damp. In her Journal is the following entry, 'Drove out Mr. Fair to the Vineyard, who was very happy indeed with the drive and assisted me to plant some seeds given me by Dr. Roxburgh and which I have delayed putting in the ground. If its improvement gives Mr. Barnard pleasure that compensates to me for any trouble. General Dundas and Captain Mann rode up while we were there. 'Upon my word, this is a dashing thing, to build such a house as this at the Cape of Good Hope, Lady Anne. Ho! Ho! Ho!' We walked over the grounds together, he frequently stopping to express his surprise at the sort of nice place it was.'

"I would put up a bar", said he, "to keep out Maxwell and the other two."

"No, no, General. I am more disposed to take all bars down which keep them away from us," I said.' Since Lady Anne's day the Vineyard has been enlarged and her small plants are now tall trees.

*Andrew Barnard to the Earl of  
Macartney*

Castle of Good Hope,  
May the 14th, 1800.

MY LORD,

It is now almost two Months since I had an opportunity of writing to you. My last Letter was of the 28th of March, and went home by the Camel. It was a long one, but as it Narrated circumstances as they happened, I could not well have made it shorter.

Many very strange events have taken place since that time, and new ones happen every day. The first extraordinary one was a Discovery made by Captain Campbell of one of the most daring and Barefaced Acts of Smuggling (not to call it by a worse name) that ever was practised upon the Public. Soon after the Arrival of the *Joachim*, of which Ship I have written you a full account, a Privateer fitted out by Mr. Hogan arrived, and with her two Prizes which she had taken on the Coast of Madagascar *as it was given out*; with Slaves on Board. The Prizes were condemned in the Admiralty Court, and Permission was Given by the Governor, through his *private secretary*, for the Slaves to be landed and Sold by Auction.

The moment they were on shore, Captain Campbell wrote a Letter to the Governor through my office, and at the same time sent another to the Fiscal, stating that he had full proof to produce that the Prizes when taken had not a Slave on Board, and that the whole of them had been purchased at Mozambique,<sup>1</sup> where the Prizes

<sup>1</sup> The purchase of slaves at Mozambique was illegal, and the action of Sir George Yonge in permitting the sale was wholly unjustifiable.

took them on board, as well as some more that were on Board the Privateer, and consequently that he thought it his Duty to inform his Excellency of the Transaction, that the Business might be fully investigated. After some difficulty, I got an order to write to the Fiscal, desiring him to inquire into and Prosecute the Affair agreeable to the Laws of the Colony.

At first the Parties talked *big*, and threatened Campbell with everything that *was terrible*, but after one Witness had been examined, and the *real* Log Book of the Privateer was produced, their Notes lowered and the Defence was given up, and the Slaves were condemned as Forfeited.

Captain Smart, who Commanded the Privateer, and who had composed a false Log, which he also had the Audacity to Swear to before the Collector, made his Escape, and has not since been heard of. It came out upon the Trial that Mr. Hogan had in his Pocket a Permission from the Governor to import Sixteen hundred Slaves from Mozambique! Can you imagine anything so unaccountable as the whole of this Proceeding, for it is only a second part of the Joachim Business, and the Countenance and Protection it receives *in private*, for to this moment I have not a Trace of it in my Office.

The next strange affair was between the Governor and General Dundas, in consequence of an order given out by the latter, and of which No. 1 is a Copy. You may easily conceive that this did not pass unnoticed, but less was said or done about it than was expected or wished by the Enemies of General Dundas. No. 2 is a Copy of the Governor's order issued a Day or two afterwards. He asked me what I thought he should do, and I said that I thought the Order ought not to remain in the

Order Books of the Regiments, as the General seemed sorry for having issued it. I however understand that a fresh Dispute has taken place within these few Days between them, and that Smith, the General's Aide-de-Camp, is going home with a Complaint from him, relative to the Governor's interference in Military affairs,

I now come to another strange piece of Business—Mr. Jessup has been suspended from Acting as Chief Searcher untill his Majesty's Pleasure can be known, Mr. Moss has received orders to quit the Colony, and likewise a Mr. Ponterdant who came out here lately with a Passport from the Secretary of State. The reason of Mr. Jessup's suspension is his having seized some restored goods of Eastern Manufacture, that had been sold on Board the *Christianus Septimus* and Transhipped from her on Board of the *Young Nicholas*, with the intention of their being sent to England under the faith of a Proclamation issued by the Governor on the 3rd of Feb<sup>y</sup> Ut<sup>mo</sup> Respecting Prize and Restored Goods, and his *persisting* in the Seizure notwithstanding that the Fiscal refused to act on his information without an order from the Governor.

Mr. Moss having been appealed to by Mr. Jessup for a *legal* opinion, gave it under his hand that he conceived the Governor had not the Power of issuing a Proclamation directly in the Teeth of the Order of Council, of the East India Company's Charter, and of several Acts of Parliament, and that if he did issue the Proclamation that it could not be binding.

Mr. Ponterdant acted as Mr. Jessup's Agent, and endeavoured to persuade the Merchants whose Property was under Seizure, to compromise the affair with Mr.



Jessup. A piece of Wit of Mr. Jessup's that has come to the Governor's ears, and which has done him no Service was, 'That it was a *green* Proclamation (alluding to Mr. Green having boasted that he had a share in composing it) under a *young* Governor.'

You have now had a short statement of the *principal* occurrences since my last, which I think you will allow are strange and unpleasant ones, particularly the Dispute between the Governor and the General. I am Heartily sorry that General Dundas's behaviour towards me when he was in the Government here, was such that it became impossible for me to consider him any longer even as an Acquaintance, consequently I cannot act the Part of Mediator between them, and reconcile two People that cannot be at variance without doing injury to the Service in which they are engaged, and lowering each other in the Estimation of the Public.

The Governor has decided on having the Dutch Prisoners that have been so long confined in the Castle, tried by the Court of Justice, and the Fiscal is now busy examining them.

The Surat Castle arrived a Day or two ago in Simons Bay. She had on Board about a hundred and fifty Men of the 22nd Reg<sup>t</sup>—fifty-six of them died on the Passage, and upwards of a hundred Lascars: the remainder are in a most sickly state I am told. I hope the other troopships will be more healthy.

All is quiet at present at Graaff Reinet. I inclose you a Paragraph which I cut out of a Newspaper this Morning. It strikes me that *if it is* an advantage for the Whalers to touch at St. Helena, where they can get *no refreshments* to enable them to return again to their Fishings, how much



more advantageous for them would it be if they were to put in here, where they could procure everything they stood in need of, boil their Blubber, and send the Oil home at an easy freight. As you know the only thing wanted to render Europe Articles cheap at the Cape is that the Ships should have a freight home. This would serve us and them also, and I think is Deserving of consideration. I therefore send it to your Lordship.

All your Friends here are well, and Desire to be Respectfully remembered to you. We still continue in the Country, as the Weather is fine, altho' we have had the Rains uncommonly early this Year. Lady Anne desires her Kind Love to you.

It is not surprising that honest Andrew Barnard found the Governor's proceedings 'unaccountable'. We have the advantage over him of being able to look back upon events, and we now know that the illegal affair of the slave-cargo was only one of many unlawful transactions carried on through the medium of Sir George Yonge's personal staff and which eventually led to his recall. It is interesting, though not gratifying, to read the story as it unfolds itself in the letters of Lady Anne and her husband, all unsuspecting as they were at the outset of the new administration.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

May 16, 1800.

How vexed I am my dear Lord, that I have not one moment's time to write to you. I was told there was a delay in the sailing of the ships, which would have given

me a charming week to myself, to be devoted to my friends ; but here I have a house full of company & not a moment of leisure. Mr. Barnard is gone to bed, and I sit up for half an hour to secure a peacefull moment. He bid me say before he went that having put up his letter to you in great haste & sent it off, he has reason to think he has enclosed *two of the Enclosures wrong*, & that there is another letter, in a word I forget what, which he begs your excuse for.

I am such a slattern in pen & ink matters, hardly ever keeping a copy of what I write, and writing a great deal to my Sisters, that when I begin to address your dear Lordship, I do not perfectly recollect the point I left off at, nor exactly how much I have ventured to lay before your patience. In this state of uncertainty, shoud I recapitulate forgive me, and shoud I bring out a bit of new matter, suppose that I did not regard it as thoroughly ripe for communication before. The ships that now sail I am told are loaded with more than their original cargo—with complaints from the General of the Governor, & of his conduct to him. To talk frankly of everything as I ever must talk to you while you encourage me, tho' the Governor may perhaps be wrong in a little military trifle here & there, which he (I believe) may have given an order about without making it go up thro' the General, he is not half as wrong as the General is to every field officer in the garrison, who complain of his making cyphers of them ; but *do as you woud be done by* is no part of his creed . . . he requires to be done by as he does not do.

A poor trifle about the mangers of three horses produced an order from the General of a nature so imperti-

nent to Sir George as to make military men stare and fear an arrest would be the consequence. The Governor however behaved with great temperance, giving him (after some statement of the impropriety of his conduct) the alternative of asking his pardon, or sending the matter home. The General preferred the first, and did it in the humblest manner, being afraid. The Governor saved his credit *gallantly* with the *publick*, & the affair was patched up. Since that time new umbrage has been taken, new quarrels, and I understand things are come to a point which has determined the General to send home Capt<sup>t</sup> Smith his aide-de-camp, to state the Governor's improper interference &c. Of this he would make nothing if the Governor was a sound good man in other respects. I hear that his family expect Sir George to be recal'd in consequence of what he has to offer, and that he is to succeed to him as Governor.

I hope that will never take place—I can conceive no man so unfitted to *civil* power, as he unites some very opposite things, being hot and hasty in delivering on military points; but so irresolute and timid of responsibility in civil ones that he can determine on nothing unless he is in a passion, & then it is a chance if it is not the wrong way.

As to the Government House, I really know not what to think of its *head*. I well remember when I wrote to you I longed to breathe in your ear something which struck us all strangely . . . and yet I rather think I check'd my desire of reposing it with you from the fear of being unjust. However, now that all the African world have talked of it so publickly, I will venture to do so too. Mr. Barnard I am certain has told you the particulars of Mr. Hogan's Slave business. Do you know that to

effect this, a *douceur* was paid of no small magnitude? He would likewise tell you that the whole of the business was transacted with Sir George *himself* and the Private Secretary, without coming thro' Mr. Barnard's office, which was prudent in Mr. Hogan, as Mr. Barnard had told him frankly that he should oppose it to the best of his power.

It is rather an unlucky thing in some respects, this invention of Sir George's to do business on Wednesdays only, and to have such pressing matters as cannot wait an approaching Wednesday, brought him by his private secretary, as it opens a door by which all manner of equivocal & unsound aims may enter, and be settled finally before Mr. Barnard hears a word of the matter. Let me remark here my dear Lord, that every fair broad & proper request is sure to come *still* thro' the Secretary to the Colony—all such as ought to be hurried over *without investigation*, go the *other road*, & of these there are many. Perhaps there is not in what I have hinted any *real* foundation; but the appearance is so strong that you will not impute any premature suspicions to me for confessing we are much at a loss what to think of the purity of our Governor's jealous—.

As to how we go on, all is well, civil, good humoured. There is no *select* Concert, but he & I are members of a publick one, stupid enough, but free to everybody who chooses to subscribe. Mrs. Blake is attentive to me, & I see wishes to convert me to her own use; but the *armed neutrality*<sup>1</sup> will be of no league. I see Mrs. Dundas too, but more rarely—I think her plans are better digested & that she has more sense than Mrs. Blake. She courts the world with *method* & *perseverance*, & is right—it is

<sup>1</sup> The metaphor is from the Armed Neutrality of 1780.

gratefull. I repeat all the little civil things I can to each, to keep them well with each other, in the Benedict & Beatrice stile ; but I see a disposition to be on icy terms.

We have been entirely at our farm for the last three months, & shall be in town as little as we can this Winter, to keep out of the way of all party work. At the same time it is fit to pay one's smile to society in the Winter season, so we shall not remain here then, tho' we should prefer it.

Some of the troops are arrived in a sickly state, more are expected. They bring visions of peace, but I have not any faith in them as yet. Mr. Ross will reach you now soon. I woud fain hope that Mr. Dundas will send us leave of absence on his return. If he comes back when we expect him (about eight or nine months hence) & we then leave this, five years shall we have left England, before we get back to it, or very nearly that. Margaret, who is *always occupied* with the thoughts of effecting if possible our return, asks me in a late letter if a person could be found agreeable to Mr. Dundas, who woud secure to Mr. Barnard 1000 p<sup>r</sup> an: if he woud resign in his favour, and do so gladly. Certainly Mr. Barnard woud if that sum was well secured to him, if *you* thought there was no impropriety in the transaction & if it was such as could in no shape injure Mr. Barnard in the opinion or regard of Mr. Dundas—but all this must depend on *your* sentiments in the first instance, & on his in the second.

I woud rather stay here *any* given time, rather quit this without *any* advantage, than I woud stimulate Mr. Barnard to try any point which woud be construed shabby or wanting in consideration for his patron. Was it not for such ways of thinking, which we both unite in,



I have no doubt that Sir George would give Mr. Barnard leave of absence *now*, if he was to resign a large part of the salary to Mr. Blake. I have no *reason* to say so, but I think Mr. Tucker would not have tried Mr. Barnard in the way he did, unless he had known what he dared to aspire at, thro' his influence with Sir George.

My dear Lord, my eyes gather straws . . . the night (speaking in Africa) is far spent, and the only lively feeling that remains with me is that which dictates *God bless you*.

ANNE BARNARD.

'Tis impossible to read this hasty scrawl, my pen is so bad.

Mr. Barnard tells me that there are no accounts going home as ordered by Mr. Dundas—either of the *late reign* or the *present*. Neither much like to shew how differently they have used the Treasury to what you did.

*Memorandum, Lady Anne Barnard  
to the Earl of Macartney*

I send you this private copy of a paper w<sup>c</sup> I mentioned Sir George said would shew how *highly he valued Mr. Barnard*. It shews how much he is mistrusted at home ; but it appears as if Mr Barnard's good sense must for ever arrive *too late* to be of *use*—the deeds being *done* he is desired to comment on. It is a pity he had not been vested w<sup>t</sup> the power of assisting in council *before* steps are taken.

INSTRUCTIONS

By his Majesty's instructions to Sir George Yonge as Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, all warrants issued



by the Governor for any Extraordinary services, are to be entered in a separate book to be kept for that purpose, in which book an entry is also to be made of the grounds of the services for which such warrants were issued; and once in a month an account of the amount of such warrants is to be made up & signed by the Governor, and also by the Lieu<sup>t</sup>-Governor or second in command, and by the Secretary of the Colony, and each of them are if they think fit, to enter in the said book such observations (if any) as may occur to them, on the nature of the service for which the expenditure has arisen; and duplicates of the said entries are to be transmitted hence by the earliest opportunities from time to time.

From the time of the departure of the Earl of Macartney, the publick accounts are to be made up as follows . . .

The first general quarterly account is to be made up from the last settlement when the Earl of Macartney left the Government, and continued to the date of the present instructions, 22 July 1799—shewing what cash or paper currency was in the publick chest at his Lordship's departure, what debts were then due, how much has since been paid off, & what are likely to be recovered.

A general account of the whole receipt & expenditure is to be made up monthly, commencing with the balance remaining at the end of the preceding month, together with a detailed account of each branch of revenue, shewing the amount of the whole and the charges thereon, & stating the balance at the foot of each account, accompanied by detailed accounts of the expences of the establishment, distinguishing fixed salaries from incidental charges, of which also the reasons are to be inserted in the account.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

July 28, 1800.

I find Mr. Barnard does not write to my dear Lord by the present opportunity (if a small vessel going to St. Helena can be called one). I must therefore give you a few lines to say that we are all well, and that I hope you have received my voluminous doses of Cape nonsense, the last of which went by Cap<sup>t</sup> Smith, East Indiaman, the middle or end of May.

I know not what Barnard has told you in his last—I suppose that we are all agog here with visions of future acting. The Governor is so bit with the idea (particularly as it has a little building in it & a *staircase* or two) that he goes every day to the spot where they are digging the foundation,<sup>1</sup> & sits there for hours with Mrs. Blake as I hear—for I am not yet a town lady, but shall be soon for a month or two, very sorry to leave the country, where I live like a mouse in a mill, away from all the little party work which I believe is going on between the two great Ladys & the two great gentlemen, who are just civil, but that's all. However as I do not think that people receiving his Majesty's salary have quite a right to live as privately as a private person has, off we go to Cape Town a few days hence, to pay one's smile to society, and to give good dinners & balls upon balls, to entitle oneself to the country again.

A few days hence we are to have another piece at

<sup>1</sup> The Theatre in Riebeck Square, now used as a church.

Doctor Somers's, viz. at the *Sealines*, for Mrs. Somers does not permit it to be called *Hospital*—& as it is alledged the Doctor does not permit anybody to be sick in it, there is the more room for a theatre. It is very good innocent amusement however, that of acting, & enchanted with it as Sir George is, I wonder why he woud not fit up a little theatre in his own house, where everybody coud have acted. It woud have been a twopenny expense, and better judged than to introduce this new amusement in a place which you wisely thought too young for a variety of dissipations or methods to be introduced of spending money.

I have a great mind to enclose you some stuff which no mortal existence but Mr. Barnard knows I wrote. Col. Barlow is to act Major Sturgeon. He sings pleasantly, & Mr. Barnard pop'd these verses slyly into the Post-office, with a few lines from the writer requesting him to shew them to the Doctor, & if he & the lot thought there was nothing offensive in the liberty a *poet* had taken with the *highest* & most respected Characters, that they were at their service to introduce into the piece now in rehearsal, the last piece as the writer understood, to be acted. If they were not deemed worthy, the gentlemen had only to burn them, *no other copy shoud appear*—nor is there another at the Cape. Therefore my dear sweet Lord, if you are tempted to shew the verses to anybody, I do beg & indeed *implore* you never to say they are *mine*, as there is not a thing I am so afraid of as being suspected as a Jingler. Indeed I am so fearfull of pens being turned to bad purposes in small society, that I woud not have launched this if Mr. Barnard had not *vow'd* to me that no creature coud pick

an offensive word out of it, tho' there was a good deal of harmless jest in the tournure of the song. I shall tell you (if this letter does not go before the representation) if Col. Barlow sings it, and who is the author of it, for every man will suspect his neighbour.

Col. Vandeleur I hear is writing a prologue for it. It will be dull enough, with a good deal of attempt. His last (when I saw the copy of it in Col. Barlow's hands) put me in mind of a beggar's cloak, so interlined, cut out, & inserted, that the original was lost in the amendments. 'Hush,' said Col. Barlow; 'we must not tell how much botching this has taken.'

And now to go on to graver matters. We look with great anxiety for letters from England & from yourself—We have received none either from you or from my Sisters or Mr. Dundas since the arrival of Sir George the begining of last Dec<sup>r</sup>—There is however in a letter I have received from another person, a bold assertion that a leave of absence is sent to Mr. Barnard. If so, it is gone on to India, & with it any letter of corroboration. This woud make us more vexed & angry if we could have made use of it, but Mr. Barnard thinks at the present time he *ought not* to leave this place with a very weak & inexperienced young Governor at its head, & a hot General always ready to tear his eyes out, particularly as the absence of Ross (tho' in reality of no very solid consequence in the office, the routine of everything being so well fixed by your own wisdom) appearing to leave this place rather too much neglected by both Secretary & deputy.

By next March, April, or May, I think he will certainly be here, & then if Mr. Barnard is possessed of the leave



Donald the Tailor and My Lady's Greatcoat





of absence, I do not think we shall lose time in making use of it. I declare I think my Mr. Barnard so right in the above matter that it leaves me not an idea of repining. I shall therefore content myself with a little more of that beautifull landscape called Hope, & with your permission shall put a kiss of Lord Macartney on my return, in the background.

The Craufurds are both well, & little Sarah a beauty. I think both are very happy, & doubt whether thro' life the present moment will not be almost the fairest page in their book, as here they enjoy all manner of comforts & some pre-eminencys, without the alloy of the comparisons which count the other way, & which if he was settled in London might chance to create an uneasy sensation sometimes when ten guineas was wanted.

I see Collyear is appointed to the family of one of the Princes, & am glad of it. I wrote him a longish letter a great while ago, and am sorry I have not heard from him, as it proves him to be in a lazy vein; but tho' sorry I do not resent things deeply which I know are surface foibles only.

We have many new recruits to society in the arrival of the 34th & 22nd Reg<sup>ts</sup>, who I think were not arrived when I last wrote to my dear Lord. There are half a dozen ladys of the party, all of which are well in their *very* different ways. The most noted are Mrs. Dickins, a heady well-bred old lady—'old let me call her, for she *conquers* me' in point of seniority: we are all contented with her. . . . Then there is a pretty young Mrs. Kelso, a farmer's daughter, who is admired & of course enchanted with everything—an innocent simple swain she is, but she has good dispositions to being a fine

lady & I fear they will not be discouraged. She is a bit of a spouter, & her husband said she should act if I *would* : the honest man suspected I would be his best protection. My refusal of course makes all the scarlet coats very angry at me.

General Fraser flattered himself that as he professed himself as ready to do the poor soldier (a poor enough soldier, God knows !) that I ought to have done *Nora* ; but I wonder he could be such a fool as to suppose after he has been moving heaven & earth to injure Mr. Barnard with the Governor &c., that I could be his *Nora* on any stage, except for bread—the brown bread of Sparta ! But to go on—We have a Mrs. Mercer, the longest young woman I ever saw in my life, the wife of Col. Mercer, who is six feet five fortunately. Her name was Clarinda O'Grady, born at Limerick, & bred in France & Germany. She is reckoned a rough diamond here, & rough she is as far as having no polish can make her ; but I see the intrinsic in her & that contents me. She has more conversation than half the fine ladies who chit & who chat, & more heart than all the fine ladies & fine gentlemen put together. Her behaviour when her awkward old husband had an apoplectic fit (from which he is recovered & staying with us) was beautiful, as they say at Limerick, for it was artless unstudied kindness, which overturned everything in its way to support an unlovely object, for in the fall the poor man had knocked out some of his teeth ; but the Clarinda looked at him with her heart, not with her eye. ' Lord ! ' said Mrs. Kelso, ' I should have run away & locked myself up, I should have been so frightened.' This is thought a much prettier sentiment at the Cape than the other, but—

These Reg<sup>ts</sup> have been very sickly, each has lost above a hundred fine young men, & more woud have been lost if the military doctrine of giving no wine in the disease, had not given way at last to the Navy doctrine of giving plenty of port when the malady has ceased.

Aug<sup>t</sup> 8th.

I am pressed for time, but I must add a few words, tho' this must go off as the ship sails directly. I wish it had staid till after the play, which is to be in three or four days. Mr. Barnard tells me he has had much fun with the verses, which caused much *sensation* (as the French call it) in the garrison. The Governor himself has been suspected, & Mr. Barnard finding it was the humour of the day to reckon them witty, gladly patted this on the back—the Governor disclaims, but is not displeased at being suspected. Dr. Somers has been thought of—Captain Barlow—but people rather lean to the notion of their being Col. Barlow's, tho' he swears to the contrary. Col. Craufurd thinks they must be wrote by some of the Government House people, they are so full of flattery to the Governor, God bless him! I was not afraid of anyone's finding *this* fault in them, & am therefore pleased they can strike him so. I suspect the Judgement of Macartney upon the matter will not be to this effect. No-one suspects Col. Vandeleur, as they say they are too good-natured. It is very amusing however to see the paper dancing about from man to man in the Castle; all laughing & conjecturing, with Mr. Barnard sometimes in the midst of them.

Finding their success to have much exceeded my

expectations, & that the letter to Col. Barlow putting it in his power & that of Doctor Somers to shew them or not was reckoned a very gentlemanlike action, I was tempted to send them the sequel of the business this morning, by the same conveyance; so all will be sung at the play next Tuesday, & I shall enjoy the fun in concert with my consort. Not even Anne Craufurd knows of this. I therefore shall venture once more to say to my dear *friend & confidant* that as I woud far, far rather forego any share of approbation, than be suspected of writing anything of the sort, I do beg my sweet Lord, if he shews the verses, which it will be very natural for him to do—may mention them as having appeared anonymous at the Cape; by some given to the Governor, to Col. Barlow, &c.; but never, never to anyone suggest the *real hand*, the more particularly as I have thrown in a little bit of an unfemale jest, to give it a masculine air, which you know is not much of my way, in prose.

I must conclude. We go to town on Monday, the 11th—this the 9th. The Governor told Mr. Barnard that he shoud come & dine with him directly. Barnard said he shoud be happy of course, & named Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, resting on the last, as the first day is really inconvenient to us; but he said ‘No, no, it must be the first’. I never saw anybody so eager of amusement, & that at the houses of others, as he is. I wish he had rather proposed our dining with him, as this manœuvre discomfits all my plans, which was to *begin* Winter with a large publick dinner, to which General & Mrs. Dundas might be invited, & this Mr. Barnard wished also. Private society belongs to private & mutual friendship, but all publick attentions are due to the

situations of publick men ; but this proposed dinner. . . . I wish he had not been so gracious. Oh, what a favorite I shall be, or rather he will be, when the balls begin !—but I wont accept of more favour than I feel I can repay with true coin. On this principle take care what you offer me, for there is nothing I will not pocket from you as verily ‘I can pay you all.’ God bless you, my d<sup>r</sup> Lord !

Yours allways,

ANNE BARNARD.

There is a well-worn parable of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. With evidence upon the seas which was eventually to lead to the downfall of Sir George Yonge, his whole mind was filled with plans for the new theatre, the building which stands in Riebeek Square, and which after his recall became a church for the freed slaves. It is still used for services by the Dutch Reformed Church. The letters of this time from Lady Anne show that she did not hold herself aloof from the amusements of the garrison, but lent her witty pen to further them, in the hope of calming the exceedingly troubled seas of the small State.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

Oct<sup>r</sup> 18, 1800.

It is now two months since I received your letter my dearest Lord, dated the 14th of April, and since that time there has not occur'd the shadow of an opportunity, good or bad, safe or unsafe, to write, else I shoud not have failed to pour forth the overflowings of a heart full



of gratitude to you for your *solid & zealous* testimonys of friendship, & for the kind & comfortable way in which you tell me things, doubled in their value by the manner you convey them. Nor do I feel less to Mr. Dundas, tho' the shabby fellow has not given me one line. I know how much he is departing from his own rules by granting a discretionary permission to Mr. Barnard, which I am so certain you only obtained by painting in strong but truthfull characters how much might be trusted in the hands of that right honest & fair-dealing man my Husband, that it woud be the height of injustice indeed, both to you & to him, if he avail'd himself of the permission till such time as he thought he coud do it *consonant with his duty*. The various motives which have influenced him to *postpone* his departure from this Colony for some time, his own last letter probably detail'd at length, & if it did *not*, mine did at length & breadth, both I dare say; but as his general tendency to *prudent silence* on difficult points never exists when he takes up his pen to write to you, I presume he has said all in a few words, which I have given you the giddy-pated detail of, & which I must add to at present for fear of my former letter being lost.

If you have received it, I enjoy with triumphant gladness your having it in your power to say to my dear Mr. Dundas, 'You see I knew my man—Mr. Barnard is *not* coming home yet, circumstances existing there (in particular the deputy-secretary being absent) which were unknown at home when the leave was granted.' When Ross returns however, we shall gladly leave this to see again all our beloved friends at home, tho' there is no longer any such *ardent desire* of getting away as existed



while Mr. Barnard was every moment afraid of being treated in such a manner by the General as he *could not* with all his forbearance stand. The present Governor & he go on smoothly—his words are courteous & sometimes kind . . . his conduct *not right* to be sure ; but while he fails *daily* in consulting with Mr. Barnard on points where under your wisdom he has certainly gained an experience which Sir George has *not*, it is evidently from no *want of respect* either for his *judgement* or his *principles*, but from an awe of both which tempts him like a boarding-school girl to do the thing he is *resolved to do*, without asking advice or illumination on the probable effects of his step.

From this cause, tho' there are plenty of jobs done, not a trace will be seen of any of them in the Secretary's office. Were they to travel *that road*, Mr. Barnard would check their progress ; but Sir George & all the members of that House (who have each their sett of adherents) huddle thro' everything as privately as possible for fear of 'Barnard's' getting scent of it to oppose, & sometimes he learns the matter thro' the circumstance of someone asking the person who obtain'd the favour *What it had cost him ?* This method of going on, renders this a Government of no respectability in the eyes of the people of the Colony. They all seem to comprehend matters thoroughly, but while they sneer, they by no means dislike a Governor of this sort, as every Dutchman who meditates on asking a favour (which if granted will bring him a thousand pounds) is better pleased to know that he will have to pay two or three hundred for it in some shape or another, than to have a fine, virtuous, rigid, & possibly very witty negative, such

as you would be not unlikely to give to an improper request.

As to you my dear Lord, your name each day acquires a sort of growing dignity from the comparisons your successes have afforded. ‘Ah! Lord Macartney, that is a different thing!’—is the sort of praise given by those whose *stock of English* does not afford a more particular list of the qualitys they allude to. Tho’ Mr. Barnard as you see has it not in his power to prevent some things, there are others out of which nothing is to be made by anybody, in which he can do good & influence. The great secret of doing so with Sir George is to give the *first impression*—if anyone gets before him & gives a crooked opinion on the fairest point, it sometimes takes him a month to get the matter brought straight again, & then it must be done when he is in good humour, not by argument. This part of his character is so well known to those around him, that they can beg him out of anything. If he ever refuses, there are such pouts & glumness that upon the whole the good natured weak old man (for 80 he is in his *mind*, tho’ under 70 in his years) puts me in mind of *King Lear*, who gave away until he lost even the right over himself.

*He himself* is not however *sound* enough for Mr. Barnard to attempt to stem the operations of those round him, such matters done for protégés or for other cronies take the lead. Perhaps in the government of such a country as this, it is not a very great object whether Madame la Publique has eight or ten thousand a year spent needlessly of her cash, provided no quarrels take place between the Governor & the inhabitants. She (Madame la Publique) like other common & publick ladys, have that laid out on her *back* which should be in her pocket; but

Sir George likes that the place should have a *flourishing air*, by variety of amusements, & flourishes away in reparations & improvements, without trying at the same time to increase the *funds*. Whenever one appears to increase thro' any accident, he only regards himself as authorised to make a *new place*, & whoever can invent one is sure of obtaining it. I believe it would have pleased him much if Mr. Barnard when he proposed a *Game Act*, to prevent many sorts in the Colony from being extirpated, had recommended himself as Ranger of the Royal Forests &c.—but I must get on to what I have to tell.

The Fiscal, who you know to be a good subject & an honest man, wishing along w<sup>t</sup> others of the Dutch to send an Address to his Majesty on his happy escape<sup>1</sup> from the attempt made on him, the idea was highly approved of by Sir George. N.B. a droll anecdote attends *this*. His Excellency sent Mr. Tucker his aide-de-camp with a sketch to the Fiscal of the sort of address this ought to be. The first page went all smooth & proper, the next too was panegyrick, only on Sir George & the greatest thankfulness express'd to his Majesty for having sent the people of this colony a Governor so *wise*, so *upright*, so *judicious* . . . it made me laugh . . . with a smaller portion of flattery to Cap<sup>t</sup> Tucker who was to bear it. The Fiscal was disconcerted, 'What can I do?' said he; 'this is not an Address to his Majesty, but a love-letter in praise of the Governor—I should be ashamed to send it.' Mr. Barnard advised him to draw his pen thro' the flattery & use other words, with a very handsome apology to gild the pill, which we framed so as to do.

<sup>1</sup> On 15 May 1800 a madman named Hadfield shot at George III in Drury Lane Theatre.

Sir George finding that Mr. Barnard declined going home in consequence of his leave, from his opinions of what was his duty, next proposed & *pressed him* to be the bearer of this Address, which he stated would be felt highly gratifying to his Majesty, circumstanced as the Cape was, & therefore pleasant for Mr. Barnard to be the bearer of. It gave him ‘*a fair opening*’ he said, ‘to follow his inclinations without anyone’s *finding fault*.’ But you know of how little value ‘*a fair opening*’ to do a thing not quite right is, to an honest man. Sir George would call it ‘cheating the Devil’, but I rather think it is cheating & silencing a higher power—so however gratefull it might have been to Mr. Barnard to lay at his Majesty’s feet the good wishes of those natives here who wish to esteem themselves *his subjects*, he also refused this, & Mr. Tucker carries the Address, tho’ not the compliment to himself.

I believe Sir George would have been glad to have seen our *backs*, in spite of all his love & affection for us. I dare say whenever we go, there will be plenty of attempts to get many things done off at once. ‘It is all your fault Barnard’, says Mr. Holland, ‘that I have not a good office out of the Castle, & room for Mrs. Holland in it too.’ ‘It is all *your* fault I have not this thing & t’other thing’ say others. I hope Ross will come out well instructed to be *firm* on such points, if anything is in his power on Mr. Barnard’s absence; but I think the Governor will find him more practicable than Mr. Barnard tho’ he was not fond of him when he went. Ross you know has for a considerable time past belonged to the other shop.

You will be pleased when I tell you that at last my

dearest Barnard has, in compliance with my strongly mark'd wish (never press'd on him by words—but people can read each other without letterpress) so far made things up with General Dundas that he lately dined at Rondebosch with me . . . a large company besides. The General had dined twice at our house before, on official occasions, & had called on me. This from *him* was rather a step forward, & as we owe to the gratitude due to his Uncle, every possible cast of lenity to the foibles of the Nephew, when he (led on by his Wife) shewed a disposition to shake hands, I was delighted that Mr. Barnard presented me with the option of his going or not. . . . 'My view is still for peace not war.' 'If' said I, 'anyone should say that the two wives have leagued to bring the husbands together, if they never say a worse thing of us I shall be perfectly content.' We went . . . the Craufurds were there; Barlows; Dodsworths—I forget all who besides, & all his own suite & friends. I went in high spirits, & was told afterwards by Col. Craufurd that the ease of Mr. Barnard's manner, & the general cheerfulness of mine, annoy'd the scarlet coats to such a point & made them feel so small, failing as they were now seeming to do in fomenting the variance, that they were all so sulky they would not speak to him.

Mrs. Dundas grows immense, & is to be confined a month hence. I do not know her intimately enough to paint her real & secret character, as I take it there is more than meets the eye at once. All that appears, or all that I see, is well, judicious, good humoured. I take her to be proud—she sits on her chair enjoying as I suspect, a little private feeling of regal supremacy from being married to *the Gunerul*, as she calls him; but this



does her good & no-one else harm, & it gives her a spirit & motive 'to carry on the war' of society pleasantly—In short I like her, & I don't know why she has not been liked in Scotland. Perhaps she has lived there in mortification instead of gratification, & that sours some vintages. All is sweet you know that grows in the neighbourhood of *Constantia* & *Rondebosch*. The day passed over well; but the Ides of March were not wholly passed. When the company retreated, one of the most extraordinary scenes arose that ever took place in a company where Mr. Barnard & I were a pair (as I may say) of newly *baptised Jews to the rest* . . . the General flying into one of his strange passions & behaving to Mr. Pringle<sup>1</sup> in such a manner as I had never before been witness to. 'Hold your tongue Sir, hold your tongue! don't you presume to talk on what is above your judgement and above your situation—mind your beef & mutton & your commissary's department! 'Tis our administration permitting such fellows as you to express opinions that is the cause of every scrape we have been in'—This arose out of praise bestowed on the conduct of Bonaparte as a General, however wrong his cause. I was surprised Mr. Pringle bore it . . . he did . . . Mr. Barnard very properly contriving a change in the conversation, or rather an interruption which was of use. I am told an apology of some sort was sent next day by Munro.

Mrs. Dundas I fancy must have sat on thorns—I durst not glance an eye at her. Half a dozen or a dozen of similar things since the camps were fixed round him, has taken place, so he is at present rather worse than ever

<sup>1</sup> The Commissary-General,



with the military. Sir George & he & the ladys of the familys are merely on terms of civility, but *great want of cordiality*.

Mr. Barnard woud tell you that at last he was able to effect the trial of the Dutch prisoners in the Castle—You know the Gen<sup>l</sup> had wrote home to know what was to be done. Mr. Barnard also said, let them be tried by the Court of Justice & don't be afraid that Justice will sleep when there is an English Gov<sup>t</sup> at her back to support her. The event has proved him right—what he could not effect with the Lieu<sup>t</sup> Gov: he did with the Governor. They were tried, & the major part condemned to death; but this was thought very properly to be too rigorous a sentence to crown what has been already so severe a punishment, a two years confinement with death in vista & the total loss of property to the familys so carried off from their affairs. In matters of High Treason it seems that the Governor cannot pardon—he may respite till his Majesty's pleasure should be known. This Sir George proposed to do in a *coup-de-théâtre*-like manner, at the foot of the gallows, a sort of barbarous lenity which (as a respite only was to be granted) he woud have been wrong to have granted in that half way, so Mr. Barnard prevail'd on him to respite all at once, one fellow only had a whipping, & they assured me he had deserved it. I hope & trust the King will pardon. I do not think the Boers after what has passed will be turbulent in a hurry again.

As to the Caffres & Hottentots I hear little. Some time ago I was told the chiefs complained that if certain things promised them, but not performed, were not performed, that necessity woud force their people to plunder for

subsistence. Somerville is up the country on a need-less sort of mission & Maynier to help him. He formed great expectations & grounded high claims before he went ; but I have not heard of any final or comfortable *result*. I suppose we shall have a floating war there for the next twenty years, & a constant necessity for half a Reg<sup>t</sup> there.

I wish Mr. Barnard could get Sir George influenced to shew some favour to the Hottentots, by settling some juster portion of time & rules for their servitude & a means of their more easily obtaining payment of what they earn from the farmers. In one of the last conversations my dear Lord & I had together, you touch'd on this, & I embraced the idea with double delight when I found you possessed of the propriety of doing something, but nothing has as yet been done. Matters took the turn of hostility instead of favour, & even now Mr. Barnard doubts whether Sir George will think he can interfere in any of the civil management of those bargains made by the Dutch Government with the Hottentots in times of yore. *Nous verrons*. I shall *jog* from time to time, & let others settle the political propriety of the matter.

I long to see Barrow's publication—you say that Sir George Staunton<sup>†</sup> says it has very great merit. I am convinced it will in all respects where science, & knowledge, & information on his subject can shine ; but I should doubt if the account of the place & people could be given with the disengaged honesty a man is likely to write with, who is here to-day & away to-morrow, & whether a lurking uncertainty whether he might not spend a lump of his life here, by marrying the Dutch-

<sup>†</sup> See note on p. 234

woman he was in love with, might not very naturally shackle his pen. I believe he is very happy, & I wish him very well, because I made his & Maxwell's first acquaintance under the happy auspices of sweet impressions, which they so long continued in my mind that I feel them its habit, & the rupture a vile little episode which I wish were done. I wrote lately to Barrow on having a Ball, saying that his wife & he were the two first people I would naturally think of asking to anything pleasant at our house, but that I was afraid of repulse, as she had never returned my visit on her marriage, & hoped this was not a stile between us which was to last for ever, as I had been & was his very sincerely. . . .

Barrow sent me a letter which proved what I have often observed, that his abilities are better than his judgement. He owned she never had been to see me, as she had attachment enough to *him* to reckon their interests the same; & as Mr. Barnard had never made any apology to him & his colleagues for his very extraordinary conduct to them, that of course he could enter no house where he was likely to meet with people adverse to him instead of friends--& he had the Honor to be my *humble servant*.

This letter appeared to me as if wrote that he might shew it to Maxwell, the fiercest little fellow by much of the three, & who I believe suspected the others of being soft-hearted. Be that as it may, I was again repulsed. Foolish fellow! at least he should have let his wife keep well with me. Why should women act as the seconds of offended husbands on merely official matters? I thank you cordially for your intention of writing again to Maxwell on the subject; but I fear that anything

like a hint of blame from *you*, will irritate him more than ever against us, for being the cause of any little stricture from one whose opinion he is so justly & truly anxious to preserve. He is a worthy little man, attached to you, & if one could squeeze the unlucky drop of gall out of his heart, which nature has thrust into it, where he conceives he is *ill-used*, he would be faultless. He keeps on good terms with the Craufurds, & has been so much satisfied with Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas for never having taken any notice of the Regimental business (the very fault we find) that he has been very tolerably well there too; but I believe he spends his time in a way very unlike the use & wont of former times, as I am told he rides into town from Newlands every day to *flirt*, sometimes with one little girl, sometimes with another. Maxwell, like the Duke of Queensberry in your story, may be pronounced on ‘a little Villain’.

I dare say he will be caught in a snare some day. At this present writing he has gone up the country about 150 miles, I fancy to the Oliphant River, afirting with Mecchie & Hussy Van Rhenin—he intends to marry Mecchie it is said. She is already engaged to Manger, the puritanical little clergyman you may remember, who she marries ‘pour le rang’, & Hussy it is thought means to marry Maxwell. You perceive however that he has enough upon his hands & that there is no fear of apathy. He & Buckley are pleased with their possession of Newlands, they cannot lose by it, & it is a respectable comfortable abode for them.

Perhaps it is self-love which makes me say however that I see nothing in the Cape equal to our little box, into which we creep by circlings of shrubery & fine

young trees, all growing, growing ; blooming, blooming—till we reach a cottage apparently of no size, so humble, so small in its front ; but when we step from our open portico back into our hall, & from thence into our Drawing-room & Dining-room, one is surprised at their extent, and astonished into a satisfaction which a more spacious outside might have defeated. Our vines will make us eight or ten leaguers of wine this year, but Van Rhenin, who takes all the trouble of making it, is to have the half of the wine.

I am nursing up plants of different sorts in packing-cases & pots, to be ready for a sea voyage by & bye, of which my dear Lord shall have the first choice if he is possessed of a greenhouse when I arrive. As to the *when* we can leave this, it will depend entirely on the arrival of Ross. Heaven send him speedy good health, & a wife that does not take much courting, for he was bent on returning with that article. I do not presume to guess what sort of woman he will choose ; but I think his wife will be likely to bring out an elegant assortment of fancy dresses & artificial flowers, all of the newest patterns. I believe if he were to bring one out too for Mr. Pringle, it would be well, tho' he laughs at Ross's taste.

Our new ladys are all good creatures. Pretty Mrs. Kelso is half fine, half foolish ; but there is no harm in her, & the Clarinda O'Grady (viz. Mrs. Col. Mercer) is more & more esteemed every day, because she is intrinsic. We shall have a brave housefull of ladys soon, who are glad to be near their husbands in camp—in particular Col. & Mrs. Hamilton, two children & three servants ; & the Dickins, viz. the Mother & two sons ; the Saul



too, our shipmate, & others; but we have plenty of room & plenty of beds, & my Husband likes home company. Indeed I have more command of my time when there are a plurality of ladys than when there is one only.

I fear my dearest Margaret will be much disappointed when she finds Mr. Ross is in town. She will instantly conjecture that our departure from this will be delay'd. I am sure she has been most actively usefull to us in the leave of absence by reiterating with the persevering tenderness of a sister, the strong arguments urged by the *friend* . . . however I trust it will not make the difference of above six months. I think Ross will certainly be here by next May, & before that time I hope we shall be able to form a rational conjecture about the time of his return, so as to get our worldly matters settled.

What a blessed difference it makes to Mr. Barnard that of returning upon a leave of absence generously granted to him, returning *in* office & ready to go back here when necessity calls, to returning out of office and either remaining so, or teasing his friends by the solicitation of a *new favour* ! I look upon his present position to be so advantageous an one at his time of life, that I should be sorry to see him resign it for a synacure. I am sure that could I be sure of not being drown'd (farther advanced as I am) I should willingly take all the inconveniencys of a sea voyage, a chance of being taken, or even that of being ship-wrecked, to return here with him a couple of years hence, if necessary. At the same time for my own pleasure I should prefer a dinner of herbs, mutton, & a room of 15 by 20 at home.

How delighted I am to hear of your being so well.





## THE GORGE

From the top of the mountain



MENTOR, LADY ANNE'S TABLE MOUNTAIN GUIDE



AN AFRICANDER

I am sure the Cape trip has done you no harm upon the whole. I hope you are flirting a great deal with Mrs. Campbell & others—it does you much good too, tho' I used to be a little jealous of you now & then, tho' I said nothing about it. Flirting leads me to think of publick places, & publick places leads to the theatre here. It goes on merrily, the walls half way up, & the warehouses below finished.

I sent you in my last, certain verses wrote by *God knows who*. They were liked, tho' they were allowed to be too good natured for the pen of any of the wits of the garrison. At last, after every possible endeavour by *praise* to find out the modest author, at last they are blushingly bowed upon, & tacitly avowed by *Tringham*, who being a Clergyman I suppose did not at first like to say he was the author of verses of any kind. Mr. Barnard & I have laughed heartily over this ; but sink we or swim we, the secret goes to the bottom with us, for not even the Craufurds know it. They are charmingly well, & very comfortable—little Sarah a beauty, and a little Col. on his way. *All* the rest of the ladys of the garrison are in the *same state*, so the Colony is flourishing.

By the bye I have not told you that Mr. Barnard & I spent two days & a night on the top of the Table Mountain—pitching our tent there with all sorts of conveniencys, our bed, chairs, tables, telescopes ; our cook, & about twenty coolies : I know it cost us about eight guineas for portorage. Mr. Barnard had never been up, & I went to do the honors of the mountain to him ; and to see his Majesty the Sun undress & pop into bed. The weather was fine, the night clear, & the Moon appeared to be absolutely within my reach had

I stood on tiptoe. Nothing disturbed us in the night, no wolves or runaway slaves. Next day I took up what plants I could get, but I find them more various half way up than on the top. I have one bush which if it lives will be the first that ever reached England of the sort, & is very beautifull, a chocolate & pink flower.<sup>1</sup>

*This* day being that of the Eclipse of the Sun foretold here, we had thoughts of looking at it from the mountain, but heavy clouds hung over it. I had never seen an eclipse before so total—the darkness was equal to that which makes the Master of a House after dinner ring the bell in a passion & say, ‘Why don’t you bring candles!’ You must know that I, like a fool, took the Sun for the Moon, and when I perceived the outer shell of that orb in this sort of size & I supposed it Madam Cynthia, & that the Sun was obscured by clouds. I fear Mr. Barnard has not succeeded in getting the matter properly calculated, as he endeavoured it for want of timepieces & proper instruments. I wish’d Sir George Staunton<sup>2</sup> had been beside us—he could have done it all rarely. By the bye the cold was intense while the eclipse lasted, which was from the begining to the end I should think about an hour. The Cape newspaper at breakfast announced what was to happen in *half an hour*, & as it did happen I suppose it will take some credit for being good authority next week.

My dear Lord, it is high time for me to finish. I have said nothing of the unfortunate turn of the French

<sup>1</sup> Probably a protea. Perhaps *P. speciosa*.

<sup>2</sup> Sir G. L. Staunton, 1737–1801, doctor, diplomatist and man of science, a great friend of Lord Macartney’s, the account of whose Chinese Embassy he wrote.

politics at home,<sup>†</sup> nor anything of what has been wrote to me by yourself or others, as all I could say must be out of date by the time this reaches you. Let me only assure you once more of our most gratefull, most cordial love, & that we ever are & shall be,

Faithfully & affectionately yours,

ANNE BARNARD.

I am, and ought to be, ashamed of sending you such a scrawl; but I have had the spell of bad pens thrown over me at my birth. I write too fast, & require better tools than I have patience to wait for.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 12, 1800.

Not a word will I write to my dear Lord by this ship—no, not one! Mr. Barnard is busied in a letter of such length to you as I never saw him write before. . . . I know I never received one such, even when he was making love, as it is call'd. By the schooner that carried Cap<sup>t</sup> Tucker, you will receive 15 or 16 pages from me. I need not recapitulate the contents . . . *suppose* the overflowings of gratitude to yourself, the triumphant exertions of patience and philosophy, while Mr. Barnard resists the leave which Sir George's *bonté* makes so neat for him. . . . Suppose a few wonderfully odd whispers about *His Excellency*, and some of his household, & all the general gossip of the place that I could think of. . . . Suppose the wonder of wonders, that we have dined (and

<sup>†</sup> The Battle of Marengo was on 14 June 1800.



not uncomfortably) at Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas's; the two wives have done their possible, without one word of consultation, to bring things round, and brought round, we mean to continue matters on a civil respectfull tho' not very familiar footing, as every day shews the danger of that intemperate honest man's society, the last instance of which appeared in the case of Col. Dickins, who he desired 'never might enter his doors again', because on being sent for respecting a party of his men to be sent to Graaff Reinet, he said he was sure it woud essentially hurt the Regiment, if 80 boys so raw, so young, and so puny, were sent on that service—'Hold your peace Sir, hold your peace &c.' was the reply. Col. Dickins I am told has complained to the Duke of York thro' Lord Southampton, as has Col. Hall thro' someone else. In short altho' *we* are better, he seems to be getting worse with the officers than ever, and I dare say will be sent on to India, where he will have others over him to keep him in order. How different he was, or rather how much within bounds the ascendancy of your 'Âme Forte' kept his 'Âme Foible'—but no more of him, I am happy that all is pretty smooth now between him & my *maun*.

Mr. Barnard is in great dudgeon very often with many little dirty matters which he stumbles over the knowledge of, in which the Government people are concerned. He sighs & draws up his eyebrows, but, where a perfect intention of making money has crept in, it is in vain for the inferior to aim at reforming the superior, or for a young man to hint anything to one as much his senior as Sir George is Mr. Barnard's. The best trait I have heard of in his Excellency is one that Mr. Barnard repeated to me without being able at that



time to guess at its meaning. What could be the reason, said he, that when talking over Mr. Hogan's matter with Sir George, he blushed deep as scarlet, without seeming to be offended at anything I had said? I credit him for that blush—it makes me think that if those round him were less needy & less grasping that he would act as a gentleman should; but all around him are the same, even the female Blake pockets all she can get, and has such a hoard now of presents as I think she must make a Vendutie<sup>1</sup> of to realize. The only presents my Lord sanctions his wife for accepting of are flower roots—to be sure my room is like a gardener's!

I hear the Cape ladys are much offended with part of a letter in the Times from the Cape, where they are mentioned in rather too explicit a manner. The letter is evidently wrote by a very underbred poor penman. . . . I am unfortunately in it, but it is less offensive than the composition of our witty dull friend—the points of the performance seem levelled at Mrs. Baumgardt, Mrs. Bletterman & Mrs. Campbell. The first seems however quite disengaged at present, as her passing flirt the Admiral lies wholly with the widow Kemble; people smile, but Major Glegg assures us all that it is platonick. Mrs. Bletterman & Mrs. Campbell go on as usual.

Major Glegg by the bye is now aide-de-camp for the time in Cap<sup>t</sup> Tucker's absence, & he is well qualified for it, as he is talkative, civil, safe, and well bred. The only fear is that Col. Cockburn, who is the fine gentleman of the house and not only fond of argument, but of maintaining his opinions with a high tone, may chance to find the doctrines of the civil and incessant Major

<sup>1</sup> A sale.

annoying. The Major will not be disturbed with the other, as he never listens, but goes on, not very sure of what he is saying himself, but loving to say. This little bit of ridicule apart, he is an honorable well-conditioned gentleman, & has been an excellent officer & friend on many occasions to Col. Craufurd. N.B.—They are all well, & little Sarah so pretty that I think she will not stand in need of fortune when she is sixteen.

The camps round us woud render us very gay if we were begun to see the world, but we have been busied in getting our house finish'd, to live in, if we must stay yet a little longer here, to dispose of it if we dont. Hasten Ross back, my sweet Lord! I have got letters so full of delight from my Sister on our *immediate* return, that it breaks my heart, and I am really afraid almost of telling them of our determination; but I am sure of your approbation to Mr. Barnard and it will ensure theirs upon reflection.

I hear wonders of the Prince and Mrs. Fitz! If she has condescended to accept still of an influence over his mind, I hope she will turn it to right purposes, & be on no terms of friendship with a man who is not a good husband & a good father in the first place. I hear she is much condemned for the reconciliation, to be sure the situation is equivocal & unsafe; but I think with strong right intentions, proper pride, & principle, she might stand on higher ground than ever, by marking *her* power thro' *his* change of conduct. Perhaps this is talking like a Hottentot, or rather like 'The Princess of Ideas' situated at the back of the Table Mountain in Africa; but as Sancho Panza says 'God knows what I mean'—I believe *man* does not. I doubt even if my

Lord Macartney would allow all this meaning of mine to be possible to carry into real conduct. I close my illusion therefore, & wish sincerely she had avoided what I fear will only lead to embarrassment & disgrace.

Mr. Barnard desires me to send his love to the woman I am writing to ! I'll send the love, but as to the sex of my correspondent, I should be sorry were the person I write to changed in any particular, as I am sure it must be for the worse. God Bless him !

ANNE BARNARD.

The upright soul of Andrew Barnard grew heavier daily, as fresh examples of the Governor's extravagance in dealing with public funds came before him. The expenditure to which the following letter refers might not seem unreasonable in a settled country, but at the Cape of Good Hope, where Lord Macartney's energies had been devoted to nursing the land back to solvency and prosperity, it could not be excused.

It is almost with a sense of relief that both the Barnards in their letters turn to the passing gossip of the town and garrison. Perhaps it took the place of the daily paper and weekly novel of our own times, and in any case it is never set down maliciously, but always with a little twinkle in the eye. It is rather a matter for surprise that in the deadening social atmosphere which lay about them they were able to retain any width of outlook and their interest in the affairs of the world. We in the South Africa of to-day, with our newspapers and cables and wireless messages, can hardly realize what the isolation from the outer world must have meant to a woman of Lady Anne's calibre, though she says on more than one occasion that she never for one moment regretted her decision to cross the seas with her husband.

*Andrew Barnard to the Earl of  
Macartney*

Castle of Good Hope,

Dec<sup>r</sup> the 25th, 1800.

I cannot allow so Favorable an opportunity as that which now presents itself to pass without writing a few lines to my Best and Kindest of Friends. The *Arethusa* Frigate will be the Bearer of this Letter. In her Capt<sup>n</sup> Bridges goes, having got leave to return home. He has promised me to take charge of this for your Lordship and I think it cannot be in Safer hands. Several Ships from England have arrived here lately, but none of them have rendered themselves *more* Welcome, by bringing us news from you, which I attribute to your being in Ireland at the time they sailed. The Governor received many Public and Private Dispatches by them; but as I have never yet been Favored with a Sight of a Single Dispatch either from home or elsewhere (not even that which related to my leave of absence) I cannot tell you what they contained, tho' I can easily guess that they were not void of *useful* hints upon *Œconomy*. God knows they are much wanted.

If this should find you in Town, pray ask for a sight of the abstracts out of the Extra Warrant Book, as they are *curious*, and attend to the Sum laid out for the Repair of Public Buildings, all of which except a mere trifle has been expended on the Government House and Garden Walls. The Pond in the Garden which you filled up, has been opened and enlarged at a great expense, and two others are now making in the Botanical Gardens.

It would be endless to point out to you the number of Ridiculous schemes his Excellency hits upon to spend money—indeed I perceive that the only way to become a Favorite is to Devise new plans of Expence, which are always listened to with ten times more Pleasure and attention than one to Save the Public Money ever meets with.

The General cry on this Head, and on another Subject not quite *so honorable*, is so great that it must reach Home somehow or other, and if it does I would not exchange Situations with him. I make no Doubt that you will have heard much of the foul-fingeredness of the present Government; but I trust that no-one can have told you that my hands were unclean. I do not expect to carry away Riches from hence, but I hope at least that I shall take with me a good Name.

I had the Honor of writing to you on the 22nd of last October by Sir George's Aide-de-Camp, Captain Tucker: he sailed from hence on the 26th of the same Month for St. Helena in a Schooner of Mr. Hogan's. The *Arethusa* which is now here left St. Helena in December, and he had not then arrived there, so that we are apprehensive either that he has missed the Island and has been obliged to go on, or that some accident has happened, as the vessel was a very bad one.

I am going to-morrow on an Expedition in quest of Coal. I have got a prodigious fine specimen of some, which is said to be found at a place called Verloorn Valley, one day's journey beyond St. Helena Bay, and about six miles from the Sea. Mr. Kirsten was the Person that gave me the Sample of the Coal; but as he is not always to be *trusted*, I have determined to ascertain



the point myself, and altho' it is a bad season to travel in, yet as it is a matter of such consequence to the Colony, I am resolved to lose no time in finding it if possible. I shall take him with me, and if I find that he has made me go on a Fool's errand, I shall be tempted to break his Bones, in order to make him tell the truth in future—at least to me.

Out of the quantity of Constantia Wine which is delivered annually to Government from the two Farms, General Dundas thought proper last Year to reserve Ten Aums<sup>†</sup> to be Disposed of as he pleased, and he distributed them as follows. . . . Himself two, General Fraser one, General Vandeleur one, Commodore Losack one, the Fiscal one, Mr. Fleck (as President of the Burgher Senate) one, Mr. Pringle one, Mr. Ross one, and one to me. This Year the Distribution is . . . For His Excellency five, General Dundas (as Lieutenant-Governor) two, the Admiral one, and the Governor *insists* on giving me two, as he says I must be on the same footing with the L<sup>t</sup>-Governor. At first he had taken six himself, and ordered two apiece for the General and me ; but I went to him and requested that he woud allow me only one Aum, and that he woud give one of mine to the Admiral, but he positively refused to do it—he however gave him one of his instead. This arrangement about the Wine I fear will not increase his Popularity.

Two Ships arrived here a few Days ago with Cargoes of Slaves from Mozambique. They are both Portuguese, and seem to have come here on *speculation*. Whether they will be allowed or not to Dispose of their Slaves is

<sup>†</sup> Aum or Aam, a Dutch or German liquid measure varying from 37 to 41 English gallons. N.E.D. s.v.



more than I can tell, as *such matters* never pass through my Office, and I am told that there are good Reasons, or rather *weighty* ones, why they should not. I am told that the present Governor of Mozambique<sup>†</sup> is much more in the French Interest and connected with the Government of the Mauritius than De Sulja was. Such conduct is unpardonable, and his Court ought to be made acquainted with it.

Mr. Wellesley left us a few days ago on his way back to Bengal. He passed three weeks with me, and was very near spending many more, as the Georgiana on board of which Ship he was, got aground in a thick fog between the Chavonne Battery and Green Point, and had not the weather been uncommonly moderate, she must inevitably have been lost. She was however got off again the next day, without receiving any considerable Damage. Fortunately for them I happened to be on board at the time she struck, and had a Man of War's Cutter under the Stern waiting to take me on Shore again, into which an Anchor and Cable was immediately put, and carried out astern, which prevented the Vessel from driving up higher on the rocks and kept her steady till other boats came to her assistance.

I have got Credit for your Lordship's present Quarter *till pay day*, and shall remit you it by this opportunity in a Deputy Paymaster General's Bill as usual.

At present I *believe* that all is quiet here—the Troops are in Camp, but it breaks up next week.

Mrs. Dundas has been brought to bed of a young General, and both Mother and Son are as well as can be

<sup>†</sup> Francisco Guedes Carvalho Menezes da Costa, Governor 27 Aug. 1797 to 10 Sept. 1801.

*expected.* Mrs. Baumgardt is dieing to see if the Child is as like the General as *hers* is. Mrs. Craufurd is going to produce again which I am sorry for, as their Family will soon be larger than they can provide for. *Your* Friend Miss Keeve is Married to Mr. Mestaer, one of Pringle's Clerks. This is all our News.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

Dec<sup>r</sup> 31, 1800.

It is not fair to write to my dear Lord (who would be glad to receive a chearfull letter from me), with a bottle standing before me on which hangs a vile cravat 'two spoonfuls to be taken &c.'—but I fancy this is the season of bowel complaints, as all my friends have taken their bottles already. I did so too, but my ailment was so pleased with me that it has returned. Talking of ailments, little Sarah Craufurd has not only had the chicken-pox herself, but has given it to half a dozen others. She was very ill, and had we not been positive it could not be the smallpox, it might have been suspected; but a maid-servant already disfigured with that malady catching it, put it out of doubt.

In one of the last ships (few there are who honor the poor Cape with a call) there is come a Doctor Tytler, apothecary to the Hospital under Dr. Somers, a man of infinite Greek, Latin, Hebrew, &c., &c., a terrible person to be under the same roof with Mrs. Somers, as he might trace the derivation of many of her fine words into nothing. However as he is generally employed in think-

ing of something that happened two thousand years ago, he does not listen much to her. The best thing that has happened to him took place fifteen years ago, when his wife produced a very tall handsome daughter, whose countenance is full of ingenuous modesty, and whose artless smile shews a mouthfull of brilliant teeth, such as people's eyes do not encounter in the Cape beautys. If Mynheer Ross should (for a wonder) return without the neat article he went for, I think she may do if she gets into fashion before he arrives.

The only good information I can get of his return, comes in a letter from Lady A. Dashwood to Mrs. Craufurd—in it she says he will be here by May. I believe he has wrote to some of his military friends; but I am sure he has to the Governor & Mrs. Blake, who were hardly acquainted with him, and had not shewn him any civilitys; but the *gratefull* Ross is *attentive* for the *future civilitys* they *are* to shew him, and not unwisely accompanys a very complimentary letter to Mrs. Blake with a *present*. . . . I think on his return they'll be better friends. Not a scrap to Mr. Barnard or to me, tho' I nursed him, and back'd him, and held him up & fought some battles for him to the last. This is a little nasty; but Mum. I praised him in former letters to Mr. Dundas for prudence, and I never take away a praise unless there are nineteen reasons out of twenty why I should.

By the bye, I must open my heart in confession to you my dear Lord and Holy Father, or rather *brother*. . . . I have had a bit of . . . I cannot say Scold; but a *tacit* sort of reproof from my dear Mr. Dundas, for having ventured to stricture some points of the General's goings on here, which I have reason to think by Mr. Dundas

are universally approved of at home. The reason why I feel it as a reproof is that he fills three sheets of paper with reasons why they are much better pleased with him than with the present Governor (who certainly is a model, if a man's conduct needed a foil) . . . and concludes his letter without touching on any other subject. The little bit of kindness to 'Moi . . . moi' is forgotten in the zeal of the Uncle to vindicate the Nephew to the silly woman ; but a Secretary of State does not write three sheets on any subject to a woman he thinks a *very* silly one.

I should be careless of this, or of how much he was approved of or poor I disapproved of, if I did not love Mr. Dundas & that very much, so his icy manner of writing gives me a kick at the heart, or rather it *gave* me, for Mr. Wellesley, who brought me the letter, comforted me much by telling me that his expressions about me were kind in the extreme, & that his candor in viva voce about his Nephew was perfect, tho' in writing he might stand up for him on some points. I protest I am very happy that all at home think his publick conduct has been *wise*, as I wish the Colony well, & would rather the natives were wrong in their opinions than that he had essentially injured its peace & interests by his war &c.

However, I am rather inclined to think that Mr. Dundas leaves the military part out of the question, and talks of the *civil* Government, in which he says he has made it a rule to tread in your footsteps. I think in general he has followed your lead, but the manner was so essentially different, that he contrived to give offence to every man he had dealings with by his disdain of their opinions, while *you* made every man feel himself a man of sense & a gentleman by 'do you think if we were to

do so & so, it woud not be well Sir? ' I do assure you, my dear Lord, so wonderfull is the difference of the *manner* of doing a thing, that Sir George Yonge with all his showy appearance of choosing to manage the Army (as it is reckoned he does *at home*) <sup>1</sup>, does not actually govern it one half so much as you did; but then you governed it *thro'* the General, points were all talked over between you, & he was not aware whose spirit was the ascendant one, sensible however that he always happened to lay good plans in your company, & from never having enjoyed supremacy here, being less jealous of power than he is now—he constantly waited on you on matters which he disdains to talk over with him. Want of sense on both sides produces *struggle*, and in the contest I shoud not be surprised if the man whose conduct is otherwise unwarrantable (Sir G:) shoud fall.

I see by Mr. Dundas's letter that *reforms* will take place here. He talks of a radical reform, but I know not how there can be any if the present Governor remains, for tho' adding a Council might clip his wings, the quills woud be always attempting to shoot & to soar above the prevailing discretion.

As to the General's superseding Sir George, as his people circulate here, I do not believe they *know*, nor do I read it in Mr. Dundas's letter, where I shall find that much might have been read in certain cloath'd expressions which the event only will undress to me. If the General shoud become Governor, he will make a better one for the publick good than the present, & the worse one for the comfort & safety of individuals; but during

<sup>1</sup> George Yonge had been twice 'Secretary at War', but when he went to the Cape he was 'Master of the Mint'.



whatever period Mr. Barnard acts under him, I am certain he will perform his duty as he ought. The line they stand on to each other now is just what it ought to be—civil, respectfull, not intimate, & therefore safe.

I believe I told you in my last how the first day Mr. Barnard dined at Rondebosch after his marriage, he broke out into a passion at Pringle, & sent Munro with an apology next day. Since that time there have been some droll Camp transactions, one in particular w<sup>c</sup> has gone home, with Col. Hall, who he held such language to as to make him desire a Court-martial. It met (well pack'd by every friend Erskine coud procure), but the opinion went to its being so ugly a matter for the General, that his friends who were not on it advised him to *ask pardon*, which he was well inclined to do, & *offer'd to do* while it was sitting. Col. Hall proudly refused it, thinking he shoud by its decision bring him to confusion. The event turned out such, & was expressed so as to render the confusion *rather more belonging to Col. Hall* than him, whose military skill seem'd to get a kick, tho' his intentions of doing right were exculpated. How glad the General was to have escaped without his 'Pray, pray forgive me!'

I know that Mr. Barnard has wrote you long letters, & of course all that I can tell you of the Government House people, but I'll give you a page in spite of this, in case he shoud have been curbed as I know he was in time. They are all well, & live so privately that I can tell you little of them except that when we meet they are all very hearty to us; but we do not desire greater intimacy. They are not an esteemed or respected sett of people from the terrible eagerness of gain which leaves no stone unturned to pick it up. Whether *all* is true that



is alledged, it is impossible for me to judge of; but if the 4th part is true, it is too much. The present hobby is Mr. Duckitt.<sup>1</sup>

It is said that Col. Cockburn, aide-de-camp, is going home, & as his appointment is not in the Gazette, as I hear, I am apt to think it is not confirmed. Mr. Blake's is not, but Sir George has made a little coup of policy to their pocket by a delay in scratching it thro' till further orders. I fancy Blake makes money. I don't think he will be able to take *your oath*.<sup>2</sup>

The greatest event lately that has happened, is the birth of a young General . . . a fine boy; but so like little B. that it woud make you laugh. Do you remember your ejaculation of astonishment at the christening of Mrs. Campbell's little boy? 'I protest it is like the Captain!' Be easy, for *that* resemblance has gone off, & it is now the image of a better-humoured-looking man.

On looking over my letter I see that in the first page I have launched a *Doctor Tytler*, who as he stands seems to come in head and shoulders; but I had meant to say that I understand he is to inoculate here the *cowpox*,<sup>3</sup> lately discovered in England, to be a preventative against the *smallpox* ever being caught afterwards. I suppose it woud be thought a very high honor that of being inoculated from a *cow* in Bengal, and the child of a

<sup>1</sup> William Duckitt was sent from England as superintendent of the new Agricultural Department.

<sup>2</sup> In the manuscript diary of Samuel Eusebius Hudson, Chief Clerk in the Customs from 1798 to 1800, it is stated that before leaving the Cape Lord Macartney took an oath in the Secretary's office to the effect that in the whole course of his administration he had never accepted any presents except a little fruit.

<sup>3</sup> 1796 is generally believed to be the date of Jenner's first active experiments in the innoculation of human beings with cowpox.

Brahmin only could aspire to do it ; but I own the idea of being inoculated from an animal makes me shudder. Don't tell, as I should be laughed at if it is the fashion in England. Here a very few successes will render it general, the idea is already caught up with avidity by the Dutch, & Doctor Tytler (if he brings the Fiscal happily thro', who vows he will be inoculated the 2nd man—& I vow he shan't sooner than the 22nd) will be esteemed the Guardian Angel of the Cape by preserving the lives of the Heers & the beauty of the Vrouws.

Have I nothing in the Cupid way to write you of? I *could* ; but you'll tell. . . . I know you are a *villain*, yet I trust you. We have had you must know, a great many people staying in our country house, amongst others your flame Mrs. Losack. I really think her pretty, tho' a doll, but something there must be fascinating about her, as she has turned the head of a very good young man I see, also one of our guests, to such a point as to make him very unhappy, & much to injure his health—Cap<sup>t</sup> Hotham. I do not believe she is *naughty*, but she is worse, she hangs out false pretences to decoy, and when she succeeds, torments. All the men could have killed her & made a pye of her without either salt or pepper, after she had thrown the poor (too feeling) young man into an hysteric fit. I wish he were recalled—I would not answer for his being a long lived man if he remains long under her influence, as he knows not what he does at those times. He is universally liked, but has the same misfortune with his family of deafness, which is much against him in society.

We had also Hollands, Navy captains, & Mr. Wellesley, who was pleasant and friendly to a great degree.



HEAD OF A DUTCH VROUW



JACOB CONRADIE



‘Madame, je vous adore’ is exchanged & sent to France. All goes smooth in *other quarters* & no more *briny drops*. When Mr. Barnard returns from business up the country, we are to have another housefull of Dickins & Hamiltons.

How comfortable we *might* be in the society of our neighbours here, Maxwell & Buckley, but the first leads the second, and he has no soft corner in his heart where he is to be found vulnerable to me, for tho’ I sometimes attempt in different ways, Mr. Barnard (having felt more on that subject) now gives it more up as lost. I think Maxwell will escape matrimony, which is very odd considering how much he flirts every day. Barrow’s wife has a daughter I hear, but as he won’t let her visit me, I can’t see it. *Everybody went mad when you went away*—I am sure Barnard became melancholy mad for a long time.

Col. Craufurd & Anne go on charmingly. I like the color of their *ménage* & prospects of happiness better & better every day. You have been such a friend to them! & they feel it now in the kind conduct of the Fish.

By what Mr. Wellesley said I am convinced Mr. Dundas will be pleased with Mr. Barnard for his prolonged (stay) here, and that renders it pleasant to me. *If* any reforms of consequence or any essential change should take place here, I think it very possible that we may stay six or eight months, to assist in Mr. Dundas’s plans, even after the return of Ross. Here I am, & I would rather stay a bit longer and take the chance of a peace, perhaps the certainty of Mr. Barnard’s being approved of for it, than go home now, and very soon see him ordered back again, probably to leave me behind him, for he would be against my returning; & yet if he returns, return I will, for

I am certain he woud be very comfortless here without me. No, 'tis better to go on doing right, altho' a part of the agreeable is suspended. Pray, pray if you think as I do, chat it over with my Sisters. . . . I am certain they will begin to be jealous of Africa, you know with how little reason, & yet I am sure it had its best face on when you were here !

I am told, talking of faces, that you are supposed in England to look infinitely the *better* & much the Younger for your residence here. I suppose you reached England in good health, & when you are so, I shoud be glad to know who looks better. Sir George Yonge certainly, were he beside you, woud look younger than my Lord ; but Time has only pilfer'd from you, there are no bare-faced robberyrs that call for restitution. I must conclude—8 pages is enough for the patience of an English Peer. God bless you my dear Lord. . . . Pray make me a little known to L<sup>y</sup> Macartney before my return.

Yours,

ANNE BARNARD.

Jan: 4th, 1801.

I must wish you many & many pleasant healthy & happy years at the commencement of this new one.

His Exc<sup>y</sup> had a Levee the first day of it, which was not very well attended . . . the weather is warm. By the bye, there is a matter which people are full of here at present. I dare say Mr. Barnard *must* have mentioned it to you ; but I have heard more said about it since he was gone . . . it is some new contract given to Mr. Duckitt for supplying the troops with provisions, so calculated that people foresee a thousand bad consequences from it



—one of them, that the market price being the only standard for his payment from Government, and the farmers being by some stretches of power obliged to sell to Mr. Duckitt, the butchers in town say that as they can't get the cattle, the few they *can* get must be the dearer.

To-morrow there is a great Ball in town, at which I don't appear, nor any of the English Ladys of fashion at the Cape whose Husbands are not Masons. There is much taste for Masonry here, & there being a large body of them, a Ball was proposed & invitations rashly sent out by Col. Cockburn (aide-de-camp) without proper consultation. I presume there is some *rule* in these matters with respect to invitations . . . here all the married ladys of condition were invited, but *not one husband*. In general the Husbands were angry, & the Wives were forbidden to go. However a rule in a Society being a sacred thing, while Anne & I were pausing, that we might not appear ill-humoured or straight-laced, we found that the Gov<sup>r</sup>, the Lieut-Gov<sup>r</sup>, the Admiral, & Gen<sup>l</sup> Vandeleur as commanding the garrison, were invited tho' not Masons. This decided us, & we sent our excuses, as the rule broke thro' for any one man, it ought to have been for all. The various notes . . . cold, sour, angry, offended, proud, pettish, that have been received from various fair ones of different humours, woud make a pretty collection. Mine was a civil excuse to the Gentlemen of the African Lodge, expressing my sorrow that it was not in my power to make *one* at their ball & supper. This like many other accidental bon mots of other people's, was perfectly unintended & unthought of by me; but on reflection I find I have sent a most excellent reply, & I only hope that no-one will have

Nous enough to find it out, else it will make numberless jests in this dull witty garrison.

Jan<sup>y</sup> 5th.

I believe you will think you are never to have done with me ; but you somehow have taught me by kindness and approbation a bad trick of feeling to you as if you was my Brother, or *Sister*, which is more. I add this Codicil with a check of conscience, which I am uncertain of being a just one or not. I drove to the Cape . . . [incomplete].

*Earl of Macartney to Lady Anne  
Barnard*

Petersham, October 1st 1800.

I flatter myself my dear Lady Anne, that you will believe I feel most sensibly the value of your correspondence, & that if my silence should occasion the smallest appearance of neglect, it must have arisen from some unavoidable accident. Alas ! since I last wrote to you, I have been almost at the end of my earthly pilgrimage, & so depressed were my spirits that I scarcely thanked Sir Walter Farquhar <sup>1</sup> for bringing me back. I am now recovering slowly from a most serious illness of three months, but so slowly that it is hardly worth recovering at all.

Lady Margaret tells me that she thinks you are probably on your way home, as you would not wish (to) stay long at the Cape after Mr. Barnard's receiving the leave of absence. I venture this letter however at all hazards. I had not seen Mr. Dundas for some months, till a few days ago that he called on me in his ride. From

<sup>1</sup> 1738-1819, of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and London, Physician-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales.

the turn of his conversation he seemed very uneasy & uncomfortable from the accounts of various kinds lately received from the Cape, & not a little at the misunderstanding between Mr. Barnard & his nephew, which, he said, surprized him a good deal, as the General had said nothing of it in his letters, either to him or to his brother William.

When I saw Mr. Ross, I ask'd him *en passant* how matters stood, as I said I heard that there had been a coolness between them; but his answer was coolly that he did not know of anything extraordinary, only that there had been some difficulties about the houses, which the Governor had settled to the accommodation of all parties. This was almost all I learned from him, for he seemed rather shy & cautious upon most of the Cape subjects; but thanks to your kind letters, I had better information upon them than any he could give me. From the manner of Ross's mentioning to me that he had brought no letter for Lady Margaret, I suppose he was not quite pleased.

Before this reaches you, I take it for granted the Office despatches will have notified the new arrangement for the Cape, that Sir George Yonge is to be provided for at home, & that Douglas<sup>1</sup> is to be his successor. I find it is not generally known yet, but there is no doubt of it, for Douglas confirmed it to me himself when he called here two or three days ago; but he said it was not meant to be immediately declared. On this occasion I have the pleasure of telling you that Colonel Craufurd will be his first Aide-de-Camp, & that the thing was done in the handsomest & most obliging manner towards

<sup>1</sup> Lord Glenbervie.

me. Lady Catherine & his son go with him, & I think it likely that they will not be displeased with their new situation. You know that she is a very clever & agreeable woman. He is a very sensible & good-tempered man, long conversant & experienced in business, so that I think all will go well, & that he will get into no scrape. I hear that the line between the Governor & the Military Commander-in-Chief is to be so settled as to preclude any future misunderstanding among them. The General I fancy will be quite satisfied with the arrangement.

Mr. Dundas has a very strong affection for his Nephew, which I could not but perceive in the course of my executing the General's commissions. He is however very candid on his subject, & by no means blind to his faults. I have had several letters from the General since I came home, but they were usually short & principally on business. Not a word of Mr. Barnard, or of Sir George Yonge, only in the last he observed that he had had a difference with the Governor about their respective powers, but that he had ceded the point for the present, *en attendant* the King's decision.

I wish to write to you my dear Lady Anne, at greater length, but you can't imagine how indolent & listless my late illness has left me. It is not without pain that I now hold a pen, & what adds to it is my feeling how little I can entertain you with what I do write. I trust that when we meet, which Lady Margaret is sure will be in the course of the Winter, I shall be able to make myself amends, for I am with every sentiment of esteem & regard, my dear Lady Anne,

Ever most sincerely yours,

MACARTNEY.

P.S.—I wrote to Mr. Barnard about a fortnight ago, but am not able to write to him again at present. I wish however to mention to him that in my last conversation with Mr. Dundas I had an opening to propose to him an exchange for Mr. Barnard at home in the Customs, Excise, or Navy Board, & was by no means unfavorably heard on the subject. It is true they are not in his department, but I should hope he might be able to effect the arrangement with Mr. Pitt &c.

M.

## XII

If the mills of God grind slowly they grind exceeding small, and when the slow mind of a government is directed to events which seem to indicate the need for an inquiry they sometimes inquire. That there was crying need for examining into the administration of Sir George Yonge is all too clearly shown in these letters, and although the first month of 1801 found the Barnards still 'vexed and ashamed', as Lady Anne writes, of a Governor who was so little credit to England, his recall was on the seas.

In a letter to Macartney, written in January, Colonel Craufurd says: 'As to the Government here, you will certainly hear enough from everybody to give you great pain, the jobs are of a most bare-faced nature and in some instances likely to do permanent mischief.' Towards the close of this letter the shadow of coming sorrow falls across its pages. 'My wife and child are at present unwell,' he adds, 'so that I am looking forward with some anxiety to their recovery.'

*Andrew Barnard to the Earl of  
Macartney*

Castle of Good Hope,

Jan<sup>y</sup> the 12th, 1801.

You will perhaps be Surprised My Lord, at receiving two Letters from me by the same conveyance; but the *Arethusa* and her Convoy which were on the point of Sailing when I wrote my first Letter, have been detained untill the *Princess Mary* (which Ship arrived here a few Days ago from Bengal with Dispatches of consequence both for this Place and Europe) could be got ready to proceed with them. This unexpected delay affords me







VERLOOREN VLEI

an opportunity of acquainting you that I have failed in the Search I went to make at Verloorn Valley for Coal, and at the same time to tell you that the Specimen I sent you is *excellent Newcastle*. The fact is that about twelve months ago a Waggon that had some Coals in it for a Smith that lived within a Mile of the place where Mr. Kirsten supposed that Coal was to be found, was by Accident overturned in the Night, and a quantity of the Coals were spilt upon the Spot where he found them—it was about a hundred and fifty yards from the High Road, which made Kirsten certain that they could not get there by chance, and he never gave himself any further trouble in examining the Ground where he found them, but came up Post haste to acquaint Sir George with the *great* Discovery he had made. I had a most Broiling Journey of twelve days. I am however not the worse for it, and upon the whole I am rather glad than sorry that I was in some degree forced to make it, as I have seen a part of the Country not often visited, and had an opportunity of examining St. Helena Bay, or rather Gulf, for it is more properly speaking of that Description, as the headlands which form it are scarcely within sight of each other. There is however very good Anchoring Ground and shelter from the N.W. Wind. I examined also the Berg River most thoroughly, as I embarked and sailed down it for Seventy Miles, and was astonished to find it so fine a one, and everywhere navigable for large Barges. At the Mouth there is a Bar, but vessels of Fifty and sixty Tons can safely come over it. The quantity of Fish in the River is astonishing, and still more astonishing that the Farmers in the Neighbourhood take no pains to catch them.

Lord Wellesley's Dispatches to this Government contain most Urgent Requests that two Regiments may be sent him immediately from hence, as he is fearful that the French will soon attempt something against India.<sup>1</sup> I have also a letter from him begging me to press the matter as much as possible. I however find that his Request will not be complied with, altho' we have five Regiments of Infantry and the 8th Dragoons which is more than Compleat. One Regiment I think we might spare, as there is an immediate opportunity of writing Home to have it replaced; but I imagine that there are good reasons for refusing to comply with his Lordship's Request even in part, or else your Lordship's example woud have been followed, and the Regiments Dispatched as fast as possible.

The Diomedé, Captain Elphinstone, is just returned from a Cruize off the Brazils and Rio de la Plata. She has brought with her the Chesterfield, an English Whaler, which Ship she found in the River de la Plata trading with the Spaniards. She was here some months ago, and was freighted by the Governor's Friends Messrs. Walker<sup>2</sup> and Robertson (with whom by the bye he Dined a few Days ago, '*and spent the most agreeable day that he passed since he came to the Colony*') with Articles from hence, and sent her on that Illicit Trade.<sup>3</sup> She cleared out at the Custom House for the West Indies, but found her way to that Coast. It is imagined that they have sent

<sup>1</sup> In the Cape records there is a letter from the Marquess of Wellesley to Sir G. Yonge, dated 24th October 1800, asking for a reinforcement of two regiments of European infantry.

<sup>2</sup> Merchants at the Cape.

<sup>3</sup> Spain claimed to exclude other nations from her Colonial Trade (except under special treaties) and, in spite of much smuggling, Great Britain respected the claim when she was at peace with Spain.

another vessel of theirs called the Lady Yonge, on the same sort of Expedition ; if so, most probably Captain Osborn, who is now on that Coast, will fall in with her, and we may expect to have the Pleasure of seeing her *Ladyship* arrive here. This Place must be *purged*, for it is becoming so foul that it absolutely *stinks*.

There is a report here that Batavia is taken, but it wants confirmation. The Report however corresponds in great measure with a Letter the Admiral had some time ago from Admiral Rainier<sup>1</sup>, in which he Apologizes for having detained two of his Frigates so long, but that he found it absolutely necessary to keep them, as without their assistance an Expedition consisting of a Fifty-gun and four Frigates with Troops on Board, could not take place. This is the exact number of Ships which the Report mentions, and the Troops are the 10th and 12th Regiments. An American Ship brought the Report, and a Private Letter from a House in Calcutta helps to confirm it ; but Lord Wellesley in his Letter to me of the 7th of October, does not mention a Syllable of it.

I have sent you a Court Kalendar for this place *to shew you how much we are improved since you left us*. I only saw it this morning, or I should have put down opposite to each Person's name as nearly as possible their Salary. I shall however send you another by the next opportunity, with those additions. I likewise take the liberty of sending one for Mr. Dundas and another for Mr. Huskisson, which you will oblige me if you will have delivered.

We are all well here except Mrs. Craufurd's Little

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Rainier had the East India Station Command from 1793 to 1804. He took Amboyna from the Dutch in 1796, but was unwilling to attack the Mascarenhas Isles as Wellesley desired in Feb. 1801.

Girl, and I much fear that she will lose it ; but she has another on the Stocks nearly ready to Launch. On Friday the Young General is to be christened. The Governor and the Admiral are to be Godfathers or Proxys, I don't know which as yet, but as *we* are to be there, I shall be able to tell you more about it in my next. In the meantime believe me, with the Highest Respect and most Sincere Regard,

Your Lordship's Faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>,

A. BARNARD.

The anxiety expressed in Colonel Craufurd's letter was all too deeply founded, and Lady Anne's next record is the sorrowful one of the death of the sweet baby, Sarah Craufurd. There are a few lines from the desolate young father to their old friend, in which he speaks of himself and his wife as 'most wretched'.

It is more cheering to turn to the unfeigned delight with which the Barnards and all other honest people heard that the long arm of British justice had at last been extended to the Cape, and that the honour of England was cleared by the recall of those who had done much to smirch it. In no spirit of unkindness but with great thankfulness they welcomed the end of a corrupt administration and the appointment of Lady Anne's old friend, Lord Glenbervie, as Governor.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

Jan: 25, 1801.

I must write a few words to you my dear Lord, tho' I feel too sad to-day to make them worthy your acceptance. Had I wrote yesterday they woud have been





A DUTCH FARM HOUSE



gayer, as we then encouraged a few hopes of the little Sarah Craufurd's getting the better of her malady, which were all at an end this morning about six, when she sunk under it, leaving her poor mother as desolated as her gentle composed turn of mind can be ; & Col. Craufurd distracted, as he had yesterday suffered the agonys of hope, which in my opinion much exceed those of despair. He quite doated on the child, as did Anne—it was the pride of children for beauty, health & sweetness ; but thank God ! she is likely very soon to supply its loss in some degree, a circumstance which tho' of regret at present, will not be so some time hence. They have spent the last three weeks with us, for the benefit of change of air to the child, & I endeavour to prevail on Anne to lay in here ; but they are both so fond of home that I doubt whether I shall prevail. I really know not of what disease this poor infant has died, nor do I believe the physicians knew—it begins with an eruption so violent as to resemble the small pox, but it is not over when the sores are heal'd & dried off, as it breaks out again & again, & if it falls internally on the lungs or bowels, I take the danger to be extreme. Doctor Paterson thought at first that it much resembled the cow pox, but that disease after having been fairly tried here, does not take place, & if it is to succeed in future, I fancy fresh subjects must be inoculated every month on board of ship.

My dear Lord, was not my heart heavy, I could come on many other subjects which I trust Mr. Barnard has already touch'd on in letters he was preparing for you. He is so vexed and ashamed of this uncreditable Governor we now have, & the uncreditable transactions he sanctions, that I believe he means to remonstrate on a variety of

points, by letter. I fear it will do no good, as he is conceited of himself, & blind to the manner he is consider'd here; but as it will be done with all the respect due to him, perhaps it may do no harm, & will at least remain the future evidence that Mr. Barnard has done his duty. O! my dear Lord, how you have spoiled us here for men of low abilities, dirty dealings, or rash judgments. Adieu & may God Bless you! If the sailing of the ships is delay'd, I may perhaps follow this with anything else that occurs. Once more adieu! Think of us sometimes, & believe me, ever truly & affectionately yours,

ANNE BARNARD.

Anne continues very composed, & I hope in both their cases it will be proved that the dread of an ill is even worse than the reality.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope,  
Feb: 17, 1801.

I am three sweet little letters in your debt my dear Lord, tho' not wholly in your debt neither, as I have kept an account current running on with you, which makes a tolerable figure against you as to *quantity* . . . but alas! we wont talk of *quality*. Your last, which was to have been delivered to me by Mr. Poyntz, I have received from Col. Rudsdale—Mr. P: & Mr. Bullock are expected soon. If the young man ever writes home, you will by him learn what store we sett by such a recommendation from you, & that is all I shall say; but you may conclude that neither kindness nor hospitality nor

merriment, nor good advice if necessary, shall be wanting, and I thank you for putting it into my power to be kind to anything connected with you. Added to what I feel on your account, Mrs. Poyntz has a little claim of her own on my friendship, a fifteen years acquaintance gives it, tho' different circles and situations have interrupted it. I used (when at Tunbridge where she was) to be a favourite, and *hearts* have fine *memories*, and are glad to visit them on the 3rd & 4th generation of those who have loved one, particularly at the Cape of Good Hope, where a good deal is in the power of an individual such as myself, who in London woud be a private enough one.

But let me now hurry on to our great event . . . a Governor changed !<sup>1</sup> Oh, goodie gracious ! as I used to say in the nursery. My dear Lord, it is untold, not to be guessed at, the good this strong decisive step will do—if the Cape had *stocks*, I am sure they woud have risen 30 per cent on this news. I am certain the stocks of publick confidence, publick respect, publick hope, publick opinion, have risen many a good per cent ; low, very low, they have been of late, a little tendency to oppression having crept in with partiality & injustice,

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Yonge was recalled in 1801. Shortly afterwards Lord Hobart, who had succeeded Henry Dundas as Secretary for the Colonies, wrote out asking for a report on the various abuses attributed to the Yonge administration, notably the conniving at a trade in licences and monopolies and permission to sell slaves in the colony under illegal circumstances. General Dundas—the acting Governor—appointed a Commission which charged Colonel Cockburn and Mr. Blake with ‘many and gross malpractices’, and Sir George Yonge with being aware of these transactions. Nothing further seems to have been done, but his claim for £1,000 for expenses of the voyage and for hotels at Cape Town and St. Helena, and also for a reward ‘for long and faithful services’ appears to have failed. He was, however, given apartments at Hampton Court, where he died in 1824.

but this strong measure marks the watchfull eye with which Administration at home looks at the real interests of this country thro' the long telescope of 6000 miles of mental vision, and looking, protects from the moment it spys the necessity.

Even the successor appointed has pleased the Dutch, they have learnt he is the person who was at first thought of to succeed *you*, and that is a sufficient character to stamp him 'clever, sober, industrious and *honest*'—Douglas [Lord Glenbervie] will find himself lucky in everything on the present occasion, he is even lucky in his not having succeeded you *too directly*. You are a terrible man to follow, being too much of almost everything a great man ought to be (mark you, I introduce an *almost* to save your Blushes!) for a clever but legal manner'd private gentleman to have any chance after you; but he is doubly fortunate in having Sir George to step in between you, for one sett of reasons which are evident, and another sett which are not so evident to you as they are to us here who have had reason to admire Sir George in the character of a most dilligent overseer of workmen. There is no longer as in your time walls to be seen hung with the old paper of former ages, and permitted to hang quietly in its place till it is settled by a peace whose old paper it is to be—no longer is there a ladder staircase for Excellencys to hop up & down like birds to their perch, but a fine easy broad ascent & pillars to adorn the passage. The Botanical Garden, divided & sub-divided by myrtle and other hedges for the choristers of the woods, is now divided and sub-divided into fish-ponds for the choristers of the waters, frogs and fish—the pond into which Maxwell fell once more



a pond also—poultry yards repaired, gardens wall'd round, larders erected of magnitude & expence, shelves upon shelves which groan under the weight sometimes of one chicken only. 'But when do you *use* this famous new Larder Sir?' ask'd Mr. Barnard in the simplicity of his heart . . . '*Use it, Sirr!*' says Sir George, rolling his eyes; 'why, I use it *now* Sir.' Mr. Barnard silenced, begun to recollect what there had been at dinner, & he fully believed him, not from the much, but from the little that had there appeared.

However, all is in apple pye order for Douglas, he will have nothing to do and nothing to lay out, so like Seged he may resolve to eat, drink, be merry & happy . . . nor do I believe he will experience the disappointment that monarch did. I hope he will be here soon, and I do rejoyce in the arrival of Lady Katherine. . . . It is always good in a Hive to have a Queen Bee, and she will make one, honeyed & powerfull, but without sting or tyranny. Certainly they will be here before we go; but what is more, their coming will tempt us to give up a few months with pleasure to their society, and to the use we think we may be of to them in the setting off, where you observe that Mr. Barnard's knowledge of the place, and knowledge acquired under you of its interests & proprietys, may abridge a tedious acquirement of experience to Douglas, and in some instances prevent his paying for it perhaps. My dear Sisters will growl on this new reason for delay; but they cannot condemn us in their hearts.

All is now smooth as sattin between us and the Dundases. The Gen<sup>l</sup> even sent to have a confidential conference t'other day with Mr. Barnard to endeavour to ward off some measures he heard (grants I believe) the Governor

was about to make—to prevent Douglas from having more to undo than could be help'd. Barnard was pleased with this, & so was I. It proves that he has either begun to think that he treated Mr. Barnard's opinion in too careless a manner before, that he has *forgot* the whole affair, or that he is more disposed to unite with him now, as against the common enemy of the publick good. By the bye with what pleasure do I not see in Mr. Barnard almost the only man who instead of seeking has shun'd all obligations to Sir George, who even pressed and solicited to name in what way he could be obliged, has never consented to mix himself with the motley crew of those who *have*, even with respect to grants of land, which from a more respected hand woud have certainly been very acceptable to us.

I perceive that Hercules Ross has not had the same delicacy, as I hear a grant to him was one of the first. I think he will be a little sorry when he arrives here to find us still at the Cape. By the bye, here is a wife a-coming! I think he is very right, & has judged it very well—a man at the Cape is much the better for one, & ought to sing the old Scotch song, 'I'll have a wife of my ain & I'll be obliged to nobody.' I hope in return nobody will be obliged to him. The wife of Hercules<sup>1</sup> his predecessor, gave him a jacket which stuck sadly to his ribs; if this one only *trims* his a little, it will do better. She will be in no want of Regimental Taylors to assist her in the trimming of a brother officer. But I hate myself for condescending to jest on a piece of old dull wit I have so scolded others for—I ask *your* pardon, & *his*, & my own.

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to Deianira's gift of the poisoned shirt.

Mr. Barnard has told you of course, that a fair & strong opening occu'ing, he shew'd the General the correspondence which had taken place some little time ago between him & Sir George. The General was pleased with it, & I was glad he had the opportunity of seeing that it was not *personal* civility which could buy off Mr. Barnard from remonstrating on points where he conceiv'd it was his duty to speak. I dare say this communication will aid the change which I flatter myself I see taking place in his mind ; but I know I am too sanguine, and often the dupe of my hopes. Long may I remain so (old as I am for the wearing of a fool's cap) while illusions tend to happiness ! They are quite equal to moderate good realitys.

But let me tell you a little news of your friends here. Your adorer Mrs. Hippisley, has given the world another little one, as has Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Stromborn, Mrs. Hogan—Mrs. Sandanley & Mrs. Craufurd follow soon. In my last letter, sent by a brig to St. Helena for the chance of a conveyance, you would receive the accounts of the loss the Craufurds have made in their pretty child. She died here, after a two months illness . . . nothing could save her. Anne was very, very sorry ; Col. Craufurd almost distracted ; but both are much better, & now with us. Perhaps she may lay in here, the new Reg<sup>ts</sup> having been sent to Wynberg, & their house of course is chang'd for one in town. The expected little one I hope will shortly obliterate the former loss. What a kind & considerate act it was to secure so happy a situation for Col. C: as that of Aide-de-Camp to Douglas ! It has pleased both to the highest pitch ; but it was like yourself to think of it.

I feel quite sure that Douglas will answer here in every respect, and the more so that he will like the place. He has never yet tasted the Sweets of *supremacy* ; it is one of the pleasures most particularly suited to & grateful for advanced life to give itself up to, with temperance & dignity.

I have a little bit of a wish floating in my head, but I have told no-one of it but my friend Lady Anne Barnard ; should I fail in my scheme when talking it over with Douglas, at least no harm can ensue . . . but I would fain instill into him the notion of setting off a Governor of Unanimity & Good-fellowship as to try to make up on his *accession to the throne* all petty differences & jarrings which have been standing over for want of a judicious mediator, and to begin by insisting on Maxwell & Mr. Barnard's meeting together in amity after the long twisted view the first has taken of an easy enough understood matter. I am sure Barnard would be ready for any peace-making *if* which could be used to save Maxwell's pride, for he still loves him. There is a bunch of ill-affected cynical people who have crept into that house, Col. Hall, Col. Vandeleur, & such like, who I am sure have done a world of harm & continue to do so. It is but trying, no disgrace can attend being foil'd if no-one knows the secret attempt I am making up the backstairs but your dear Lordship.

I hope by our next letters that we shall hear of your being quite stout & well—listlessness chiefly remain'd you say, but that is bad enough to a mind of such different habits as yours.

We have heard lately of the loss we have sustained in poor Mrs. Barnard. She was well on to 80, but we had

flattered ourselves with seeing her again. She was a sweet-tempered & indulgent Mother. Poor Barnard has felt this with great sorrow, tho' we ought to have been prepared for it. If the Bishop had not his two young Nieces with him, we should hurry home the sooner to comfort & enliven him ; but I do not think we shall now find it eligible to leave this till some months after the arrival of the Glenbervies—a most rumbling tumbling name by the bye.

Many, many thanks for your conversation with Mr. Dundas about a possible exchange for Mr. Barnard into the Excise, Customs or Navy Board. When we get home, such an one may be very desirable, particularly when we see the expiration of the leave of absence appearing in vista. At the present what Mr. Barnard possesses is so good that the longer he can retain it the better. I wish some rents at home had been as well paid ; but there is one nook of his income which has been *negative*, & a debt has been lost to him entirely by the death of an old friend, trusted by him perhaps rather too much. These things diminish the number of guineas we might have expected to find at home by one means & another. My dear Lord, what business have I to intrude our private affairs on you? A great deal of business . . . you interest yourself in them & in us, & that is enough. God Bless you !

Yours ever truly & gratefully,

ANNE BARNARD.



### XIII

THE hope of Lord Glenbervie's arrival was doomed to disappointment. As the letter received later on from Lord Macartney shows, he decided to remain in England as Lord of the Treasury, moved perhaps by the thought that the peace was not far distant in which England might settle to give back to Holland the Cape of Good Hope. Meanwhile General Dundas was once more on the throne, and the manner in which he ascended it was characteristic of him.

‘Soon after the news of the recall arrived,’ writes Andrew Barnard, ‘I went up to the Governor, and it was agreed that a Proclamation should be issued the next morning, stating his orders to resign to General Dundas as acting Governor. I had not left the Garden House a minute before I had twenty messengers in quest of me from General Dundas ; as soon as I saw him he shewed me *his* dispatches, and told me it was his intention, instantly to take the Government into his hands, and that he had already issued orders to the military, to acquaint them with his intention, and to desire that the honors due to a Governor should be paid him, at the same time he took off the Governor's Guard, and reduced it from a Captain's to a Subaltern's. I thought General Dundas has been too hasty but in order to Save appearances, I immediately drew up a Short Proclamation, a Copy of which is inclosed, No. 1, and carried it up for Sir George's Signature, which when Signed, I had issued immediately, so that the Governor's Proclamation and the Military Orders became public at the Same time ; I also issued a Notice, No. 2, and the next morning the whole business was concluded.’



*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

March 22nd, 1801.

MY DEAR SWEET LORD,

I can't write to you, alas ! for it is now eleven o'clock at night, and the *Coromandel* sails by daybreak. Mr. Barnard I find has not wrote by this opportunity—he bids me say that what with a *Court of Piracy*<sup>1</sup>, the *Corn Committee*, & plenty of other business beside, every morning is at present so occupied that he could not find time to hang himself if he wish'd it. He also desires me to tell you that the Navy have stroak'd down their prowd stomach, and sit quietly in their places now. All is peaceable here at present, the new Governor expected in the course of a month—I think he will be here sooner. Sir George begins to believe in the matter—he (as well as his family) I fancy is deeply mortified ; but it is too late.

The cause at present trying is that of the ship *Chesterfield*, taken by *Elphinston*, trading with the Spaniards, & having papers on board he thinks of a treasonable nature. Of this ship Sir George's private secretary has a share ; but he has shares in everything with the House of Walker & Robertson. I really shoud like to know whether poor Sir George is merely the tool of others, or whether he has any gain in those equivocal transactions ! If you was at my ear, I woud whisper a little bit of a queer surmise which I think not unlikely to be the motive of his non-sensical & faulty conduct—a weak side for the gentle Blake, his supposed Niece, who is in reality no niece. Her husband it is believed plays the part of a

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 89.

certain Philistine, who made 'the Heifer' the agent of getting what was wanted.<sup>1</sup>

N.B.—The theatre I think will never be opened now—two of the chief military actors are off on the expedition.

Gen<sup>l</sup> Dundas & Mr. Barnard are perfectly well, the last can never be familiar with the first, as he knows the danger ; but he has been so much better treated of late where they have been call'd on to act together, that matters go on smoothly. . . .

Here we live quietly in the country, still far away from *Kings* or *Courts* ; but we mean to go to town soon to prepare for Lord Glenbervie. I dare say, if Barnard has wrote to you since that, he has told you that he has had some talk with the General on the subject of houses in future, & has told him that the Castle is once more perfectly at his service, as he & I are quite disposed to be contented with any house near his office, & always were so, had we been properly treated in the matter by those who acted for him. The General *said* little, but there was an implication of his having been ignorant of some of their conduct till lately.

My Dear Lord, I write in sleep, my eye-lids are heavy, and I scarce know what I say. Mr. Barnard is talking away with a gentleman who bears dispatches from Lord Wellesley, who is in good health & full of hope that everything he is now engaged in will terminate prosperously.

Since I wrote to you last, Mrs. Craufurd has had another little girl, & is in perfect health. I hope I shall soon find another conveyance to write by, for this is a poor stupid sleepy letter ; but it comes from one,

Faithfully y<sup>rs</sup>,

ANNE BARNARD.

<sup>1</sup> Judges xiv. 18.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope.

May 27, 1801.

Tho' the present opportunity is not one of the best in the world my dear Lord, yet it must be seiz'd, as a bad opportunity is better than none, and I am told by the blue-coats that there is no vista of any ship going to England soon—so this must be consigned to the good ship the *Lady Yonge*, belonging to Walker & Robertson, which is to carry home Sir George and his family. . . . A conveyance which people I find are not very fond of sending secrets by, as it is alledged Sir George & some of his family have had an ugly custom of saying 'Seal by your leave' whenever curiosity was eager to learn the particulars of what was said of him. However I am told that this cannot apply to the seal'd mail which goes home to England and which is put under the care of the Captain. On this account I shall hasten over a page or two to you my dear Lord, that I may put this into the bag instead of entrusting it to any private hand.

Here we are still expecting the Lord Glenbervie, but he seems to be travelling amongst the Cambrian Mountains, as his arrival recedes from our view ; it has in a degree from the moment we heard of a change of Ministry, as there must be some very important matters in agitation we suppose, such as might render his voyage to the Cape one of too much risque & uncertainty. My dear Lord, I cannot express to you how much we were all surprized at the Resignation of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This took effect definitely on March 14.

with a few other respectable personages ! The cause of this, its purport & further meaning, remains as yet totally in the shade to us, no private letter on the subject having reached this place & newspapers being no very good guide. It rather struck me at first as a step preliminary to a bad & unstable peace, which John Bull had been *roaring* for, & of which they did not choose to be the makers, than as any general change of administration, as I see the places they occupied are fill'd with their best friends, Yourself amongst the number. We do not think you woud like to fill the Board of Controul<sup>1</sup> for any long duration of time, as you woud look on it as too arduous a task with the sort of health you have ; but we are sure you woud not refuse to occupy the seat of Mr. Dundas if for any wise reason he saw it fit to quit it for a space. These, and such as these, are the vague conjectures we form here, which may all be very unfounded. Meantime I rejoyce that the interests of the World are in the hands of the friends of Pitt & of his principles, & I doubly rejoyce that you were well enough not to object to making one of those. What a pleasure it will be to see you again when we *do* see you ; but that prospect is not advanced by the uncertainty which lowers over the coming of Lord Glenbervie.

Meantime I have the very great pleasure to tell you that all now goes on smooth & well between the General & Mr. Barnard—He treats him as *you* used to do, manner excepted, oh, what an exception ! but all the essential part that includes business, is now as it ought to be, & the affairs of the Colony go regularly thro' the office much to

<sup>1</sup> Macartney was offered the Board of Control in Addington's Government but declined it. See below, p. 282.

his satisfaction. He lately said to me, ‘Oh Nanny, if the General had always behaved to me as he does now, I could have done business with all the comfort in the world with him’. I trace much of this to the bad influence of the satellites being diminished by the superior influence of the Star Venus, his Wife, & something to his being willing to change the modes adopted by Sir George for yours, which he had reason to know had been cordially approved of at home. Poor Sir George embarks as I hear the day after to-morrow, if not to-morrow.

I am writing on in fright at this very moment, and at full speed, as they tell me the Mail either *is* closed, or is to be in a few hours; & I dare not, as I before mentioned, trust this to his *fut* Excellency. I call’d on him & Mrs. Blake at Walker & Robertson’s t’other day. He affects to be in high spirits, but I think they are assumed—she cannot conceal her mortification, foolish woman! People are much mistaken in her & her husband, if they have not been in a great measure the causes of all; but where there is a popular prejudice, with the tide strongly turned against any individual, there is no trusting to reports or suppositions. What I believe is that tho’ there is but a part true of all that has been said, there is enough to convince one that he is a most improper ruler for this place. It has been said that the house of Walker & Robertson (since bankrupts in London) advanced the money for the Governor’s furniture &c., & not having been repay’d he has determin’d to serve them in such ways as would not cost *him* anything.

You will very probably hear a good deal about a Court Martial held on a Capt. Towers, for scandalous & ungentlemanlike behaviour. Amongst other charges he



is accused of having sent in the Governor, after his recall, the bill for price and charges of a horse he had made him a present of, & which he had sold for 400 pounds. The Governor's deposition I am told is curious, as he gives so many different accounts of this horse, in one sentence believing it a present from Government, in another from Cap<sup>t</sup> Towers; but at all events he affirms he has a right to the horse, as it has been given to him by *somebody*. Poor soul! he is not aware how ugly & foolishly against himself this will read in England. It does not befit the Governor of the Cape to accept of a horse from a subaltern, given, as Cap<sup>t</sup> Towers owns, to buy something good in return.

Well! now that he is going, I hope at least he is not going to the land of sorrow & disgrace; but I hope Administration will put him back into a similar seclusion to that they took him from. He is (as a certain person once hinted to me, but which did not appear at first) certainly very *pompous*, but he is well-bred & good-humoured. He *must* however have all his own way, and has never quite forgiven me for venturing to remonstrate against his *select* Concerts.

We expect letters from England every day with the utmost impatience; till we hear whether Lord Glenbervie is coming or not, & till we learn better the situation of things at home . . . when we may expect Ross, whether this place is to be ceded or kept, whether we can leave it conformable to our duty or not, it is impossible for us to fix any time for quitting it. My dear Sister Margaret regrets we did not quit it long ago; but however ill anything may turn out, it is not in Mr. Barnard's temper or mine ever to regret or repine at having performed what



we thought our duty *at the time*. One cannot have the gift of prescience, all that one can do is to be as nearly right as one *can*, & if one makes a mistake 'tis the fault of the head, not the intention ; & I don't know how it is, but I have never look'd upon my *head* as any part of *me*. My heart I reckon myself quite *accountable for*, a droll enough calculation, for after all I am not sure whether we have any merit or demerit in what we have had so little vote in the construction of. This is by the bye, too wide a field for fancy to roam in—'revenons-nous à nos moutons'.

Mr. Barnard I believe is not writing to your dear Lordship at present. He is not perfectly well, nervous, rather low, but not ill—however he says it unfits him for the sort of exertion of mind necessary, and he therefore ask'd me if I was writing. I told him I was, tho' in good truth I doubt whether you will be able to read this hasty scrawl, traced by a pen which has not known the knife these six months.

The Craufurds are now with us, both well, & pretty comforted for the loss of the first child by the arrival of the second, little Joanna, called so after his Uncle. We are still in the country & wish to remain so till the Glenbervies arrive—we shall then hurry to town to receive them. All is prepared & ready, & a stock of fat [turkeys] anxiously waiting his Excellency's knife and fork. Now for news—let me see—what have I to tell you?

Little Mrs. Smith is gone home—her child is sick, & I believe she is to lay in of another shortly at her father's. Dr. M— has sold his country house for what it cost him. Mr. Holland has also sold his, & is gone to live in town again, in the same house he was in before,

which by a variety of manœuvres now costs him 80,000 dollars. Col. Cockburn went off a month before Sir George at an hour's warning. . . . He left about a dozen of disconsolate misses, as all were expecting him to marry them, & had lovers who were slighted on his account, it is fortunate for them and for the population of the Colony that the Col. was prevented from dancing them on with false hopes.

The Landdrost of Stellenbosch lost his wife some months ago, and has since married a Boor's daughter, a Miss Herold. Caroline De Lisle is talking of going to England on an invitation from Lady Anne Dashwood—I think it must have been a *verbal* invitation. I think L<sup>y</sup> Anne would not be likely to bring Caroline so far a journey as from the Cape. Captain Campbell has bought Sir George's German Waggon, which cost him (the Captain) 400*£*; but Mrs. Campbell likes it, & so . . .

The B— is well—reports vary as to the plurality or singularity of her adorers at present, but all the Field Officers being engaged, we suppose she thinks two Captains is no more than an equivalent to one General. Gen<sup>l</sup> Fraser goes on to India, much to his satisfaction, & that silly connection, which I believe he finds an expensive one, will be dissolved. Mr. Jessop remains on the watch for letters as he hopes to re-instate him, from England—mean time he has attempted to arrest Sir George's effects, to make himself amends for the losses he has caused him, as he says: this he was of course prevented from doing.

Mr. Barrow is made private secretary for the present to General Dundas. I hear his child is a very fine one. He has never yet permitted his wife to return my visit

on her marriage, so I have never seen it. I hinted to you what I thought of doing about the little mess at Newlands. If the General himself would not do harm instead of good, I would pay *him* the compliment of trusting my secret wish with him, and bidding him make up this same needless & unlucky misunderstanding; but he has not the gentle nature which brings the two ends of a circle together, (a Bull)—by bending each a little with softness & patience.

My dear Lord, I am too, too late. God bless you and keep you! You shall hear from me again by the first opportunity.

Ever yours most gratefully,

ANNE BARNARD.

*Earl of Macartney to Lady Anne  
Barnard*

MY DEAR LADY ANNE,

I can never sufficiently acknowledge how sensibly I feel obliged to you for the many kind and confidential letters with which you have honoured me since my departure from the Cape. The only return I have been able to make was promoting what were your wishes as far as lay in my feeble means. The principal object was to obtain a discretionary leave of absence for Mr. Barnard, which at last was accomplished, but there are now more essential points which I should hope, from the present situation of things and other aid, you yourselves will not find so difficult of attainment. . . . I mean an agreeable establishment at home in lieu of that at the Cape.

What sentiments the new Ministers entertain relative to that Colony I do not yet know, but if they agree with those of their predecessors it will not be restored at a peace, in which case Mr. Barnard's employment might I should hope with the aid of his friends here, be exchanged to advantage ; but if it should be restored, then with the same aid I should think him fairly entitled to a compensation for the loss of it. I just throw out this idea, which your own penetration and good sense will enable you to extend as far as you think proper. I have been so much of an invalid for a considerable time past that I have had fewer opportunities of frequenting great men than formerly, and of knowing the real state of the politics of the times. . . . I confess too that from various circumstances I grow every day less and less solicitous about them.

Having long determined to totally retire from all publick business, I declined<sup>1</sup> appearing on the stage again, and engaging in those scenes where I thought my age and infirmities and frame of mind put it out of my power to be useful ; but I shall never cease to be awake to the interests of my friends, or to give them on every occasion my best advice and assistance. Lady Margaret, who is in as great beauty as ever, will no doubt inform you of everything going forward here. She will tell you the reasons which induced my Lord Glenbervie to prefer his situation as Lord of the Treasury to the Government of the Cape, on the recall of Sir George Yonge, and may perhaps conjecture with more probability than I can, who is to succeed him. . . . Believe me, I shall not forget Colonel Craufurd's interests. When I had written thus

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 276.

far I received an account of the death of poor Sir Charles Stuart,<sup>1</sup> Lady Macartney's brother, which is a most affecting stroke to all his family. . . . If you knew him you must be sensible of the loss we have all suffered. I for one feel it so deeply that I am little able to proceed farther in this letter, which otherwise would probably have been much longer.

Adieu ! then, my dear Lady Anne, for the present, and believe me to be, with every sentiment of esteem and regard,

Ever most sincerely yours,

MACARTNEY.

<sup>1</sup> Who captured Minorca in 1798 and died in March 1801.

## XIV

THE rest of 1801 passed with little pleasure to the Barnards, General Dundas once more being in the ascendancy, but they looked forward to the arrival of a new Governor, and meanwhile withdrew in some measure from a society which was too bristling with pin-points to be agreeable. Through the good offices of Lord Macartney Andrew Barnard had received his leave-of-absence, and they were only awaiting a convenient opportunity for sailing when the unexpected Peace of Amiens changed all their plans ; the Cape of Good Hope was to be given back to Holland, and Andrew Barnard, with characteristic devotion to duty, determined to remain until he could hand over the business of his department to the new masters. There was a rush for passages in the home-going ships, and Lady Anne was prevailed upon by her husband to sail without him. He urged that it would be easier for him to secure a passage alone later on and that he would follow as soon as possible, so with great reluctance she set off on her voyage to England, hoping that his return would not be long delayed. The letters of October, November, and December are therefore the last written to Lord Macartney during Lady Anne's sojourn at the Cape, although the correspondence was continued by Andrew Barnard during the time that passed before he followed her to England, a far longer period than either had anticipated when she sailed.

Cape of Good Hope.

Oct<sup>r</sup> 16, 1801.

A thousand & ten thousand thanks my dearest Lord, for your precious letters of March & April, which are the latest we have received from you. This is in some measure accounted for by your mentioning an intention



of spending some months in Ireland, from which place I hope you are return'd in all the health we wish you.

I will say nothing on the loss your letter communicates of Sir Charles Stuart. I knew him sufficiently to know his value, & his poor wife enough to deplore it on her account; but such are the ills we must bend to in this world, which we all love so well & wish to stay in as long as we can. Fain would I hope that the next state where we all meet, may be one where *separation* may end; where former friendships may be renewed & be the foundation of added happiness; where bad passions may have no place; & where we may have no feelings to each other but such as we may have experienced after a long absence from the friends we love, or after we have had it in our power to do a good action. *You* will feel *both* pleasures when you see us again in old England, for you will see two people who love you truly, & who you are the means of bringing home to bestow on them one twelvemonth's gratification, whatever more.

Ross is returned, his head sound as a pin & noddily noddily as usual. I am much pleased with the pretty little reasonable good-tempered-looking article he has brought with him, & own I think her too good for him. The Cape has settled it that he is to die shortly, & that the widow is to devolve on Mr. Pringle; but I think, if he leaves her the means of living without commisarial aid, that she will be apt to look for something better at home. Sure I am that the sight of Ross's face here, gave me more pleasure than I ever expected it could have done, till I regarded it as connected with our return home. . .

I have had as protégés for some time two young men, who being very bare of money, I thought would be best

assisted by house-room, good fare, & countenance. The first is son to my Brother's late steward in Scotland, a young man of 20 years of age of no very distinguished appearance or manners, but honest & unassuming—he is a clerk in the office. The other a young draftsman of the name of Daniell, one of Sir George's suite, who came out in the ship with Mrs. Dundas & is patronized by her: he collects natural history, draws figures & animals which Mr. Barrow wishes him to annex to a second edition of his book. This young man being without provision on Sir George's quitting the Colony, Mr. Barnard kindly gave him a home in this house, & also a place in his office if he chose it till thro' Mrs. Dundas's influence he could get a better establishment from the General.

These two actions do not at first seem liable to have any very bad motive assigned to them, yet tho' *you* may smile, they have been the means of costing me some tears, as I find I cannot escape blame with these people. The first (Mr. Fair) has been industriously whispered to be, not Mr. Barnard's, but my natural son—his father is supposed to be a late Minister, & the meanness of Mr. Barnard is much laughed at for winking at the guest I give him, in order to preserve the patronage that brought him here. His mother happens to be alive in an obscure village called Colinsburgh<sup>1</sup>, but as no-one here knows anything of the family, the ridicule passed current & uncontradicted, as no-one would venture to repeat it to me.

The other protégé is stated to have been invited by me to stay with us for the express purpose of giving me an opportunity of robbing him of his drawings, which it

<sup>1</sup> In Fife, between Largo and Anstruther.

was circulated in the Coffee-house I had done by availing myself of the power my own house gave me to steal them out of his bedchamber, and that I meant to publish them as my own on my return to England. For this second pretty tale Mrs. Dundas was whisper'd as the authority, it had been told by her to many. Astonished & incredulous, I wrote to her; she positively denied it upon her honor to myself & to the General. On this Mr. Barnard thought it his duty to trace it to the uttermost thro' all the links of the chain—he did, and thro' every one landed it with her.

As the matter woud no longer deny, she gave up Mr. Somerville (Garrison Surgeon) as having brought her a sight of the drawings I had taken, and he after having also denied it. Mr. Daniell, then up the country, who like a true member of that party, while living in my house in the most friendly confidence, had unknown to me stolen from my table where it lay, the tracing or rather scratch of a young Buck on the back of an old letter, *copy'd* from a sketch which he was doing beside me & which I thought resembled a little favorite of mine that died while you were here—which Buck being one of the 'Native Animals' he & his friends conceived it very *heinous* in me to have traced without asking *specific* leave, tho' he had the unlimited power over *my* portfolio, & I over his, if there was anything there I happened to like—Mr. Somerville possessed of this scratch carried it in triumph to Mrs. Dundas, I presume in secrecy to make the favour the greater. Had she behaved with the ingenuous kindness she owed me (for I have dealt *very* kindly by her) she woud have told me what a dangerous person I was harbouring in Mr. Daniell,

& have checked instead of encouraging the other ; but instead of this she had (I may at least say) the *folly* of telling the story with all the *decorations* which I will suppose she received it with, to half a score of people, till thro' their names it became so general that I owed the knowledge of it to the friendship of Col. Craufurd.

Daniell & Somerville have been made to ask my pardon by Mr. Barnard, before witnesses, & are to enter this house *no more*. The General brought down Mrs. Dundas, as he said, to make me the 'amende honorable' for having *forgot* what she had said ; but as she expressed no contrition, but abused me in the grossest manner for having traced the story up to her instead of anybody else, &, as the General himself own'd, his Lady, as he called her, seem'd justified for thinking I was envious of her by having wish'd to see her degraded, instead of expressing regret for having circulated a tale the more insidious in its nature from being a mountain raised on a molehill, I have withdrawn myself from that house, the more so as Messrs. Somerville & Daniell have been received there with additional testimonys of regard, to give them that *support* which with good men they have *stood in need of*.

I regret my dear Lord, that the harshness of their conduct to me, and the *undue* point of view their party try to place two honorable names in, Respected I may say by all who are not under the awe of Bat & Forage,<sup>1</sup> is making me leave this place with a sett of painfull & disagreeable impressions, when I could have liked to have said Adieu to Africa in charity with all I left, & with sentiments of it such as I should have felt when your kind influence prevail'd & made all rose color. O, how

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Army Regulations.

different since you have been gone! This has rather been the den of the Cobra Capel than a society of peace & good fellowship—but it is now over, & our sails will be furled for England by the beginning of January. We shall sail, God willing, in the ‘Indostan’, the Patersons who have been constant & worthy friends accompany us, & probably the little Sister & her husband, Cap<sup>t</sup> & Mrs. Robertson, &c. Cap<sup>t</sup> Motley seems to be a very good-natured man, & I foresee nothing but satisfaction in the voyage, if we have good weather.

Your panorama will sail along with me. Bad as it is & unimproved as my natural little talent is, Mrs. Craufurd assures me that I have it partly to blame for the jealousy of a low-bred young man, & of a woman not very high-bred, who is also an artist, tho’ not from nature. She swears it will be stated to have come out of Mr. Daniell’s portfolio, tho’ I think (if I am not mistaken) you saw it traced on brown paper before you left the Colony, & a year before he arrived. That will make no difference.

Paintings make me think of the Theatre. It was opened for the first time a few days ago—a very pretty one indeed. We felt ourselves obliged to go, & to pay a sum for our box, else we should have been call’d stingy & ill-humoured. The scenes are very well done, some of them by young Cockburn. Mrs. Dundas is also doing one for it—they now protect it, so all the old opposition is obliged to come round. It opened with an address to Apollo, spoken by Dr. Somers, & wrote by Mrs. Somers. It was too fine for anyone to understand it, & seem’d rather an index of pretty learning than any conversation which Apollo could have liked to listen to—however the scene was good, & all was new. The piece was a dull one,



the first part of Henry the 4th. The Doctor thought that he shone in Falstaff, we did not agree with him. Do you remember the soliloquy upon Honour? <sup>1</sup> It was not a bad stricture on some people present, had they felt it so. 'What is honour? A word. Who hath it? The man that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it.' Do you not think I had some virtue for not loudly clapping, & looking certain folks in the face? But *reforming particles* are all, as Yorick says 'very dead in me'.

Since this there has been a great Ball at the Gov<sup>t</sup> House, to which I sent my excuse. For the first time the subaltern officers have been invited, people of all conditions, & ladys of indifferent character, there being an eager desire of making friends in the world since the late fracas with me. I shall not give any Ball *now*, before our departure, as we had meant to have done. To *draw the line*, as Foote <sup>2</sup> says, between friends & foes, woud be too painfull to me, & too marked perhaps, so I shall 'just do nothing' & so save my money.

Since I wrote last the eldest Van Oudtshoorn is married, moderately well. The young Miss Berg who you saw a child t'other day, is to belong to the church & to marry the new Dutch clergyman. The Baumgardts have sold all their houses & talk of going home, as does the Cloetes—I mean to Holland by way of England. The Fiscal woud like to go, but his family is too large to give him liberty. The Landdrost of Stellenbosch is

<sup>1</sup> 1 *Henry IV*, v. i.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Samuel Foote, the actor, wit, and playwright, many of whose sayings were in every one's mouth. He died in 1777.



married again, to a farmer's daughter of the name of Herold. The Craufurds are well, the child so too. They pine for home, and envy me—we must talk about that when we meet. Till then I reserve other conversations.

With what anxiety do not people hope for the arrival of Fullarton! <sup>1</sup> All ranks & classes of people liking his character, & feeling the oppression of the present administration, not on the pockets, but on the man or mind, wish for him to be the means of re-instating harmony in society, as it stood when you was here, when true dignity & good sense kept folly & malignity in order, & when *gentlemen* encircled a *gentleman*. What a pity the coming of someone fit to reign is delay'd. You have no doubt read the address to the General from the Dutch. I have no time to give you its history, but it is not difficult to suppose it when you reflect that every man who now composes part of his family has a Dutch wife. Much is hoped here from the impression it will make at home.

I must not add more my dear Lord, else I shall lose my ship; but I shall not stop writing by every conveyance till we re-embark, as I have pleasure in conversing with you, tho' not equal to what I look forward. God Bless & preserve you well & happy & hearty!

Your affectionate & obliged,

ANNE BARNARD.

Upon reading over my letter I find it is a dull & vexed one, but I have no time to write another.

<sup>1</sup> William Fullarton, 1754–1808. He raised the 23rd or Fullarton's Dragoons and the 101st or Fullarton's Foot, both regiments being reduced at the Peace of Amiens in 1802. He was appointed Commissioner for Trinidad in 1803, and disgraced himself by his unjust persecution of Sir Thomas Picton, see below, p. 310.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Cape of Good Hope,

Nov<sup>r</sup> 12, 1801.

I wrote you so long a letter lately my dearest Lord, that I dare say you tremble for the sight of my hand ; but this shall not run into length. At the same time I am loth to let any opportunity escape me of writing, so many letters I am convinced having been lost, nor the less likely are they to be lost (to you at least) from the seas being so well stocked with French privateers &c.

We have had a charming *vision* of late of going home in the Hindustan, which I fear will prove only an agreeable dream, as there begins to be some whisperings of her being detained here, some think for an expedition against the Mauritius, others suppose to carry home the Admiral, who thinks it not unlikely he may be permitted to return home. For what purpose it is to be detain'd, I can only make a poor guess at (the first I shoud think the most likely), but I am apt to think she *will* be detain'd, and that we shall of course be disappointed of our passage in her, & in all the comfort security and satisfaction that that woud have given us. All we can do is to be *ready* : if she sails for England, in her we will go ; but if the beginning of January nothing is determined respecting her sailing, we must not wait her tardy motions, but embrace the first opportunity that presents itself, and I woud fain hope that we shall find means of going in some Indiaman, or Chinaman, tho' I am griev'd to say there is no depending on this.

Had we not been carried on for many weeks in this Paradise of Hope & delusion, we might have seiz'd an excellent opportunity *now* of going home, but the stay of the ship was so very short that we had no time to wind up our concerns here. How glad my poor Husband will be when he leaves this for home, and when he once more can *wait on you of a morning* in Curzon Street to receive your commands. He longs most ardently to see you, and is also impatient to be gone. I *fancy* his office is pretty much of a *sinecure* at present, but he seems so uncomfortable that he *says little* to me on it—at night with a sigh he sometimes says ‘Well, thank God! we are one day nearer leaving this, & yet Anne, a day I reckon a little precious bit of existence’.

I have wrote several times to Mr. Dundas, indeed very frequently since the departure of Sir George. I mention'd in former letters my dear Lord, that the General behav'd so well to Mr. Barnard on his first *remounting* the Throne, that Barnard said what a pity he had not always done so, as he was at that time perfectly pleased & happy with him. To Mr. Dundas I enlarged with pleasure *on this* favorable change (never supposing *winter was to return*). I also in every letter have praised the lady. I was much dispos'd to like her, & having been oblig'd to speak out about the husband, I felt it a justice to say out also all the good I could about the wife, to Mr. Dundas and to everybody.

I have not, and shall not *unsay* any part of the good; ill as I have been used, I do not wish to injure anyone unless self-defence calls for it, and am not fond of appearing as *inconsistent* as I naturally should to Mr. Dundas who might reckon the caprice lay in me, instead

of the errors elsewhere. Lest you should *not* have received my last letter, I will simply mention that Mrs. Dundas while living apparently on the kindest terms with me, has been the circulator of things to my prejudice so very unprovoked and disreputable, that after having traced those gossipings to their *source*, finding her to be the head of them, I have been oblig'd to decline her society, I may truly say with *great sorrow*, as I doat on peace & feel my heart overflow with the milk of human kindness to all those whose manners are kind & cordial to me ; but when stab'd in secret ! . . . O, my Lord, my Lord, the honest person who bears obloquy for the sake of *peace*, will in a society of detraction be asserted to deserve it, & to bear it from *fear*—& so saying, I leave this vile subject of private wrongs, which woud sit very light on me if it was only the *purse* of Mr. B: and his wife that was pilfered from ; ‘ but he that stealeth from us our good name ’ endeavours to take that which I own triumphs over my philosophy when I see it decamping under the thief's arm.

I often when disposed to feel this too much recall to my mind some of your last words when you forbid me to despond should I find things go cross or people disposed to be ill-humoured. You painted then the stile of publick life very very justly, & the sort of petty vexations all those must be subject to who are in any degree servants of the publick. Another very sensible male friend, in reply to my saying how much less comfortable we had felt ourselves here since your departure, says, ‘ I have lived long enough in those subordinates to know that real comfort is rarely to be found in them ; they are usually scenes of petty competition, counter-

action, detraction, & jealousy—of indiscriminate society not of the best kind, with a very small infusion of friendship ; & I have long thought Caesar's rather a hasty than a solid opinion that led him to prefer being the first man in the village to the second man at Rome ' &c.

But before I conclude, I must have one word upon a more important matter than our little concerns. I am *all abroad* about my friend Lord Wellesley. I hear his *recall* positively asserted. Is it possible that amidst success beyond the limits of their expectations, the Directors can have ordered him home merely because his plans & expences are too much *en grande* for their systems of economy? I do not think it unlikely that he may have launched rather into too wide a field of publick improvement, but to put such a disgrace on a conduct upon the whole so right—it cannot be ! I can perceive however by yellow Indiamen going to & fro, who drop sentiments at the Cape they dare scarce whisper at Bengal, that there is a powerfull faction there against him . . . a phalanx of envy & jealousy. Well ! if it triumphs over him, he will at least have that consciousness of high desert which I tell him will make him retire like the proud lion into his den, still feeling himself the King of the Beasts. In return for this impertinence of mine, he invites me to come and listen in secret to his mighty growlings whenever he is there fixed. I do love that family very much—their heads and hearts are so excellent affectionate & sound.

Our little country place near Newlands has been purchased by a gentleman from India, Mr. Hawkins (for less than it cost us by some hundred pounds . . . no matter, Mr. Barnard has had his amusement out of it).



There are three other familys who contrive to live under the same roof in society & I fancy all will benefit by the good air they find there. The *inquisition* is sitting on Sir George : as all are sworn to secrecy I know nothing for certain. Gen<sup>l</sup> Vandeleur who is not good at keeping secrets, pop'd out to-day that much had come forth which ' woud make the hair of our heads stand on end ' ; but I put no faith in his *shavings*. Enough will appear I have not a doubt, to prove him to have been a foolish, partial, unfair & improper Governor, extravagant & winking at wrong things ; but I doubt whether any gain actually went into his *own* pocket, tho' I believe he may have meditated on such matters, probably laid aside from their difficulty of transaction.

Fresh disturbances have broke out at Graaff Reinet lately—complaints against Maynier,<sup>1</sup> actions with the Boers, a field-piece sent, more troops, and Smith the aide-de-camp, Abercrombie, Sherlock, are appointed as Commissioners to judge upon Maynier's conduct &c. How glad I am that Mr. Barnard's offer to the General when this new disturbance broke out, was not accepted of, indeed he did not deign to give him an answer when he offer'd to go (in spite of our intentions of going home) to settle the matter in question amicably with the Boers. Mr. Barnard stands so high in the opinion of the Dutch, & is so much more civil & fair & conciliatory than young aide-de-camps are likely to prove themselves to such a class of people, that I have no doubt that all woud have been well settled which is now in confusion, & likely to be more so. What ten thousand pitys for this Colony

<sup>1</sup> Honoratus Maynier was appointed Commissioner of the frontier districts in December 1799.





A BOER AND HIS WIFE



that L<sup>d</sup> Glenbervie had not come out . . . but every day awakens more & more the regret of *your* departure.

My dearest Lord, I must seal. It is late, & I promised you not to make this *too long* a letter. I have not kept my word !

Y<sup>rs</sup> ever truly,

ANNE BARNARD.

I have said nothing of your invasion, but I trust Lord Nelson will have swept the sea clear long ere we shall be sailing into the Channel.

Col. Craufurd has met with a nasty accident which confines him to his sofa—a fall from his horse, w<sup>e</sup> has cut his leg, & wounds are difficult to heal in this country. He & his Major go on beautifully. Upon the whole Col. Craufurd has proved himself a meritorious young officer, for with all his fire he has avoided scrapes where no other field officer has been able to avoid them. I fancy there will be a son & heir in two or three months. She is very well, & we all talk of you *so often* that I believe you live more in our society than in that of those who are next street to you. God Bless you, my dear *friend* !

I am busy, busy painting the panorama ; but alas ! the glare of light on the top of the house, falling in with *too many years in the lady*, and the constant manner in which I have press'd my eyes to finish this, has injured them extremely. I hope cold native air will brace them again.

The panorama referred to by Lady Anne is now at Haigh Hall. After the death of Lord Macartney her letters and sketches, which he had preserved carefully, were sent back to her by his family, and they are now with the Journal and Memoirs in the Archiva Lindesiana.

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Cape of Good Hope,

Dec<sup>r</sup> 7, 1801.

No ship can sail without a few lines from some of us to my dear Lord, who I sincerely hope I shall see ere long. I cannot say that we *are* to sail in the course of this month, or that we are *not* . . . we are ready, our stock ready, and we have only to pray that nothing may sway the Admiral to change the destination of the Hindostan.

My two last letters have been vex'd & plagued ones, particularly the first. Now things are getting to such a ridiculous pitch that I could almost *laugh* at the whole of it if I was not provoked to see Human Nature so debasing herself. It is impossible for me to count up all the Court-martials now on the stocks (I fib—they are 5); the affronts which have been offered by the officers to each other; the scandals which have grown out of nothing, in particular the name of poor little innocent Mrs. Ross which has been hauled forwards by garrison wit & is now the basis of a resignation of a young man's commission & court-martial. General Hall has been sent to Coventry by his Reg<sup>t</sup>, as has Mr. Hipplesley. General Dundas has sent Mr. Duckitt to the Tronk<sup>1</sup>—he refused to answer a question put to him by the Commission to enquire into the conduct of Sir George, viz., 'what share the van Rhenins had of the beef contract'. He said it regarded his private affairs only, they reported

<sup>1</sup> The prison.

this refusal, & the General without notification or remonstrance had him taken up & lodged there. After having taken the oath to reply to such questions as should be put, we thought him wrong for refusing to do so; but the desperate punishment administered, without one word of remonstrance, or hearing what he had to urge in his defence, *you* are a better judge of than anyone can be, who know the place.

Our free-born English farmer, feeling the stain indelible, was tempted to remain there, & to appeal the matter home. I dare say our Acting-Governor would have been supported in his conduct against Mr. Duckitt, tho' perhaps privately not approved of in the rash extent to which his rigour went; but had the matter been taken up by Opposition, it might have made an ugly business perhaps, as the unmodified manner in which the oath is administered & the private Letter-books of the merchants searched, is thought by some here to be done a little by the point of the bayonet. Mr. Duckitt after he had been in the Tronk a day, finding he got unprejudiced advice from no-one, and being extremely disposed to be stout, wrote however, entreating the counsel of Mr. Barnard, who being ever temperate & conciliatory, pressed him to make such apology as was necessary to effect his being liberated, for the sake of his private affairs, for the sake of the Government farms now standing with their crops on them, & also that a dispute so open to difference of opinion might not be sent home to the injury of the partys. At first he resisted this advice, but I find has since acted upon it, & has wrote to the Commission saying that he meant it no disrespect &c., using a few

civil words which have been eagerly seized on as an apology in order to liberate him from a place where I *suspect* the General begun to repent he had put him in—but in much of this I may be wrong, I only chat over the matter as it appears to me.

Mr. Barnard knows nothing officially from him of anything going on, not even that there *exists* a Commission—we don't *care* any longer, as our time here will now be so short. It is meanwhile *very* flattering to see the consternation many of the Dutch are in on Mr. Barnard's departure. Most of the women have expressed themselves to me in terms so kind, expressing such wishes for our return & for our happiness should we stay, as has extracted a tear from me of gratitude—more of all this when we meet. Mr. Barnard will never see this place again if the General remains in his present situation. N.B.—Barrow is acquiring great sway over him, which will be of use to the General (supposing him to be as *sensible* as he is clever); but I have a small doubt of this from the folly he has shewn of publishing weekly in the Cape Gazette (of which he is made the Editor) large pieces of his own work. The first opening of the Gazette had an extract from it, & terms open'd for having it translated into Dutch by subscription, but the extract being full of attack on the phlegm & want of education of the men, with some ridicule on their whole attention being directed to the cracking of a large whip which they used on the hides of their bullocks, it has offended the whole body of the Dutch so much that I believe Barrow would do well not to venture any more up the country, as the Boers declare that he shall have cause to know they can use their whips with good effect



if he does. I don't think that was well judged of him, nor well judged of by the General to approve of this publication. I hear there is one subscription to the translation, but no more.

I see Ross & his little wife are considerably disgusted with this late business. N.B.—The young man's name is Craufurd, a cousin of her own. Ross has not in my opinion acted sensibly, for instead of doubling his attentions to the young man, who stood forwards to prevent her name from being flippantly talk'd of, tho' with himself, merely from a ridicule which has been established against Ross—he has shut his door against him, to shew that there is nothing in it, which with all ill-natured people might cut the other way. I hope however that this silliness will not have power to do the *well-behaved* good-humoured little woman any prejudice. Remember I repeat things as I *believe* them to be, & therefore I take Mr. Craufurd's part, who appears to me to have meant very honorable kind conduct by his cousin, if his judgement has not err'd by his *defending* her too warmly, instead of letting the idle quiz alone—it is *that* only I fancy he has been to blame in.

As you may chance, indeed certainly *will* hear things from others, & as there is no positive *certainty* of our sailing in the Hindostan, I continue giving your dear L'p an account of the humours of the place. Mr. Barnard I believe does *not* write by this conveyance, as he thinks we shall convoy it ; but I fear that may not be the case. Adieu my dear Lord, this is a hasty scrawl, but from one loving you truly, & rejoycing in the thoughts of seeing you again.

Y<sup>rs</sup> ever,

ANNE BARNARD.

## XV

A FEW days after her arrival in England Lady Anne wrote to her husband expressing the wish that 'all the world would go to sleep for two days and leave me free to write to my own dear Husband at a distance, who is worth more to me than all its atoms put together'.

She was warmly welcomed by her old friends, the Prince Regent, Dundas, Pitt, Abercorn, Lord Mansfield, and even by Windham, who had taken to himself a wife during her absence, Cecilia, daughter of Commodore Forrest. Lady Anne thought the marriage a dull one, and went home to write in her diary: 'Oh, happiness, happiness, where art thou to be found except in the bosom of Anne Barnard?'

Windham was no longer a Minister; she met him cheerfully, and told him that when he was Secretary of State and Barnard out of office she hoped he would pay his debt to her by helping him—a dangerous jest, and one that only a thoroughly heart-whole woman could have made. 'His eye beamed a volume', she writes, 'but I knew how little that eye was to be trusted.'

Lady Anne arrived in England in the spring of 1802, and once more took up her abode with her sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce. She hoped that her husband would follow her shortly, but delay after delay ensued before the Cape was finally ceded to Holland and the new Government established, and Andrew Barnard remained at his post like the good and faithful servant of England that he was, in spite of the unsympathetic atmosphere of the General Dundas régime. He wrote cheerfully, telling her of a visit he had paid to Genadendal, where 'the good Hern Hutters talked incessantly of you and regretted that you had left the country without making





HOUSE AND CHURCH AT BAVIAAN'S KLOOF (GENADENDAL)

them another visit and taking a drawing of their church, which is really a very noble one and holds upwards of a thousand people.'

Later on, as the time dragged wearily, he wrote: 'Oh, Anne, how rejoiced I shall be when once more I press you to my bosom and say, "Now dearest, we part no more in this world till the cold hand of death snatches one of us away."' Moved by who knows what premonition of the short time that remained to them she wrote, offering to return to the Cape, but at the end of her letter she added that she had just heard that orders to evacuate the place had actually gone, so that she would look for him before long. But though her heart was at the Cape, her brilliant and sympathetic personality quickly drew about her in London a circle of men and women of note; her fire-side men, she writes, were the old Bishop of Limerick, Lord Macartney, Glenbervie, Lauderdale,<sup>1</sup> and Fullarton.

'Fullarton scolded me on hearing that you had no grant of land at the Cape. I said what was true, that you loved your old Master, Lord Macartney, too well to have asked him to do for you what you knew he thought it wrong to do for anybody at that time, and that afterwards you would not have accepted of such an obligation from those who succeeded him.' This letter she signed 'your ever faithful vrouw, Anne', and she records it in her Memoirs, but she destroyed most of his own letters in later years, lest the words which were precious to her should ever be read by indifferent eyes; at the same time her fine sense of honour led her to burn scores of letters from the Prince of Wales—then George IV—and many others which were written for her private perusal. They would have been invaluable to present-day students of history, but she did not

<sup>1</sup> This is James, Eighth Earl of Lauderdale, who began his political career as a strong Radical, a partisan of France, and died a strong Tory after fiercely opposing the first Reform Bill.

consider herself justified in giving them to the world.

In her Memoirs, however, there are many quotations from letters sent and received. She writes to her sister, Margaret, during an absence, to tell her of the arrival of the Dutch Commissioners who were to take over the Cape. 'Barnard says he cannot help being sorry to think that the Colony will be given up to the Dutch. He has liked the amusements it has afforded him ; he has formed two or three friendships, particularly with the Fiscal and van Rhenin, and from the moment that seemed to put an end to his influence as Colonial Secretary, he has found every attention doubled to him. The new Governor<sup>1</sup> and all his train have begun with him in the same friendly way. He is invited by Mynheer Janssens to walk into his room of an evening, where he finds the future Governor, after he has pulled off his wig, put on his nightcap, and introduced a pipe into his mouth, sitting with his wife and jonge vrouw in their bed-gowns, but rising instantly to offer rum and "soupé",<sup>2</sup> as they used to do in the interior of the country ; but I daresay on public occasions these plain folk will be as high as the pride of the Dutch can desire. He writes from the house of our old acquaintance Green, having given up his abode in the Castle to the three Dutch Commissioners.'

Throughout the long months of waiting for her husband's return, Lady Anne found her chief solace in writing to Macartney, who alone amongst all her friends in England understood anything of the far-off country in which Andrew Barnard still served a somewhat forgetful England.

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant-General Jan Willem Janssens, appointed Governor of the Cape when it was given back to the Dutch in 1802, was a man of high character. He was defeated at the battle of Blaauwberg in 1806, when England took the Cape again.

<sup>2</sup> The Dutch word is *zoopje*, meaning a small glass of something to drink.



*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Dover St. 42,

June 4th 1802.

While London is in the bustle of hurry pleasure and business this 4th of June, and while carriages are rolling so fast thro' the streets that I scarce know what I *write*, or what I *think*, I take up my pen to my dearest Lord, regretting that the distance between us should be still so considerable, tho' I hope that very soon it will be a much smaller one. At present I have the pleasure of telling you that I have heard very often from my kind better half, and in particular last night, the penny post <sup>1</sup> having brought me a far travell'd letter, dated the 22nd of March. In it he says that he has remain'd, tho' solitary, in the Castle, it is so convenient from its vicinity to his office, and that to lighten his widowhood he has got the Craufurds & the Sauls to live with him, which I am glad of, as I do not see why a man should be more moping than he *must*, and feel quite contented with the share I believe I shall have of his thoughts in my absence. He complains of the disappointment he met with after a long morning of expectation of great things, from six ships that were seen off the Lion's head, when they proved to be Americans & Danes. He hopes that he shall find everything ready to permit of his departing in a few months, for he has not an idea poor fellow ! of the Dutch being still in port.

<sup>1</sup> There was a local Penny Post in London at this time—probably her letters were sent in the Colonial Office bag and reposted.

What an odd town this is! People have forgot the Cape & all about it so much, that when I talk of Mr. Barnard's return depending on the quick or tardy arrival of the Dutch, they don't comprehend me—'What then, we are *not* to keep the Cape, are we not?' I protest that I doubt whether the past or present Ministers know whether the Dutch are sail'd or not. I ask of Mr. Dundas, he bids me apply to Lord Hobart—Lord Hobart thinks of something else & gives me a jocular answer. I think of the Cape, most uncouthly, when I should be thinking of the novelty of the moment—' & so the world wags' for everyone has their own subject on which they are preoccupied. A very worthy friend of ours (Mr. Atkinson) once canvassed but ultimately lost the City of London, for which he was polling. Some very interesting conversation was going on, of considerable importance; he was a little tipsey. He listened with great impatience, at last he broke out . . . 'But pray what has all this to do with the London Election?' This question since passed into a proverb with us. I fear I am often guilty of the London Election, when I blame people for being uninstructed about the Cape.

Meantime let me condole with you for the demise rather than the *loss* of Lord Lonsdale.<sup>1</sup> I wish he had shewn more liberality in this last act to his Wife, tho' she, sweet temper'd woman! is quite pleased & contented because he has left her five thousand pounds more than he could have avoided leaving her. Had it been five thousand p<sup>r</sup> an: it would have been a more

<sup>1</sup> James, 1st Earl of Lonsdale, 1736–1802. The 2nd Earl, who came from a collateral branch, was Wordsworth's friend.

suitable present, considering the princely fortune which he is annexing to the mere name of Lowther, without an atom of private friendship to the bearer of the name. I think he has made a droll choice of an Executor—his housekeeper. I suppose he thought she would *preserve* his effects better than anybody else, & keep his legatees in a fine pickle. He seems to be less regreted than any other mortal man of 50,000 p<sup>r</sup> an: who has ever in my time paid the last debt to Nature. Poor man! he never liked paying anything. I have not heard the particulars of the last solemn scene.

June 8.

The bustle goes on still—there have been fêtes on fêtes in honour of the Peace, which I fancy is more rejoiced over by the 3rd & 4th rank of society than by the first & 2nd, who are less sanguine of its duration. I have not been at any one publick place since I arrived, evening amusements wear me out, and I therefore prefer the continuation of my Cape life, to the commencement of a London one. I fib—I went *once* to the play, with L<sup>y</sup> Jane Dundas to hear Mrs. Billington<sup>1</sup> sing. She is very admirable and very wonderfull; but I do not much like it. She astonishes, but does not enchant me, & in point of beauty she is as fat as a Vrouw.

Yesterday I dined with the *new Governor* of Trinidad (I was going to say), but he is only the 3rd part of the Governor, the largest 3rd to be sure—our good friend Fullarton. His face look'd but a sick face a few days ago; there is more satisfaction in it and spring than

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, of uncertain parentage, married James Billington, a musician in 1783 and first appeared on the stage in Ireland. The *D.N.B.* calls her the 'greatest singer England has ever produced'. She retired in 1811 and died 1818.

there was, but I do not think him at all well. His wife tells me that this is chiefly accepted of on *account of his health*, as the climate is suppos'd to be one admirably adapted to his complaints; but in spite of this little manifesto of my cousin's, I am apt to think a little more health thrown into the purse is a motive *too*. It has been sadly drain'd of late by this cruel lawsuit, which seems to have more lives than a cat, for after the verdict is given & the suit lost, up she pops again & there's a new chase—I am told *that* is the case at present. I do not know the value of Trinidad nor have ever heard, I suppose it must be of importance, but have we not sugar enough already? If it must be kept to guard what we already have, that is another thing; but as a new acquisition . . .? I do not see that we *keep* what we spend both men & money to acquire. Fullarton is the head of the Commission of three—Capt. Hood <sup>1</sup> goes out in the Naval department, & Col. Pickton <sup>2</sup> is to command the Army. A less conciliatory man than Fullarton might have chanced to find a degraded Governor an uncomfortable partner; but if any man can let another drop down easily it will be him. Lord Lauderdale dined there, a dead man alive, and horribly grinning cadaverous smiles. I fancied I saw a spectre, & that he was invisible to everybody but me.

My dinner hours have been much bestow'd on my

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir Samuel Hood.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. sup. p. 291 note. Picton had been suspended from the Government of Trinidad by Addington, but was named one of the three 'Commissioners'. Fullarton behaved shamefully to him and Hood resigned, Picton resigned in 1803 and was prosecuted by Fullarton. The case dragged on till in 1808 a special verdict acquitted Picton of the charges brought against him. No judgement was ever delivered.

private friends, publick men have little time for female dinners, particularly with those they know but little, so I have not been ask'd by any of the new Ministers.

Your being absent, my dearest and best of Lords, has been a sad loss to me, and to that *preparation* which possibly the interests of Mr. Barnard might have benefited by—a favourable word, and the matter left there, may be relevé'd afterwards. At the present (with Mr. Barnard *still in office*, and my own most powerful connections at a distance) I can only shew a little courteous attention to those who are my Husband's masters, and by a gentle, gentle hint convey that more may be said by & bye.

I take the liberty of enclosing a few lines that I wrote to Mr. Addington<sup>1</sup> some weeks ago—I thought it modester to do so than to request an audience, when I had *nothing to ask* & nothing to trouble him with. The D'ss of Gordon<sup>2</sup> woud have had the audience & perhaps have thrust herself on his intimacy, but without condemning her, I do not wish to resemble her.

I have by a few words convey'd something of the same sentiment express'd to Mr. Addington, in a *passing conversation* with Lord Hobart.<sup>3</sup> Charles Yorke<sup>4</sup> has express'd himself *very* kindly to me with respect to Mr. Barnard—but a *good name* from *you* is the first of all things. This best of testymonys, with a friendly pat on the back, by those who have power & kindness to

<sup>1</sup> First Lord of the Treasury 1801-4, afterwards Viscount Sidmouth.

<sup>2</sup> Jane Maxwell, wife of Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon, a Tory beauty and wit, died 1812.

<sup>3</sup> Secretary of State for the Colonies.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Philip Yorke, of the Hardwicke family, M.P. for Cambridge, Secretary at War in Addington's Government.



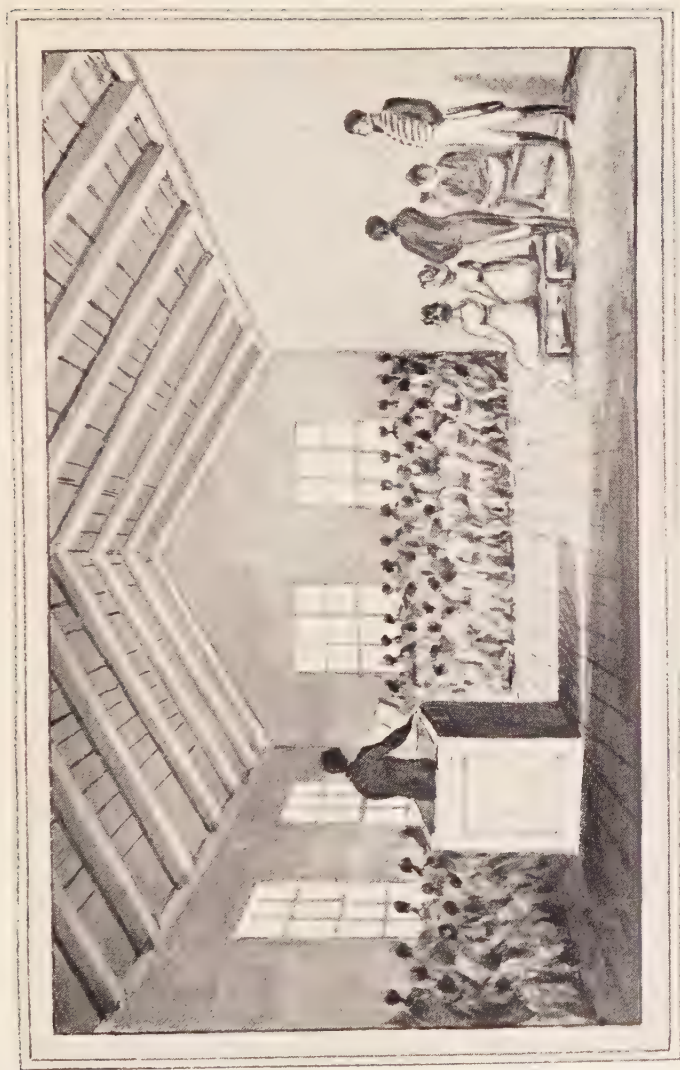
give it, may be of use. To see him brought forwards & made usefull in any honorable line woud be the joy of my heart; but if these pleasing visions are not realised, I hope we can be very happy & unchagrin'd without.

There is a person who I am afraid when the Cape is ceded loses a pleasant little testimony of his Majesty's approbation—I mean Lord Macartney! I have never heard that mentioned by any person, but it gave me a knock at the heart one day when it rushed into my fancy that *perhaps* the 2,000 p<sup>r</sup> an:<sup>t</sup> might fall to the ground with the British flag. I hope I am wrong in a conjecture w<sup>c</sup> anxiety suggested. You are too independent in y<sup>r</sup> spirit to care *much*, and have too much right appreciation of the best uses of riches not to care *a little*.

With respect to Lord Wellesley, I need scarce tell you what you must know all about much better than I do; but you are so far away at present, & people who know the real state of great matters are so occupied, that it is just possible you may not be up with all the changes which take place in the breasts of those worldly wise folks called the Directors. They have I imagine been pleased & angry, and pleased & angry again so often with Lord Wellesley that I need only say that in spite of reports of his instantly coming home, I am of opinion he will remain on one good year more at least. He feels himself *there*, & tho' I believe he despises his Right Honorable masters, I do not think he is likely to leave the ground in a pet sooner than suits his *conveniency*, which did he despise them *less* I think he might be

<sup>t</sup> i.e. Macartney's pension.





Hottentot Congregation at Baviaan's Kloof (Genadendal)



tempted to do. I believe they have been making up to him lately, and I *know* he has requested Lord Clive<sup>1</sup> to stay another year. I fancy he wishes the plans that were laid between them to be finished during their stay, not carried on by the person likely to succeed to them. They are excellent friends, which is by no means the publick belief. Henry Wellesley has got an excellent situation if it will but last a few years—Governor to the conquered countrys.<sup>2</sup> Short as the duration of his reign may be, it certainly will give him *some* advantage. *My Lady* I find has been very angry about a certain naughty report of my Lord, and high about it. If there is truth in man, & some men I do think are truth itself, that report is unfounded. Nothing but his own positive & spontaneous assurance to me that it *was so* could have made me disbelieve what had got itself surrounded with so many corroborating appearances. If it *had* been true, I shoud have [thought] it nothing to make a wonder of—my Lady woud have herself only to blame. However I do *not* believe it, & I have said so to those who will send it round to her.

If I shoud see Caroline De Lisle in town, shall I send her to pay your Lordship a visit? Caroline did not understand the Peace to be a good one as the English were going away, & she therefore literally *took the first boat* & went off with one of the nice captains, who has promised her marriage she says. I hear Sir George is to return here soon, & to kick up a riot for want of proofs against him. Administration must have very little to

<sup>1</sup> Edward, 2nd Lord Clive, afterwards 1st Earl of Powis, Governor of Madras 1798–1803, died 1839.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Lieutenant-Governor to the portion of Oude ceded to the East India Company by the Nabob of Oude in 1801.

occupy them else, if they *now* give in to that attempt, which has even lost part of its interest from the place being no longer ours. I hear also that Craufurd's Regt<sup>t</sup> is to be reduced—also the 92nd & 89th. He will be glad & sorry. He does not like the profession, & both languish for home & a cottage in Wales; but I fear 'tis an elegant not a homely retirement they are thinking of. I would rather for *their* sakes they went on to India, & that they came home for my own. Perhaps Faukener & his other friends may be able to get him introduced into something of the political or rather Corps Diplomatique line. Wortley, his friend, tells me that he thinks that is the one he is most adapted for—of that I am no judge because I do not know what it requires.

I have been calling at Lady Portarlington's<sup>1</sup> again & again to try to get a little intelligence of you. I think you will not now leave Ireland this Summer, in which case I may see you there, for either I shall go to you, or you will come on to Dublin Castle before you leave the country, as I do not think you will go by Scotland.

Pardon my dear Lord, this rambling scrawl—I cannot get a pen to write, I must find out somebody to make me some, for these machine ones are terrible.

My best wishes to L<sup>y</sup> Macartney. You shall hear again from me if you do not see me very soon.

Ever yours most gratefully,

ANNE BARNARD.

Her friends Dundas and Pitt had both resigned office, but Lady Anne did not lose heart as to the future.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline Stuart (sister of Lady Macartney), m. John, 1st Earl of Portarlington, and died 1813.

‘I really think, my best beloved,’ she writes to her husband, ‘that your chances of future employment are good, what with your fair name, the dear old Lord to back it when he returns from Ireland—you can hardly fail of stepping into some active situation ere long, but should we get nothing we can be happy without it, and that is a feeling which bids defiance to fortune.’

She again records her surprise that so few people in England seem to know or care anything about the Cape.

A letter from Andrew Barnard to his sister, in which he permits himself to speak of his loneliness, clutches at her heart-strings. ‘Oh, my sweet love,’ she writes, in a letter referring to a possible appointment for him, ‘how little should I care about the matter was not active employment so much to your taste; how comfortable we shall be when you return. . . . There is no part of the world makes any difference to me except you are in it, and glad should I be at this moment if I could by a wish find myself beside you at the Cape, to take my sea voyage over again with you—which from such a coward as I am is saying a good deal.’

*Lady Anne Barnard to the Earl  
of Macartney*

Berkeley Sq<sup>r</sup>, 21 July 1802.

I have received both your kind and wellcome letters my dearest Lord, and *at last* within these very few days, from the Cape, your letter of Oct<sup>r</sup> 31, 1801. The sight of your beloved hand made my dear Lord and Master transgress his own rule, which I think an excellent one to lay down & for a wife scrupulously to adhere to (tho’ *entre nous* I do not feel it a very material one to be observed *to* me tho’ extremely to be observed *by* me)—however my dear ‘*maun*’ seeing your hand, could not

resist tasting of the forbidden fruit, & with many apologies told me of his crime, he had laid violent hands on your letter!—what a pity you had not made a little love to me in it, instead of a great deal of friendship! I was transported with his crime, as he is so good that I love to see a little *mortal frailty* now & then, tho' I am not eager to grasp at it as a *precedent*.

What a long time you have been in Ireland now, my sweet Lord! That letter says four months previous to its date, the 31st of October, above a year now considerably, & alas! much of it spent in pain. I do not pity you for *solitude*; I should be much more apt to pity you for *society*, was it one heavy & uninteresting, pert or compulsatory, for interruption to any man or woman whose mind produces a constant mental companion is I think the most provoking & annoying *gratification* in the world, always meant as a favour, but I am sure very often by you not felt as such in your heart, tho' the good breeding of the great man & the statesman must keep that snug.

I dare say if I could peep into your bureau I should see many a well arrang'd paper, many a usefull memorandum, & many a slight sketch finish'd off with the skill & proportion of good taste, a clear head & leisure. I wish I was a mouse with fine sharp teeth, that I might gnaw my way & get a little more of what you gave Mrs. Craufurd & me a small portion of, which will not soon be forgotten by either of us, as it combined fact, fire & finesse, & could hardly fail to be interesting & to interest.

By the bye (for I throw things out as they shoot across) Maxwell, of whom that Journal contained some



excellent pages, has sold his place, & for more than they gave, a circumstance which I rejoyce in, as it must have been an unexpected piece of good fortune to them, situated as the country *now* is, & *dood* as all their fine avenue is. Certainly no Englishman could have calculated the life of his trees to the nicety Mynheer De Vos did, when he sold his place six months previous to the term of a chestnut tree's date. Had Maxwell remain'd, I think he must have married *coûte qui coûte*—but now I suppose he will maintain his singlehood without bewailing it, as Miss Jephtha did.

In your letter you express a wish that I may touch at St. Helena. That wish was so strong in me that I should have been greatly disappointed had it not been gratified, which it was. We lay at anchor there two days, & I made the best use of them by mounting a palfrey & riding away with a '*keely vine pen*'<sup>1</sup> in my hand. I have taken two or three sketches in that way there, which will remind you of the place when I have time to color them a little; but my eyes begin to tell Mrs. Anacreon that she is much older than she was. You forbid me to wear spectacles, & at this moment I am writing away by candle light without any; but had I to *read* what I do *not know*, I believe I should be forced to put them on.

How sadly tired the poor Gov<sup>r</sup> Robson<sup>2</sup> and his wife were of the great Sir George, who once getting his nose in, there was no getting out, & he had the folly too of thinking himself ill-used because they did not keep

<sup>1</sup> A Scotticism for a black-lead-pencil (Jameson).

<sup>2</sup> Lieut.-Colonel Robson was appointed acting Governor of St. Helena, Brooke having resigned owing to ill health in 1800. He acted until the arrival of the new Governor, Colonel Patten, in March 1802.

a table for him, when the poor folks had not the funds ; but his folly seem'd to have had a rapid restoration on that rock [St. Helena]. Poor Mrs. Robson proposed herself pleasure from my acquaintance in England, where she told me she was to be whenever she recovered of her *laying in*—I look'd at her & prophecy'd a far most distant visit for the poor unsuspecting woman, who did not seem to know her own situation. She is since dead, I have not heard the particulars, but I suppose something dropsical. He has been hardly used, superseded from a private manœuvre, where too much has been made of a prosing stile of talking &c., which at five & twenty I dare say he had just as much as at his present age.

Mr. Dundas & L<sup>y</sup> Jane you also mention—at the present both are in Scotland. Both were kind to me since I have arrived—Mr. Dundas kind & friendly in the extreme before he went. On various occasions he had sent hearty & cordial messages to Mr. Barnard, but the last time he call'd on me, in reply to my telling him that the subject of Mr. Barnard's future interests was one *I never woud come on with him*, that we were grateful for the *past*, & that his own mind if it pleased to interest itself further woud suggest to him what might be the wishes of a young man circumstanced as Mr. Barnard was & wished to be—he told me that not a word was *necessary* to be said by me, that in whatever manner all those matters might be adjusted that to befriend Mr. Barnard on, was *at his heart*. I am not sure whether I repeated this in my last letter to your dear Lordship, or in one to my Sister. No matter, pleasing words will bear a *Da Capo*.

I thought him looking very well, she not quite so

much so. He told me that his influence & power was exactly as much as he *chose it to be*, and I do believe at the present it is still so ; but I cannot think that Addington can be made of materials so unlike all his predecessors as not to wish for a strong tenure in what he has all along seem rather to *hold* for others than to *possess*.

Is it not very odd, my dear Lord, that even *yet* I find people talking as if it was not thoroughly settled on *what* footing the Cape is to be? I have endeavour'd to get a good & clear idea *when* I might fairly be expecting Mr. Barnard—No person can tell, but if they can guess, they suppose not for a long time. This is nonsense, ignorance & talking 'No How'. I desire to know *when* the *Dutch* sailed, & then I will *tell myself* when I may expect to see Mr. Barnard—to gain this information I wrote to my good friend Henry Hope of Amsterdam. He tells me they are not *yet* sail'd, but that he knows a gentleman who is to go at the same time with the troops & the administration, & that he had talk'd of getting away about a week hence. If so, from the day the Dutch sail, I shall count 7 months alas ! before I will dare to expect him here, taking in the slow motions of Mynheer, & the possibility of delay after their arrival from a variety of circumstances. I know not how he & Hotspur<sup>1</sup> go on now, pretty well I believe—I fancy he has been better since Mr. Barnard brought him to his recollection.

I believe I mentioned I had never touched on that subject with Mr. Dundas—It is unpleasant to say anything unkind of anybody, unless self-defence demands it, & there was no call, as I found him so fully comprehended by the conversation of his own relations

<sup>1</sup> i.e. General Dundas.

before me that I was silent. When asked some questions respecting her, I evaded them. At last when pressed by Maria Dundas the broad question put of how I liked her, as they had not a very favourable account, I reply'd that I had liked her much at first, till I found her unsafe in society.

Talking of Cape folks, *who* walked into my parlour t'other day, but Caroline De Lisle! . . . who do I see rolling about the streets in her *carriage*, but Caroline De Lisle! I had been told some naughty anecdotes & a very problematical account of this same marriage of hers with Capt. Thomas—I thought the best way was to put the question. 'Tell me Caroline, the meaning of the reports I hear—are you married?' 'Yes, certainly. . . . Do you suppose I could enter *this* apartment without being so?' 'I wish you joy then', said I, '& shake hands.' The match is a great one for her, a good man I hear, and a purse of well earn'd gold. Upon my word, virtue seems to be a very needless article at the Cape, girls thrive better without it than with it & make much better colonists. Now that Caroline is made an honest woman of, I must confess I have heard that she has nothing to reproach herself with as being void of industry in the first commandment. I wonder how she & Col. Cockburn will meet after a pause so interrupted by the double events of matrimony.

I hear to my surprise that Sir G. Yonge is standing for Honiton<sup>1</sup> & is to be the member—is that *love*, or *money*? It is lucky that at your part of the county they are a little poor as you say, as a warm campaign of that kind might have been unpleasant to you. I know nothing

<sup>1</sup> Honiton was the 'family borough' of the Yonges of Colyton.

of Countys or Boroughs, except that Mr. Windham has lost Norwich & is standing for the County against Mr. Coke<sup>1</sup>. What changes a few years make! They were the most intimate friends once upon a time.

One place only have I been at for the last six months, at Lady Hertford's<sup>2</sup> last night. She sent Lady Clive to bring me per force, & I could not say *no* to the message so carried. Upon my word Beauty has fair play & full scope at present—what a gorgeous glorious creature she is herself, & dress at present is but nature modified, improved & heighten'd. She & many others look'd very handsome; but woe is me for those who are disposed to linger in the passage from youth to age, to cast a longing lingering look behind, & stick in a flower, or *pull off* a yard or two of gauze from charms which partake of the gentle straw color instead of the merry-while white. There is in the present modes little of the subterfuge which used to stand so many people in stead.

Lord Stair<sup>3</sup> was literally staring at me with a lack lustre eye, not knowing me. 'Bow, bow' said I, 'make haste, I am your own cousin Anne Barnard from the Cape of Good Hope in my sheepskins, & don't pretend that you don't know me.' 'Upon my word' said he, 'I did not.' 'I know' said I, 'that I am a little abominable, & that six years tells vilely; but in spite of that I am not so much chang'd but you might have known

<sup>1</sup> Thomas William Coke, afterwards 1st Earl of Leicester of Holkham. Windham declined to contest the county and sat for St. Mawes, a Cornish borough, 1802-6.

<sup>2</sup> Isabella, 2nd wife of the 2nd Marquess of Hertford (and mother of Thackeray's 'Marquis of Steyne' in *Vanity Fair*). She was a great friend of the Prince of Wales.

<sup>3</sup> John, sixth Earl of Stair, 1749-1821.



me if you had *pleased*.' 'It is not' said he, 'that you are looking ill or ugly or old, as you are pleased to say; but, but you are somehow *quite different* from what you *used to be*.' 'I deny it' said I, 'I am the same I used to be, but nobody else is, & that is the reason your eye can't define what is the objection to *me*.'

Dear handsome Lady Hertford turn'd round a back on us at that moment which was quite a beautifull pillow of adder-down<sup>1</sup>, but so extensive! *That* is a sight (a back & a bare back) that I never calculated on ever living to see, an article brought forwards by a fair dealer; but one never can tell what is to be the oddity of the ensuing seven years. Lady William Russell has a back which exceeds Lady Hertford's; and there was an Italian cousin of Lady Yarmouth's<sup>2</sup> that seem'd to be very undecided where to stop in her person. The fair Marchioness herself was handsomer than ever, a splendid refulgent beauty indeed, & dress'd by the hand of an artist, for no painter could have better traced the ringlets on paper than hers were done by the hairdresser.

I have not seen any of your family lately but Lady Portarlington, who with her handsome daughters are about this time I fancy in Ireland. *There* I wish to be of all things, since I cannot be at the Cape, from which place I often have griev'd that I departed before Mr. Barnard tho' the move I have no doubt was a prudent & a right one—it was not one I then liked, tho' I submitted to it. Sure I am I owe him much for the constant

<sup>1</sup> Eider-down.

<sup>2</sup> Maria Fagnani or Fagniani, who, in 1798, had married Francis Charles Seymour-Conway (Thackeray's 'Marquis of Steyne', see above, p. 321), afterward 3rd Marquess of Hertford. She was the adopted daughter of George Augustus Selwyn, and lived till 1856.



communication he has held with me by letter, every week I have received one.

At present I am vilely detained here, repairing & ordering various things respecting our house, which must be done now, or allow'd to remain undone till my return, which woud either hasten me, or interrupt all the comfort and sweetness of Mr. Barnard's drawing in his chair in peace to his own fireside. It makes a considerable difference to the mind the first impression it receives of home after a long absence, & well it is worth the pains of any reasonable person to study these things a little. My Sisters growl at me sadly, but I can't do what I wish at present without throwing all my worldly interests & all the interests of my heart, as it is connected in the above way, behind me. However I hope I shall get off ere long. Pray Heaven we do not sail past each other on the sea ; but I fear you are scarce well enough yet to think of moving before you go (to England at least). I dare say you will be seen by me at the Phoenix Park.

By the bye I have half a letter laying before me, wrote to you ; but I suppressed it from hearing that the subject of it was not New to you, tho' it struck & charmed me & sett me a-writing the moment I heard it. It was on the subject of sweet oil, and its powerfull effects in curing a fit of the gout, however violent, in a few hours, by no other mode of using it than simple external application. It is found, says my authority, that oil will extract all the juice out of a lemon suspended above it, and as the gout proceeds from acidity of blood, part is thus drawn away ; but I have since heard that it is not the acidity which *produces* the Gout, but the *Gout* which produces the Acidity. I wish we knew a little more than we do !

but where woud that wish stop was it to be indulged?— & where am I likely to stop now, for I am in my third sheet!

Capt. Campbell, et La Belle, is arrived, & many other persons from the Cape who I have just seen, & they are lost in the vortex of this great town, which is wonderfully swell'd out since I saw it last. I wish I knew *when* I ought to return here with a chance of meeting Mr. Barnard but I suppose in the course of the next three months I may be able to form a fair guess about the time of his return, and I shall certainly be here two or three weeks previous to it. How much I hope that long before that time you may be fixed here—your health is not such as to authorise your being at so great a distance from your old medical friends who know your constitution. I dare say Lady Macartney woud join with me in this opinion.

I saw an old friend of yours t'other day, Mrs. Legge. She is very poorly, and tyed chiefly to her sopha with a sort of rheumatism in all her joints, for which she is at present trying electricity—what distresses her most is the spasms that affects her head thro' the joints of her neck. The present complaint is unconnected with the old complaint, I therefore hope it will pass away in a little time, tho' I am afraid this is not the general opinion.

She leads me to think again of Mr. Windham—to lose Norwich! and now to become the opponent of Coke for the County! This will fag my poor friend's nerves & my poor friend's purse too, for he will get keen, and those least prone to expence are ready for anything when passion is roused. How much ill-spent money will go

on this occasion ; but it will be chiefly in porter I suppose. . . .

To-morrow morning I am to have a meeting of wise heads to pronounce on some little *business* repairs. If I am let off easily, I will get soon away ; if a matter takes place with which I was threatened to-day, I fear it will be ten days at least before I can get off, in which case a letter of orders from you, if you have any to give me, will find me here, and my fears go to my being obliged to stay. Can I do anything for you? You can do something for me, much for me, by continuing to love & value your ever gratefull & affect: friend,

ANNE BARNARD.

Col. Craufurd's Reg<sup>t</sup> is you know reduced ; I fancy we shall therefore see them at the beginning of the year. I had no new reason for supposing he disliked his profession—it simply arose from old grumblings which Wortley refreshed my memory with, but which I dare say will murmur no more when he hears the opinions of those who he respects more than any of those he used to listen to at the Cape. My opinion (but it being a female one could not go for much with a soldier) was constantly the same with yours, that he was a wonderfully fortunate man in his line, & that there was no other line at 25 which he could now strike out where he could ever hope to be (without interest or money) so distinguished. As I before said, a few years peace, which will render past little snubs forgot, will endear the profession again to him ; & possibly the quiet & obscurity of a retired life on small circumstances may make him sigh for military employment. He has many

good qualitys, but was I his wife I woud never wish to see him encounter the temptations of London—I think he is not yet steady enough to withstand.

Thursday, 15 July.

My friend Hope<sup>1</sup> has just been here. He tells me the 15th of July, this *very day*, is named for the sailing of the Dutch Government. I am in good hopes that I shall have time to convey by them a letter to Mr. Barnard, for this being the day *named*, whoever sail'd on *that* but *you*, & you was 12 hours later than you said you shoud, to prove that you was mortal man! I now see that I must not expect to behold Mr. Barnard before the first of February, for the Dutch will certainly take 4 months to go out & settle their affairs, if they sail the first of next month. Mr. Barnard we will say may sett out the first of December, & from that period we cannot allow him less than 2 months, so that brings his arrival to the first of February, & I of course will choose to be here the middle of January, if not sooner. Any given period to settle one's creed by is better than vague speculation.

My dear, dear Lord, let us have a great many pleasant days together, and permit the influence of your enlightened mind to draw forth into usefull action all the latent good that the head & heart of that honest man is fraught with: some natures require the genial warmth of encouragement from those they look up to.

Many months were still to pass before Lady Anne and her husband met again, for the delays were interminable. Andrew Barnard continued to write to Lord Macartney,

<sup>1</sup> Henry Hope, the great Dutch banker.

and we can see from his letters how wearily the arrangements dragged that were to transfer the Cape from the ownership of England to that of Holland. In August 1802, he wrote to announce the arrival of the three Commissaries from the Batavian Republic, who were to prepare accommodation for General Janssens and Commissary de Mist—Barnard vacating the house in the Castle in order to give it up to them. They were Monsieur Henri, Mynheer van Baalen, and the Baron van Prophalow, who were later to take up military offices of importance under the new administration. ‘The Governor, Mr. Janssens, is well spoken of, he observed, ‘and so is Mr. de Mist.’

Later on, however, he writes, ‘The New Government is by no means Popular, the Commissary General, Mr. de Mist, has been unguarded enough to declare Publicly what his plan is for the future Governing of this Settlement, and it by no means pleases the Inhabitants, as they are to be taxed, and that heavily too. He also finds fault with their mode of living, particularly their *Hot Suppers*, and says that he will teach them to eat Brown Bread and Drink a Glass of Water instead. This plan does not suit their Stomachs, no more than the taxing does their pockets, and many now say that they wish the English may remain here. I am writing to your Lordship very much out of Spirits, as I had a very disagreeable affair yesterday with General Dundas, in which it was necessary that I should make use of all the coolness and discretion I could muster to prevent the greatest possible confusion in the Colony. I was suspended and ordered out of the Colony. . . . Green and Maxwell were also to have shared my fate.’ As usual, however, matters were patched up, though one is glad to think that the long-suffering Secretarius was soon to part company with the fiery General.

Andrew Barnard was apparently the only person who regretted the loss of the Cape to England—unless we



may except Dundas, who wrote to Lady Anne in reference to the panorama which she made for Lord Macartney—‘Guard it like the apple of your eye—we may not always be without the Cape.’

At last, after many delays, the Cape of Good Hope was handed over to the representatives of the Batavian Republic, as Holland then was, and Andrew Barnard was free to sail. The day before he left, he took an oath before the Fiscal and signed a declaration to the effect that during a residence of five years and eight months he had never, directly or indirectly, received any reward in money or goods for any services performed in his official situation, nor had been concerned in any trade or traffic or commerce. That such an oath should have seemed necessary to him does not reflect much lustre upon the manner in which some men served their country abroad at that period of our island story.

Andrew Barnard was welcomed warmly by his wife’s family; soon afterwards he and Lady Anne went to Ireland to pay a visit to his father, and arrived in the troubled times of Emmet’s execution<sup>1</sup>. They went from house to house, knitting up old friendships and making new ones, and visited her brother, Lord Balcarres, at Haigh Hall in Lancashire, where her Journal and Memoirs are preserved at the present day. After a time they settled down at Gothic House in Wimbledon, and here the old Bishop of Limerick died under his son’s roof.

In 1806, with the renewal of hostilities, the Cape was taken again by England, and Lord Caledon<sup>2</sup>, a young man, was appointed Governor. He asked Andrew Barnard to go out with him in his old capacity, but various circumstances rendered him somewhat reluctant to accept the offer.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Emmet, the Irish rebel, was hanged in September 1803.

<sup>2</sup> Du Pre, 2nd Earl of Caledon; he was only 29 at the date of his appointment. In 1811 he married a daughter of the 3rd Lord Hardwicke, whose wife was Lady Anne’s sister. There is a river in S. Africa called after him. Vide *infra* p. 331.



The Barnards' old friend, Henry Dundas, now Lord Melville, was no longer Secretary for War and the Colonies, but the post was held at that moment by Windham, and to him Lady Anne—who was incapable of rancour in herself and never looked for it from others—appealed, asking that a smaller post at home might be given to her husband. But Windham showed what she calls 'his heart of stone', and said, coldly, that he could do nothing in the matter. She pleaded that Andrew Barnard's health was not good, but Windham turned away and said that 'Barnard might take the appointment or leave it'. It was a mean episode, and does little credit to Windham—only a woman of Lady Anne's fine generosity of nature would have put such a pitiful revenge into his power.

The Barnards talked over the matter, and at last agreed that Andrew should go with Lord Caledon for six months to put everything into the order in which it had been left by Lord Macartney, and then return to England. It was understood that Lord Caledon's term of office would be a short one; Lady Anne's passage would have been a great strain on their resources, and with the salary gained by this visit Andrew was to buy an annuity and retire. Before he sailed, she paid Lawrence fifty guineas to paint the portrait of him which hangs at Haigh Hall, and which she says was 'admirable and like', though painted in three sittings. With a sad heart she said good-bye, and at once sat down to write to him.

'Where will this find you, my best beloved? Oh, Barnard, if this matter were to be acted over again, I would not consent to a separation. Do not let your absence be longer than it must. Fair winds attend you and blow you soon back again, and then if public life opens again on you 'tis well, but should it not, let us be happy on a smaller scale and separate no more.'

Andrew Barnard was very ill on the voyage to the Cape in the *Antelope* ; he wrote to say that he had had sudden attacks of fever and shivering ; only a bilious attack, he added, perhaps to allay Lady Anne's anxiety, and then we get a glimpse of what was in his mind. 'I almost shudder', he writes, 'when I think what space there is between us. Pray for me sometimes, dearest love ; I never fail to do so for you.'

He recovered from the attack and wrote cheerfully from the Cape in May 1807. 'I find this place much improved, especially the town.' The inhabitants were very cordial, and expressed great pleasure at seeing him again. Lady Anne wrote to him at every opportunity. 'Mr. Alexander has been here', one letter says. 'He tells me your Lord is delighted with the Cape. I am glad of it—your next letter will give me particulars. Pray, who are the chicken beauties of the place now ? Make my kind love to the old hens, their mothers. I was very happy while among them, living in a constant state of innocent enjoyment and innocent novelty, with a partner participating in all ; but that treasure will return to me and happiness will return with him. God bless him.' She keeps him in touch with all her interests, and writes of the small matters which are of such infinite importance when we are half a world away, and of the six walnuts which, the night before he sailed, he kissed and blessed at her request. They have burst their shells, she says, and are tall plants, ready to be planted out at Wimpole to represent the six Yorke children, her nieces and nephews. They were to be called 'Barnard's blessings'.

Her anxiety was again aroused by a letter bringing the news of another attack of illness ; she was torn asunder, longing to go out to him, but afraid that she might pass him on the way, for he had promised to return if his health required it. Then a letter came to say that he was better, and she felt 'as if the Table

Mountain was taken off my breast'. She urged him to return, but he wrote cheerfully of a trip he was to take into the country with the Governor, and sent her 'a Loquat plum, a Chinese fruit of excellent flavour', as he writes. 'I will now seal', he adds, 'and write to my Anne when I return from my travels. In the meantime, may the Almighty bless her.

Ever her own,

ANDREW BARNARD.'

. . . . .  
Twenty-four hours after she received this letter, the news of his death reached her.

He had died on the journey up-country; Lord Caledon wrote to break the news to her—though such news can never be softened—with a deeply wounded mind, as he said. 'I shall not give his narrative', the heart-broken Lady Anne writes. 'It is too sacred, too affecting, to be placed by me where in the course of time it must be read with indifference.'

Later on, when his servant, Pawell, returned to England, he was able to give her more particulars. Andrew Barnard had felt ill before starting on his journey, but he would not give it up, as the route had been laid down for some time, and he would not disappoint his Dutch friends in the country who were expecting him with the Governor. Two or three days after leaving the Cape he became so ill that he was obliged to remain behind while Lord Caledon went on to keep an appointment which had been arranged. Upon his return to the place where he had left Andrew, the Governor found him seriously ill; in alarm he sent an express to Cape Town for doctors; they reached the farm after the heart-breaking delays incidental to South African travel in those days, but too late to save him. He died on October 27th, 1807, and was carried back to Cape

Town and laid in the Dutch Reformed Cemetery on the road to Green Point. A few months ago I stood by his grave—it was a small vault on the left of the gateway and Thibault's lay on the right—and read the following inscription in Dutch and English :

Sacred to the Memory of

ANDREW BARNARD, Esq.

Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope.

Departed this life the 27th October, 1807.

Aged 45 years.

His afflicted widow, who at a distance deplores her loss, has erected this tablet as a mark of her liveliest sorrow.

Colonist ! Drop a tear to his memory.

He sought the welfare of your country and he loved its inhabitants.

The growth of modern Cape Town has recently necessitated the closing of the cemetery and the removal of the vaults to Woltemade, a few miles out on the Cape Flats, where all that is left of Andrew Barnard lies under the blue sky of the land he loved well and served faithfully.

. . . . .

Crushed with her sorrow, Lady Anne went for the first few months to stay at Wimpole, with her sister, Lady Hardwicke, and then back to London, where her heart was filled with fresh grief by the loss at sea of her nephew, Lord Royston, followed before long by the death of Lady Hardwicke's remaining boy.

But Lady Anne's heart was a brave one, and she met misfortune with courage. After a time, although life could never be filled with the radiance of the former

years, old interests and old friendships laid a tender hand upon her grief; even her sense of humour came to her aid and cheered the loneliness of her days. It is characteristic of her that at this point in her Memoirs, we find the following anecdote, told with keen zest.

Her sister-in-law, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, had heard it from the Queen of Naples (Madame Murat). The latter had been sent by Napoleon to meet Marie Louise at a frontier town upon the occasion of his second marriage; he was to follow in state later on, and sent his sister to prepare the way for him. She met the princess accordingly, and got into her travelling-carriage to find 'the little person', as she called her, 'in her riding-dress, with her hair *en papillotes*, more pleasing than plain, though by no means handsome. She apologized for her dress, saying that she had been anxious to get ready for the coiffure, that she might meet her brother with all possible respect. The queen herself, beautiful as an angel, entered into the feelings of the youthful, simple bride, who looked so unlovely in the state she then was, that she was thankful that Napoleon had not yet arrived. But a moment later, the carriage was stopped and a person on horseback knocked at the window. It was the emperor himself!

"Oh, *mes papillotes!*" said Marie Louise of Austria."

In 1810, Henry Dundas died suddenly in his sleep; Windham had died a few months earlier. A new interest came into Lady Anne's life, however, upon the return to England of Lord Caledon, and his marriage with her niece, Lady Katherine Yorke. Andrew Barnard had been aware of his attachment, and it was with the greatest happiness that Lady Anne received from Lord Caledon a letter, enclosing a formal proposal to Lady Katherine, which he begged her to send on, 'if I had reason to suppose her heart was disengaged'. Soon after this, she gave three parties for her nieces, the young peeresses of Pollington, Lindsay, and Caledon, the floor of the ball-



room being chalked with their arms. From time to time, she went into society, and there is an account in the *Memoirs* of a fête at Carlton House in honour of the exiled Louis XVIII and his family, to which she went in response to a special request of the Regent to his 'Sister Anne'.

'Madame de Staël was the star of the evening', she writes. 'The lustre of her wit sparkled though set in the black orb of what was deemed by the gazers ugliness, but I did not think it so.' A rupture between the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert followed on this party; a special supper-table had been reserved for 'persons of the very highest rank', to which the lady whom he had married by the law of the Church was not admitted. It was not very wise of her to expect to be included, but then, with all her charming qualities, no one has ever claimed for Mrs. Fitzherbert wisdom. As of old, she came to Lady Anne afterwards for advice, although she seldom took it.

In 1812, Lady Margaret, whose first marriage<sup>1</sup> had not been a fortunate one, unexpectedly entered upon a short period of happiness by marrying Sir James Burgess<sup>2</sup>. Lady Anne was left to loneliness, but she was comforted by her sister's happiness. She writes: 'My pillow was my only confidante, and occupation the only potion I took to cure me.'

She would not allow herself to mope, but maintained her cheerful serenity and her vivid interest in the world around her. The *Memoirs* sparkle with the witty sayings of others. Here is a quotation which will be of interest to those who know Mr. Grand's<sup>3</sup> association

<sup>1</sup> To General Alexander Fordyce.

<sup>2</sup> Sir James Bland Burges, Bt. Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs 1789-95. Lady Margaret, his old love, was his 3rd wife. She died in 1814.

<sup>3</sup> George François Grand was of Swiss birth but was brought up in England. He went to India in the service of the East India Company and married there a beautiful French girl, Noel Catharine Werlée, but





LADY ANNE BARNARD

about 1820



with the Cape of Good Hope. Referring to the attachment of Fox to his wife, who had 'neither parts, qualities, accomplishments, nor any admiration for his superiority—gossip was all she possessed', she writes :

'But gossip fills up many a weary hour to a man tired with talking on business, better than more intellectual subjects. Perhaps it may not be amiss to quote the apology of another great man for marrying his wife (Talleyrand, afterwards Prince of Benevento). I mentioned in my Cape residence being well acquainted with M. le Grand, the first husband of Madame, from whom she was divorced when young and beautiful. After a few years of the miserable career which these fallen angels have to undergo, she became the favourite of Talleyrand, l'Eveque d'Autun (as he was when I first knew him), who married her before he arrived at the summit of his greatness.

'“How happened it?” said a friend of mine to him, who was also a friend of his. “You might have made what alliance you please—Madame ceases to be handsome.”

'“Oui, mais—ah ! Si vous saviez comme elle est bête !” was his eulogium and excuse.'

And so, surrounded by friends, with a tear for their sorrows and a smile for their jests, the evening of Lady Anne's days slipped away. Once more I would quote from her—from the conclusion of her South African journal, when she looked forward to her return to England.

'It is no prodigal sister who comes back to thank you divorced her soon afterwards in consequence of her intrigue with Sir Philip Francis. Grand, having been dismissed by the East India Company, obtained the post of Councillor-extraordinary at the Cape in conjunction with Janssens and de Mist, by whom, however, he was ignored. On the second English occupation he became Inspector of Lands and Forests. He married a daughter of Egbertus Bergh and died at the Cape in 1820. His first wife, after a varied career, married Talleyrand in 1803, and it is recorded that she allowed her former husband £500 per annum.

for a few roots from your piggery, but a prudent sister, who, for purposes, as she hopes, to the advantage of her Lord—her master, lover, and friend—has undertaken a voluntary banishment from those she loves, by no means void of pleasure while she feels herself acting up to her dutys, and rewarded for it by his Gratitude and your Approbation.’

Lady Anne lived until 1825. A friendship with Sir Walter Scott cheered her latter years, and for her there were always memories. Memories of Balcarres and Auld Robin Gray, of the brilliant circle in London in which her charm and wit had sparkled like a jewel in a rich setting, of the door round the corner through which she could see William Windham go in and out, of Melville and Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince, and, last of all, of Andrew Barnard and the stern heights of Table Mountain behind the white town in the sunshine where her life came to its fulfilment.

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